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Bemrose's guide to Derbyshire
[by J. Hicklin and A. Wallis].

John Hicklin, Alfred Wallis

Gough Adas Derby.
8.35.

MROSE'S



BEMROSES' GUIDE

TO

DERBYSHIRE:

A

COMPLETE HAND-BOOK FOR THE COUNTY,

CONTAINING HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN

NOTICES, WITH ROUTES, DRIVES, ETC.,

AND INDICES OF THE MINERALOGY, BOTANY, ETC., OF

DERBYSHIRE.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP.

LONDON:

BEMROSE AND SONS, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW; IRONGATE, DERBY;
AND MATLOCK-BATH.

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8.35.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



PREFACE.

THE present Volume will, it is believed, supply the tourist in Derbyshire with a reliable guide through the scenes which it depicts. The tours are drawn from actual observation, assisted by references, obtained from all the topographical works connected with our picturesque county, which have preceded this publication. A long and intimate acquaintance with the objects of interest in which Derbyshire abounds, has enabled the Editors, Mr. J. HICKLIN, and Mr. ALFRED WALLIS, to direct the attention of visitors to their situation, and to point out the readiest method of gaining access to them ; and, we venture to hope that the number and beauty of the illustrations, as well as its accuracy of description, will render our little volume rather more than an ephemeral companion. We trust that it may be found worthy to occupy a place upon the library shelves, and to be occasionally referred to with pleasure by those who have availed themselves of its assist-

ance. That its pages and pictures may recall pleasant memories of happy days to the minds of all our readers is our true and heartfelt wish.

For the Chapter on Ferns, the Publishers are indebted to the able pen of the Rev. GERARD SMITH, Vicar of Osmaston, Ashborne.

Derby, August, 1869.



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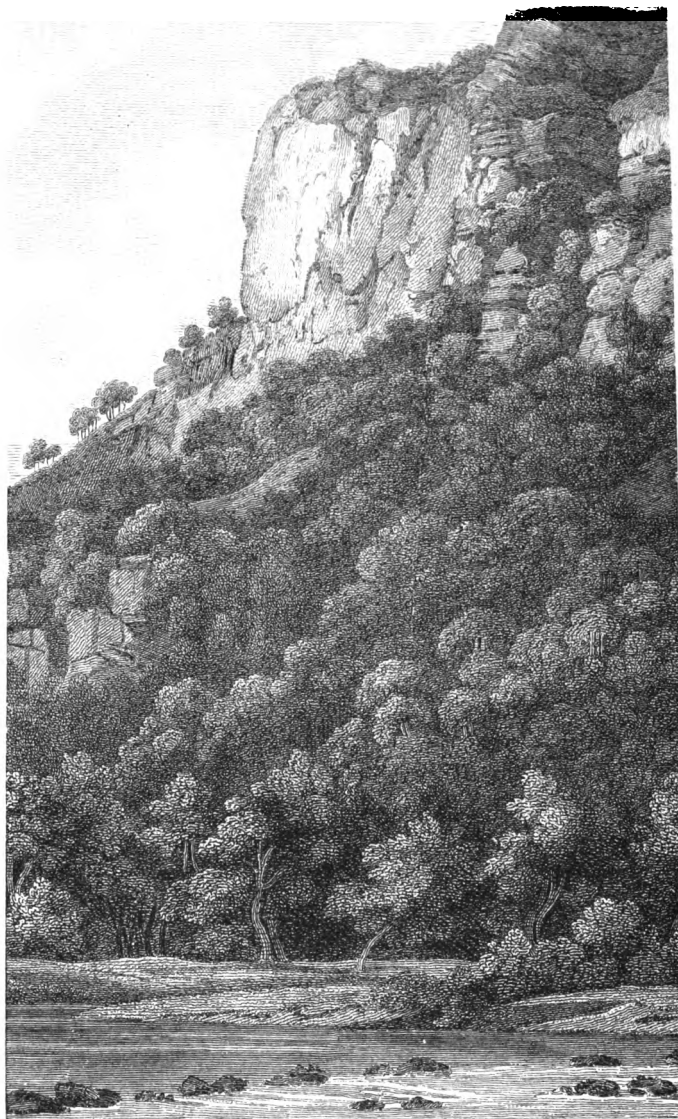
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ERRATA.

Page 234, bottom line for *granite* read *gritstone*.

Page 233, line 3 for *by* Wm. Tell, read *in* Wm. Tell.



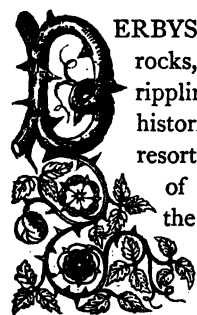
BEMROSE & SONS LONDON & DERBY.

THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

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DERBYSHIRE.

FROM DERBY TO BUXTON.



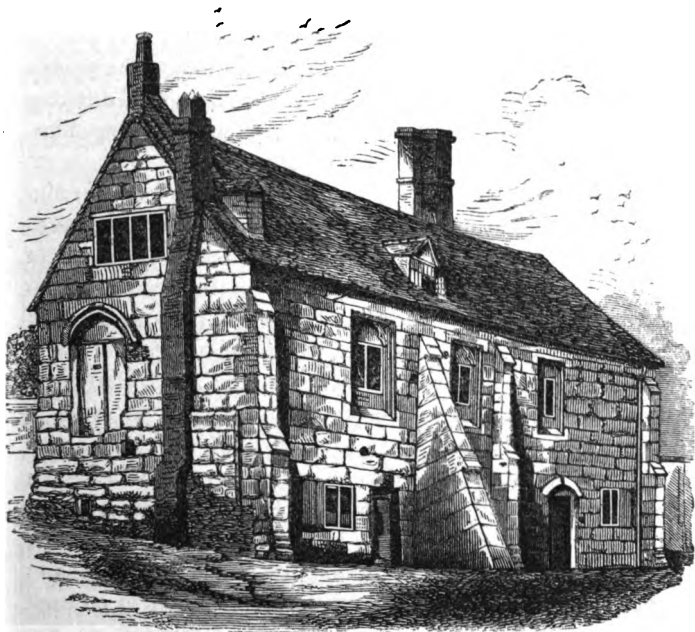
DERBYSHIRE, with its lovely valleys, its romantic rocks, its picturesque hills, its rural retreats, its rippling rivers, its baronial mansions, and its historic remains, has always been a favourite resort with tourists; and now that the extension of the Midland Railway has not only added the modern wonders of mechanical genius to the natural objects of interest of the olden time, but multiplied facilities for exploring its attractive districts, the number of visitors has greatly increased; and every part of England is becoming familiar with its scenery, its annals, and its traditions. To assist the inquiries of the traveller, with a Hand-Book which shall combine useful information with intellectual pleasure, is the intention of the present publication; in the hope that it may be found a desirable guide for the tourist, and a welcome companion for the domestic circle. The recent opening of the extension line of railway to Buxton, having secured a direct route from Derby to that popular watering place, through districts of exceeding beauty and exciting variety, we will assume the desire of the tourist

to travel in that direction, and proceed at once to denote the more prominent characteristics of that charming excursion.

On emerging from the spacious and busy station of the Midland Railway Company, at DERBY, a fine view of the town, with its long range of warehouses, factories, public buildings, private residences, and churches, is obtained—conspicuous among the latter being the glorious old tower of All Saints', and the lofty spire of S. Alkmund's—while the rushing of the River Derwent over the weir below the Long Bridge, and its shining course through the adjacent meadows, adds a picturesque feature to the landscape, which but few manufacturing towns present to the observation of the traveller. Leaving Derby, we pass the church and hamlet of LITTLE CHESTER, now a populous suburb of that borough, but in ancient times an important settlement of the Romans; and about a mile further on, a charming pastoral view opens out the pretty village of DARLEY ABBEY, with its church and mansions on the left; and on the right hand the ancient spire of Breadsall Church, backed by a panorama of verdant hills; another mile, and on the left, ALLESTREE, with its church's tower, and the well-wooded grounds and park adjoining the seat of T. W. Evans, Esq., M.P., commands admiring attention. The church of Duffield on the right is next passed, and we halt at DUFFIELD STATION, four miles distant from Derby, amidst a pleasant and fertile valley, from which rises a commanding ridge of high ground, studded with handsome houses and thriving plantations, whence beautiful prospects of the surrounding country may be obtained.

DUFFIELD was formerly a place of considerable importance, and at the Domesday survey formed part of the demesne of Henry de Ferrars, whose descendants, the Earls Ferrars, held a castle there, on a site now known as the

castle field ; it was garrisoned by Robert Earl Ferrars, jun., when he took up arms on behalf of Prince Henry against his father, Henry II. The Castle probably shared the fate of many similar fortresses, which, soon after the suppression of that revolt, were demolished by the king's commands.



REMAINS OF DARLEY ABBEY.

Henry III. gave the manor, with other estates of the Ferrars family, to his son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It afterwards became parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, till the reign of Charles I., when it was granted to Ditchfield and others. It is now in the possession of Lord Scarsdale.

Duffield Castle stood on rising ground at the north-west

of the village, and was demolished in 1325. A large and very interesting discovery of Norman pottery and other remains, was made in the year 1862, near the site of the ancient structure, in a field belonging to the right honorable Lord Scarsdale. The relics were carefully collected, and exhibited at the Museum in Derby, where an explanatory lecture was delivered by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt; and several local antiquaries took part in the discussion. The vessels so found, consisted principally of vases, large jugs, drinking cups, and other utensils, of rather rude workmanship, illustrative of the domestic usages of our forefathers.

The Church is handsome, and contains many ancient and peculiar monuments of the sixteenth century. In the north transept is the monument of Anthony Bradshaw, Esq., of the Inner Temple, son of Bradshaw of Bradshaw, put up *by himself*, in 1600. There are half-length figures of himself and two wives, by the first of whom he had four, and by the second sixteen children. There is also a rich altar-tomb of alabaster, of the date of 1536, ornamented on the side with figures of friars, carved in bas-relief, and at the end with angels holding shields of arms; on the tomb is an effigy of a knight bareheaded, in plate armour, with collar of S.S.; under his head is his helmet, with crest and lambrequin. There is also the figure of a lady in gown and mantle, with angular head-dress, having a little dog on each side of her feet. The monument is dedicated to the memory of Sir Roger Minors, of Windle Hill, and his lady. A tablet over the tomb states that it was repaired in the year 1732, by a private friend, out of regard to the worthy family of Robert Mynors, of Triajoe in Herefordshire, Esq.

Duffield Hall is the residence of Rowland Smith, Esq., of the eminent banking firm of Samuel Smith, Esq. & Co., at Derby, who purchased the mansion and estate of the

executors of the late John Bell Crompton, Esq. There are several schools and charities in the village, which, from the beauty and salubrity of its situation, is in great favour with visitors requiring lodgings during the summer season.

From Duffield, the railway passes along fertile fields, and enters a tunnel, about half-a-mile in length, emerging from which we obtain a view of MILFORD, nestling below on the banks of the river ; the waters of which are made available for working the machinery of the important manufacturing establishments there founded by Messrs. Strutt. Further on, distant eight miles from Derby, the BELPER STATION is reached ; and although the deep cutting through which the line runs shuts out a good view of the town, it is a thriving and populous seat of manufacturing industry, to which the wealth and enterprise of the Messrs. Strutt have given a profitable impulse ; and it is from this place that a leading member of the family takes the title, by which he was ennobled in 1856, as Lord Belper. The Parish Church, which is a spacious and handsome structure, is a prominent object on a commanding eminence at the upper part of the town ; and Christ Church, a new edifice, stands on the right of the road to Cromford, in the immediate vicinity of Messrs. Strutt's Mills. The family mansion of the founders of all the material wealth which here seems to have been most successfully accumulated and developed, and a few good houses in picturesque situations, excite the admiration of the traveller, and present a striking contrast to the straggling irregular appearance of the town itself. The neighbouring country is exceedingly beautiful, and forms a natural amphitheatre of charming scenery.

Leaving Belper, we soon pass its newly-constructed cemetery, which occupies a gentle slope on the right hand ; crossing and re-crossing the meandering stream of the gently

flowing Derwent, which flashes prettily on the view as we emerge from the deep shadows of the tunnels and cuttings, and having passed over its remarkably sinuous course, seven times in the distance of eleven miles, we halt at the AMBERGATE STATION, which forms the junction for lines to the North, and to Buxton and Manchester, *via* Matlock, opening upon a country of varied interest and loveliness ; while, as if to remind us, amidst scenes of almost paradisiacal beauty, of the primal curse, here stands, in all its frowning blackness, the Alderwasley Forge, where man lives by the sweat of his brow, and ministers of his labour to the convenience and necessities of civilized communities.

From Ambergate, the railway crosses the turnpike road by a viaduct ; and then, passing through plantations, along the sides, and at the foot of wood-clad cliffs, it discloses a succession of charming glimpses of noble woodlands and sparkling streams, till we reach WHATSTANDWELL STATION, where the bolder features of the rocky hills begin to develop their grandly romantic attributes. At a distance of rather more than a mile to the right of Whatstandwell, on a pleasant path through the woods, is CRICH STAND—a stone tower on the top of the hill on which the mining village of Crich is situated. The Stand is always open without charge, and the view from it is one of the most extensive which can be obtained in the whole county. The Tower is itself from the eminence of the hill, a notable landmark, and can be seen from long distances on all sides. A little further, and on the left of the railway, a miniature waterfall leaps from over-shadowing trees into the gladsome sunlight ; and ever and anon some new combination of beauty in the landscape pleases the eye, and inquiring tourists try to catch a passing glimpse of LEA HURST, high up among the rocks on the right, the occasional and family residence of Florence Nightingale

(her Christian name being derived from the city where she was born), the heroine of the Crimea, the noble-hearted Sister of Mercy, who went out to minister to the sickness and sorrows of England's wounded soldiers, and to console their dying hours with holy thoughts ; whose name will be had in everlasting remembrance, when the clamour of earthly renown has died away, and all the pomp of chivalry is forgotten.



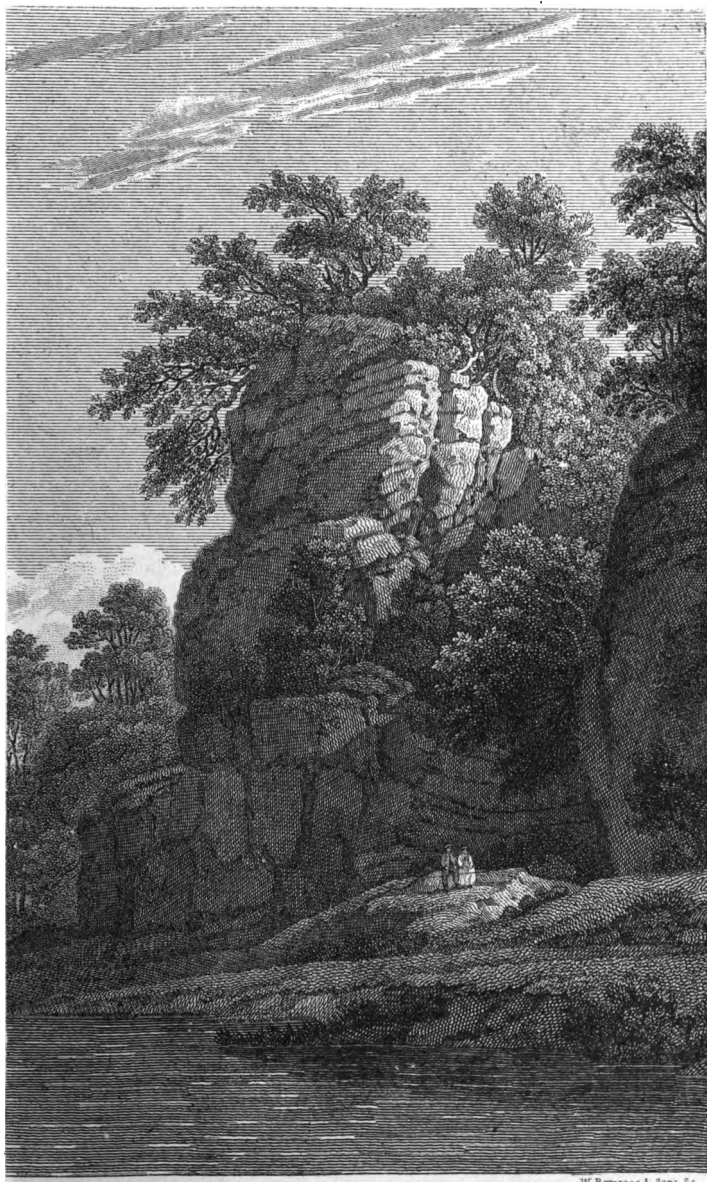
LEA HURST (THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.)

Then, awaking from a reverie thus patriotically induced, we are roused to fresh aspects of natural loveliness, “a blending of all beauties,” “ever charming, ever new ;” rock and river, woods and waters, picturesque hills and verdant meadows, over which is caught a view of Willersley, the mansion of F. Arkwright, Esq., all combining to form a glorious landscape, and we halt at CROMFORD STATION. Thence, we traverse a tunnel of impressive darkness, through the heart of the rock, which, after a brief period of gloom, opens into light, and reveals the prominent beauty and grandeur of the High Tor and the Heights of Abraham, as the train slowly draws up at the MATLOCK-BATH STATION, distant $16\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Derby by rail, and 17 by road.

MATLOCK.



N Gough's edition of old Camden's "Britannia," we have the following quaint *multum in parvo* kind of description which so peculiarly characterizes that work—"On the banks of the Darwent is Matlock, where is a weak medicinal water, efficacious in colick, consumptive and cutaneous cases, and much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as an agreeable retreat during the summer months for health and amusement, without the infection of southern manners. Here are two baths; the old bath, as it is called, though there had been a bath at the place long before, was built in 1734; the house belonging to which is the largest and most frequented, though the new one has a handsomer house in a pleasanter situation. The baths are temperate, and the water lighter than common water. It possesses the virtues of Bristol and Bath waters. It was first known about 1698. There is a hot spring in a hill beyond the old bath, but notwithstanding all attempts to prevent it, it mixes with a cold one in its way to the river. Here is a water of a strong petrifying quality, a large stratum formed by which is used for building, and is very serviceable. Matlock great Torr is 420 feet perpendi-



W. Bemrose & Sons, Sc.

VIEW ON THE DERWENT

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cular. Near Matlock-Bridge are two chalybeat springs. Sir Richard Arkwright erected cotton mills here also."

The situation of Matlock-Bath (as it is called, to distinguish it from the old village), is in the bosom of a deep valley, by the side of the Derwent. This river is formed by the confluence of several small streams, which, rising in that wild, unfrequented part of Derbyshire called the Woodlands, are united near Hathersage. It afterwards visits Chatsworth, and three miles further southward is augmented by the river Wye, which rises near Buxton, and having passed by Ashford and Bakewell, falls into the Derwent at Rowsley; then, pursuing its course through the middle of the county, the Derwent passes by Darley, Matlock, Belper, and Duffield, and falls into the Trent a few miles below Derby. Among the valleys of extraordinary beauty through which these rivers stray, none is so much celebrated as that in which Matlock-Bath is situated; but though nature has lavished numberless charms on this delightful dale, yet little more than a century has elapsed since it first began to emerge from obscurity; and that, in consequence of a spring of warm water being discovered in it. This happened about the year 1698, and the spring having, soon after, acquired some reputation on account of its medicinal qualities, a house or two were erected near it, for the accommodation of visitors. As the number of these increased, the houses were gradually enlarged and rendered commodious; and Matlock, in a few years, became the general rendezvous of the neighbouring gentry, who passed much time together there, composing as it were but one family, and uniting to form a most agreeable society. The reputation of the place was at length more generally diffused, and it has now become the favourite resort of the gay and the valetudinarian, of whom there is frequently a greater in-

flux than it can supply with suitable accommodation ; though in consequence of two other warm springs having been discovered at different periods, the buildings have been multiplied to such an extent, that they are now computed to be capable of receiving many hundred persons in addition to the regular inhabitants. Before the discovery of the springs, no trace of a wheel had been seen in the dale, which was covered with wood ; but after that event, a road was formed along the western bank of the river. The valley itself is above two miles in length, and it runs, not without several considerable deviations, in a northern and southerly direction.

Matlock-Bath, whether seen from the hills or the valley, presents a singularly picturesque and beautiful appearance. The gentle Cowper, in one of his contemplative poems, says :—

“ The love of nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind ;
And though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each by strokes
And touches of His hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points ; yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in His works :
And all can taste them.”

Here then is a scene to illustrate the philosophy of the author of “ The Task ;” to pour upon the heart the inspirations of poetry ; and to realize the feelings with which the “ Minstrel Girl ” of Whittier’s imagination, gazed on such a soul-soothing prospect.

“ For early she had learned to love
Each holy charm to nature given—
The changing earth, the skies above,
Were prompters to her dreams of heaven.

She loved the earth, the streams that wind
Like music, from the hills of green !
The stirring boughs above them twined,
The shining light and shade between ;
The fall of waves, the fountain-gush,
The sigh of winds, the music heard
At eventide from air and bush—
The minstrelsy of leaf and bird.
But chief she loved the sunset sky,
Its golden clouds like curtains drawn,
To form the gorgeous canopy
Of monarchs, to their slumbers gone.”

The high-road at MATLOCK-BATH, along which stand terraces of handsome houses, detached villas, hotels, museums and shops, runs through verdant vistas, along the western side of the river Derwent, meandering in its fertilizing course through delightful valleys, and bounded by undulating hills, whose sides are richly clothed with woods, and studded with “modest mansions,” more ambitious residences and rural cots, which rising ridge over ridge to the craggy heights, command a succession of prospects, whose varying beauty never fails to be appreciated with admiring delight. A ramble by the serpentine walks, which gradually lead up the ascent from the Museum Parade to the “Heights of Abraham” (denoted by a tower on their summit), not only discloses the diversified views of the landscape, but conducts the visitor to the RUTLAND CAVERN, one of those remarkable curiosities, which have given a more than national celebrity to the district. These caverns are, for the most part, excavated mines, which have been worked, from age to age, by successive generations from the olden time, when those mighty masters of the world, the ancient Romans, left the memorials of their power and skill in Britain—till their subterranean chambers ceased to yield a remuneration for the toil of the exploring labourers.

The RUTLAND CAVERN is exceedingly grand in its rude aspect of rugged solemnity ; spacious enough, it is said, to conceal ten thousand men ; and when lighted up, the effect is remarkably startling. It is beautifully ornamented by the hand of nature, with varieties of metallic ores, and those brilliant crystallizations which abound in this neighbourhood, formed by the dripping of water through the roof and sides, impregnated with minute particles of crystal. These particles, when the cave is illuminated, glitter like thousands of gems, while the deep shade of the inner recesses, the strange forms assumed by the rocks, the vaulted arches of its lofty roof, and the mysterious echoes, give to the imaginative mind so much of the character of romantic enchantment, that one scarcely feels thankful to have the spell broken by any prosy dissertation, so often intruded, on its geological peculiarities. The cavern is dry, and easy of access ; and should be visited by those who take an interest in the wonders and curiosities of creation.

Emerging from the dark recesses of the cavern, we realize Cowper's exclamation :—

“ A breath of unadulterate air—
The glimpse of a green pasture—how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame !”

and proceeding downwards along the hill side, (about half-way up Masson) we reach the DEVONSHIRE CAVERN. No human being can enter one of these subterranean caverns—strange laboratories of nature—Without the most impressive feelings of awe and wonder. Long winding paths, awful chasms, immense cavities, massy pillars, large detached stones, sparry decorations, mineral ores imbedded in the rock, an apparently interminable succession of the wild and wonderful, are the principal characteristics of these underground curiosities. In one part, an immense natural roof

of stone, 200 feet long, and 40 broad, flat and regular as the ceiling of a room, excites admiration ; in another, a fearful cavity, a kind of Wolf's Glen scene, where the witches in *Macbeth* might appropriately ply their horrid " deed without a name," attracted our notice ; and an involuntary exclamation of astonishment and delight burst from our party, as, our candles being extinguished, a Bengal Light, ingeniously placed on the summit of a colossal pillar of rock, fantastically, though not inaptly called the Druid's Altar, suddenly threw its vivid glare around the cave, illuminating its dreary recesses in an almost supernatural manner, and reminding us of the spectral superstitions which the lovers of romance so often describe.

On leaving this cavern, we pass, by a delightful path along the Heights, from which many varied and splendid landscapes may be viewed, to the DUNGEON TORS, or ROMANTIC ROCKS ; which are situated near the top of the wood behind the Old Bath. There is a lofty hill or precipice, covered with wood, and beneath it a vast mass of limestone, having a perpendicular face, in some parts fifty or sixty feet high. This face may be considered as divided into two portions, running in different directions, in such a manner, that they would form nearly a right angle at their junction, were there not in that part a projection of the rock, causing it to form two angles instead of one. From these angles, in one of which is the mouth of a mine, several very large fragments have separated ; and what is very remarkable, they remain in an erect posture, some of them rising to a great height, and consisting of several enormous stones, piled one upon another, in the regular manner of masonry. The passage betwixt these detached cliffs and the parent rock, if it may be so termed, varies in breadth from four to ten or twelve feet, and is about thirty yards in length.

It is decorated on each side with moss, yew, and pendant ivy, and the gloominess of it is much deepened by the numerous trees that grow on the steep hill above, and hang over it; the whole forming a romantic group, not easy to be described.* The ground adjoining these rocks is overspread with a multitude of stones of large size, covered with moss and wild plants; and amidst them are numerous tall ashes and elms, some of them invested with a mantle of ivy to their very summits. In short, there is not anything near Matlock that more deserves inspection than these most remarkable rocks; nor are they less worthy of attention than Chee Tor, the High Tor, or any other of those Tors, in the delineation of which Derbyshire tourists dwell with so much apparent satisfaction.

Through these Romantic Rocks is the entrance to the NEW SPEEDWELL MINE in the Upper Wood, which is in many respects one of the most interesting and beautiful of the Matlock Caverns; all of which are capable of being easily and comfortably explored, under the direction of the guides resident in their vicinity.

Messrs. Smedley's CUMBERLAND CAVERN is the oldest and, geologically considered, the most remarkable of these astonishing excavations; exhibiting singular combinations and wonderful contrasts, that cannot fail to impress the ordinary observer, and to perplex the conjectures of the studious.†

Leaving the locality of these caverns by a gentle and picturesque declivity, which leads down to the high-road through the dale, the path discloses a succession of charming landscapes of surpassing interest and beauty.

* Much of the timber has recently been felled.

† Geological Descriptions of the Caverns are given in an Appendix.

The MUSEUM PARADE is a pleasant and cheerful promenade, in which are situated the principal shops and places of business ; prominent among which are the museums, the proprietors of which have on sale most interesting and beautiful collections of natural curiosities, and every variety of Derbyshire Spars, worked up with admirable taste and skill, into articles of personal and domestic use and ornament. An hour or two spent in these establishments, will not only gratify the feeling which induced the poet to exclaim—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but will inform the mind, by making it familiar with the geological peculiarities of the district, and its remarkable productions ; these Museums forming, as it were, a series of illustrations to the book of knowledge, which Nature here expands for the consideration of intelligent inquirers.

The general appearance of the Bath has during the few last years been greatly improved by the erection of villas and other houses and shops. A Branch Bank has been opened by the Derby and Derbyshire Banking Co., and a handsome new Wesleyan Chapel has been built, in Derwent Terrace.

On the side of the picturesque road leading to the Parade, stands the Church, which forms a pleasing object in the landscape, with its handsome tower, and "heaven-directed spire," suggestive of gratitude to the Almighty Power, amidst the glorious works of Whose hands it has been raised, as a memorial of faith and love. The foundation-stone was laid on June 9, 1841, by the Venerable Archdeacon Shirley, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man ; and the Church was consecrated on October 5, 1842, by the Bishop of Hereford, officiating for the Bishop of the Diocese, who was then suffering from illness. It was erected from designs by Messrs. Weightman and Hadfield, of Sheffield, at a cost of

£2,260, in the decorated style of Gothic architecture ; cruciform in shape, with a tower and crocketed spire at the west end, 129 feet high. The chancel window of five lights, has some good tracery, elegantly filled with stained glass, and is rich and handsome. The length of the interior, from west to east, is 95 feet, and the breadth 27 feet 3 inches ; the transepts from north to south are 53 feet, and the width 21 feet. At the time of its erection, it was thought an excellent specimen of its kind ; but the advances lately made in ecclesiastical architecture and other arrangements for divine worship, will readily suggest several points for improvement to critical minds ; although, as a convenient and handsome “house of prayer,” it must be dear to all, whether residents or tourists, who value the ministrations of the Church.

In this immediate vicinity, placed on either side of the road, are several so-called PETRIFYING WELLS, where may be seen various articles in all stages of encrustation ; which is caused by the limestone precipitated from the water of the springs among the hills, as it rapidly evaporates, in the act of falling upon the objects placed underneath the stream for the purpose of petrification. A call at these wells, one of which, on the road-side, near the approach to the Old Bath, was visited by the Queen, when Princess Victoria, in 1832, will afford both amusement and information.

The MÉDICINAL SPRINGS, to which Matlock-Bath owes its rise and present popularity, were first brought into public notice in the the year 1698 ; how, or by whom, has not transpired ; but its beginnings were very homely, and its progress to celebrity very slow, as many years elapsed before the original wooden shed, which marked the site of the spring, was superseded by a more substantial building ; for in 1724, Daniel Defoe, the celebrated author of “Robinson Crusoe,”

in his "Tour through England," thus speaks of it—"This bath would be much more frequented than it is, if a sad stony mountainous road which leads to it, and no good accommodation when you are there, did not hinder; for from the Bath you are to cross over the meadows, and then ascend a Derbyshire hill, before you meet with a house of refreshment. For some miles before you come to Matlock, you pass over barren moors, in perpetual danger of slipping into coal-pits and lead-mines, or ride for miles together on the edge of a steep hill, on solid slippery rock, or loose stones, with a valley underneath, the bottom of which you can hardly discover with your eye."

Ten years afterwards, when the property had passed into the hands of Messrs. Smith and Pennell, of Nottingham, who are said to have given £1000 for the estate, some improvements were effected; roads opened, the bath enlarged with convenient offices, which ultimately developed into further extensions by different proprietors, until in 1803 they assumed a fixed importance as the OLD BATH HOTEL, with every accommodation for the reception of visitors on a large and fashionable scale of entertainment. It soon became a popular rendezvous for the principal families of the Midland Counties; and was made classic ground in public estimation, by the many authors, who, like Sir Walter Scott, often enjoyed their learned leisure here; or who, like Lord Byron, repaired hither to meet the fair companions of their youth, and muse in sentimental fancy—as he did with the heiress of Annesley—on the thrilling joys of "first and passionate love." But

" The day of its destiny's over,
The star of its fate hath declined ;"

and the Old Bath Hotel, where Scott nursed his romantic enthusiasm, and Byron his poetic imagination, became,

amidst all the extending popularity of Matlock, a "shut-up" and neglected road-side inn.

Its Baths, however, continued in use; the waters with which they are supplied having medicinal properties, which are most efficacious in bilious and rheumatic complaints, the first stages of consumption, gout, and all cases of debility arising from relaxation of the muscular fibres. The temperature of the waters, as they issue from the springs, is 68 degrees Fahrenheit—about 14 degrees lower than those at Buxton—their specific gravity 1.003, and their constituents, free carbonic acid, with muriates and sulphates of magnesia, lime, and soda, in very minute quantities. Dr. Thomson, in his "*Materia Medica*," classes this water with the calcareous, and considers it *almost pure*. "The hot springs flow out at an elevation of about 100 feet above the river; but these sources are now hidden, and the water is conveyed in pipes and covered channels into the Baths and Petrifying Wells. One of the streams is seen flowing from a field into the road, under which it passes opposite Smedley's spar shop; and another forms a beautiful little waterfall, after passing through the Old Bath stable-yard, by flowing over the rough tufa margin behind the stables."

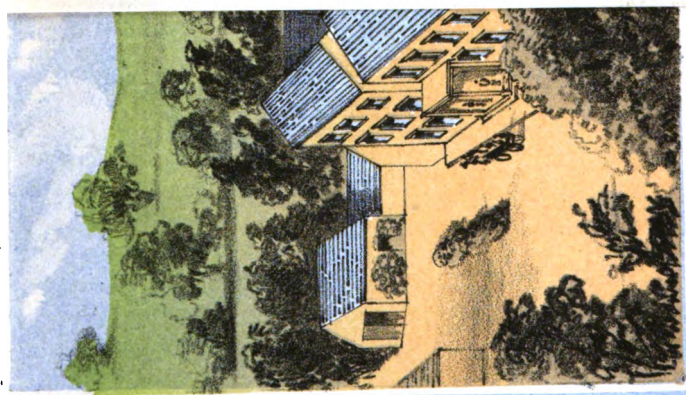
In the year 1866, the picturesque situation of the Old Bath, and the ancient celebrity of its springs, attracted the attention of a number of visitors, who, in conjunction with a few influential residents, formed themselves into a Company, under the provisions of the Limited Liability Act, with a nominal Capital of £25,000, for the purpose of erecting on the site a new building, combining all the conveniences and requisites of a first-class Hydropathic Establishment. In furtherance of this design, Messrs. Whyatt and Redford of Manchester, were engaged as the Archi-



LOCK BATH.

LETTERS.

The Old Bath Hotel is not yet completed.



OLD BATH HOTEL.

fects, under whose direction a handsome edifice has been built, after the domestic Gothic style of the fourteenth century, with all adaptations to modern requirements, and with a tasteful regard to its romantic position. The establishment is divided into two departments; one consisting of the residential portion, and the other appropriated to Thermal purposes; they are connected by an enclosed corridor, intended to serve as a conservatory and a promenade. In front of the building is a terrace, under which are the kitchens, housekeeper's and other rooms, connected with the domestic arrangements of the establishment. On the ground-floor are the reception rooms, and apartments for the stewards and physicians, dining hall, library, drawing and private sitting rooms, lavatories, and other accommodations. On the floors above are sixty-seven chambers, some of which can be used for two beds, and are *en suite* with private sitting rooms. A prospect tower, erected over the staircase, affords grand views of the charming landscape. The approach to the establishment for visitors, is by a carriage-porch on the terrace. The Thermal arrangements include a large swimming-bath, and a number of baths required for medicinal purposes.

Besides the Baths at the Old Hotel, there is another establishment of the kind at the NEW BATH HOTEL, and a third at the FOUNTAIN GARDENS, near to the north end of the Museum Parade; all available for public accommodation, and all of course supplied from the natural medicinal springs which flow from the hills. The Swimming Bath is supplied by a natural spring of the temperature of 68 degrees; the bath is 18 feet wide, and 5 feet deep.

The NEW BATH HOTEL owes its origin to the discovery of a second tepid spring, some years after the establishment of the Old Bath. It has of late been considerably enlarged

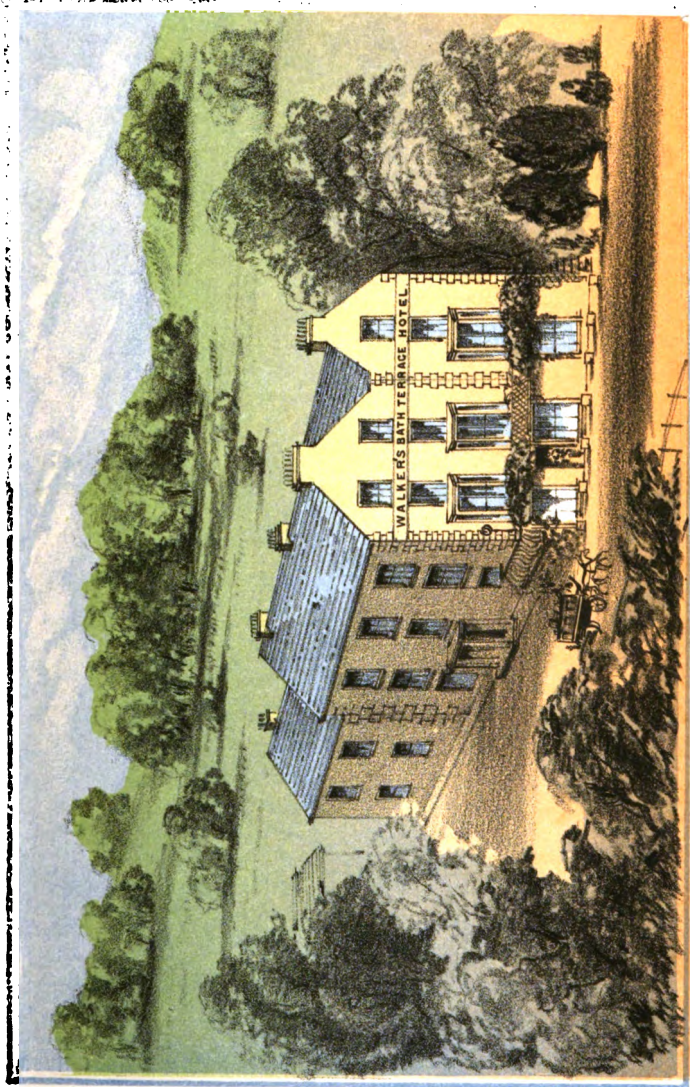
and improved, and now affords most excellent accommodation to passing tourists, resident visitors, and private families. It is delightfully situated, and its beautiful gardens, which command charming views, are kept in admirable order; their chief glory being a magnificent lime tree, nearly two centuries old, covering an area of more than one hundred feet in diameter. Naturalists ascribe the luxurious growth and vigour of this noble tree to the effect of the stream of tepid water which constantly runs beneath its roots in its flow to the valley.

Of other Hotels, the principal are WALKER'S and the TEMPLE. The former is pleasantly situated at the north end of New Bath Terrace, near the Church, and is well adapted in all its regulations and resources for the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of visitors. Its excellent means of accommodation for pleasure-parties are also highly appreciated, as well as its arrangements for private families.

The TEMPLE HOTEL is on the hill-side, at an elevation of 150 feet above the level of the valley; a number of terraces prettily laid out on the declivity, constituting it a pleasant and picturesque place of sojourn.

HODGKINSON'S HOTEL is a comfortable house of the tavern class, in the Museum Parade, in very good repute; and, besides the establishments above-named, there are other places of public reception and entertainment, and many excellent lodging-houses most respectably conducted.

A lounge along the Museum Parade will lead to the FERRY, where, under Mr. Walker's direction, and also by Mr. Buxton, opposite The Library, boats may be had for a delightful row upon the gently-flowing waters of the Derwent, which ripple at the base of the wood-clad rocks on the eastern side of the dale, and soothe the ear by their gentle murmurs, as they fall in silver streams over



WALKER'S BATH TERRACE HOTEL.
Matlock Bath.

the not very distant weir, near the entrance to Willersley Park. The visitor will be much pleased with the tranquil charms of this aquatic retreat; and should not return to the vale, without landing to explore the LOVERS' WALKS, which form a most picturesque ramble through verdant vistas, and open out a series of beautiful prospects, that will not fail to excite admiration, and to dwell in the memory as pictures of pleasure.

“ So pure, so clear, the woods, the sky, the air;
It seems a spot where angels might repair,
And tune their harps, beneath its tranquil shades,
To morning songs and moonlight serenades.”

And well we remember, that the first sight we ever had of this happy valley—long before the fiery dragon of the iron roads had invaded its repose—was on a glorious evening, as we approached it by the road from Cromford.

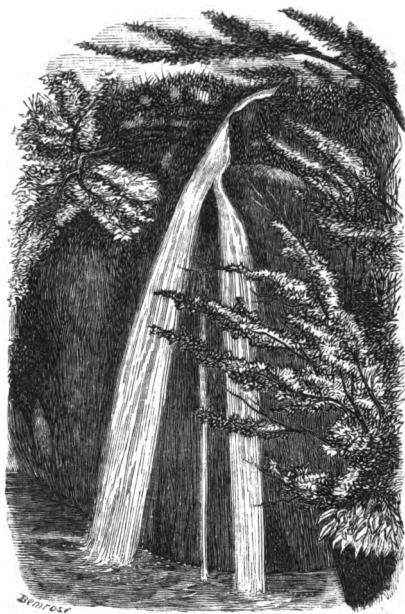
“ All nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity;
The winds were all at rest, and in the east
The crescent moon, then seen imperfectly,
Came onwards with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.”

Just as we entered the romantic dale in which Matlock-Bath is situated, by an approach at once rude, striking, and majestic—the road having been formed through an immense limestone rock, by blasting the stone with gunpowder—as we passed along the valley, the joyous sounds of music at the foot of the rocks came floating over the waters with a happy effect from a band of minstrels, who, in this practice of their witching art perhaps thought, with Shakspeare, that

“ Soft stillness and the night
Became the touches of sweet harmony.”

Be that as it may, the impression left upon the mind has

never been effaced; and future visits have realized the conviction, that in such a spot as this, music sounds most sweetly in unison with the harmonies of creation and the music of the spheres; and that a moonlight view of Matlock Dale is remarkably grand and impressive.



WATERFALL, MATLOCK DALE.

THE WALK TO WILLERSLEY.



THE road from Matlock-Bath to Cromford lies in a southern direction, passing by Lady Glenorchy's Chapel for Presbyterian worship, between the course of the river on the left hand, and a picturesque range of hills on the right, till it reaches a grand opening between two massive limestone rocks, which stand like giant sentinels at the entrance of the vale, or as guards of honour to the portal of Nature's lovely retreats. Here, through the gates of the lodge to the left, is the entrance to WIL-
 LERSLEY PARK, along what is called the "Chapel Walk."

CROMFORD CHURCH is distant about a mile from Matlock-Bath, and stands in the picturesque grounds of Willersley Castle; the road to which is of a most interesting character, and abounds in scenes of majesty and beauty. The approach to this rural house of prayer is particularly romantic and beautiful; on the right rises a lofty chain of towering rocks, and on the opposite side of the river, which here adds new loveliness to the landscape, the view is bounded by a succession of undulating hills, clothed with verdure and foliage. At the extremity of this delightful path, near to a bridge which overarches the stream, the church rears

its humble tower, as if directing the thoughts of man to Him from Whom all blessings flow. It is a small but neat building of hewn stone, without much pretension to architectural beauty. Its erection was commenced by the direction of Sir Richard Arkwright, and after his decease was completed by his son, R. Arkwright, Esq. Though it was originally intended only as a mausoleum and church for the Arkwright family, that design has been widely departed from, and it is now available for divine worship to the inhabitants of the district. It was opened on June 4th, 1797, when the Rev. R. Ward, M.A., its first Incumbent, officiated. Its original size was 70 feet long and 45 feet broad. It has lately been enlarged and improved. On the south side of the Communion table is a beautiful monument by Chantrey, to the memory of Mrs. Arkwright and her three infant children.

An ancient chapel once stood near this site, at the south end of Cromford Bridge. The building, which had been converted into a dwelling-house, was taken down, with the exception of a gothic arched doorway, by Mr. Arkwright's direction, in 1796. This chapel was in existence in 1540 as appears by the will of Richard Wigley, of Middleton who left to it a small legacy.

On ascending the hill to WILLERSLEY CASTLE, a succession of charming and impressive views breaks upon us at every turn ; till on reaching the towering summit of a projecting rock, designated the Wild Cat Tor, a glorious panorama of beauty and magnificence exhibits, as in one vast picture, the beauties and wonders of this romantic spot. Such a scene as

“ Speaks to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.”

The mansion is more remarkable for elegance and simplicity

within, and for just proportion and symmetry in its external appearance, than for any pretensions to architectural effect—*simplex munditiis*. It contains numerous portraits and other paintings by Wright of Derby and Barber, particularly a view of Ullswater Lake by the former, which cost 300 guineas, and was one of the last performances of that celebrated artist. The spot where the house stands was previously occupied by a rock, the removal of which cost Sir R. Arkwright about £3000. The architect was Mr. W. Thomas, of London. After the edifice was completed, but before it was inhabited, it was set on fire by the heat of a stove, some timber having been incautiously inserted too near a flue, and all that was combustible in it was consumed. This accident happened on the 8th of August, 1791. The Park and Castle are open to visitors at certain times, of which information may be obtained at "The Library," Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, on Matlock Parade.

The Cotton Mill built at Cromford, in the immediate vicinity of Willersley, is suggestive, as the author of "Peak Scenery" remarks, of possessions obtained by mechanical skill and commercial enterprise, and is an instance of the fact that honourable industry is its own reward. Sir Richard Arkwright, the founder of the fortunes of his family, was born in humble life at Preston, in 1732. In 1767, he was settled at Warrington, where he became acquainted with John Kay, a clockmaker, who advised him to improve the cotton engine. This he did, and connected himself in his new enterprise with Smalley, of Preston, and removed to Nottingham, where he obtained funds, and there built his first great Cotton Mill, which was worked by horses. Riots drove him thence; and he established at different times, mills in Lancashire, Derbyshire, and at New Lanark, in Scotland. The first Sir Robert Peel employed his inven-

tions, and soon after 1767, brought them into prosperous action. Steam-power was applied ; and in 1771 Mr. Arkwright erected works at Cromford : twenty years afterwards he died rich. In 1786, he served the office of High Sheriff for Derbyshire, and received the honour of Knighthood on presenting a loyal address from the county to King George the Third. He died, aged sixty, at Cromford, August 3rd, 1792.

CROMFORD is an old town, with a good market-place and inn, the Greyhound. The Cotton Mills find employment for the working classes, and an air of comfort pervades the place. The High Peak Railway, which was constructed at a cost of £200,000, has a station there ; and about half-a-mile from the market-place, in a very pleasant spot, is the station of the Midland Railway Company, whence many delightful walks may be taken, and public conveyances run to the ancient market-town of Wirksworth, which is distant about two miles-and-a-half ; from Matlock-Bath, three miles ; and from Derby (by road), thirteen miles.

From Cromford there is a charming walk or drive through what is fancifully called the "VIA GELLIA"—no Roman road, but so called because it runs through the estates of the Gell family. In early spring-time, the sides of this road abound with lilies of the valley, and other wild flowers of luxuriant growth ; and throughout the year the beautiful foliage of the trees which clothe the acclivities and adorn the crags, contributes to form a succession of natural pictures, which artists and poets have emulated each other in delineating.

A short and pleasant ramble leads to BONSALL, a remarkably interesting and picturesque village, with a fine old Church, which has latterly been restored and beautified, occupying a commanding position on a shelving rock—like

the house of the Swiss poet, which "looks out on a domain a monarch might be proud of." Bonsall has also its ancient Market Cross, its primitive public-house, and all those other characteristics which mark these quiet settlements of the miners of the olden time.



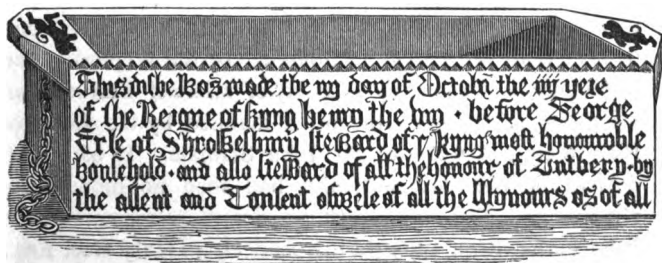
CROMFORD BRIDGE.

WIRKSWORTH.



THIS ancient market-town demands a passing notice before leaving the district with which it is in such close proximity. The road to the south-west from Cromford conducts the traveller, in two miles-and-a-half, to WIRKSWORTH, which stands in a quiet valley, clustering round its noble church, and skirted by rural pastures diversified with mines and rustic homes. It was, doubtless, one of the mining settlements of the Romans, and the ancient Saxons have left here many vestiges of their skill in the preparation of wrought lead. The township of Wirksworth contains two manors, besides that of the rectory. The chief, or paramount manor, belonged in the year 835 to the Abbey of Repton. It is probable, that in consequence of the destruction of that monastery by the Danes, it became vested in the crown, to which it belonged at the time of taking the Domesday survey. King John, in the fifth year of his reign, granted this manor to William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby. Having been forfeited by the attainder of Robert, Earl of Derby, in 1265, it was granted, together with the wapentake, by Edward I. to his brother

Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It has ever since formed part of the Earldom or Duchy of Lancaster. It is now held under the Arkwright family. Courts-barons are held twice a year at Wirksworth for this manor: courts-leet for the wapentake, and barmote-courts for the better conducting of the mines and mineral concerns within the wapentake, are also held at Wirksworth, where is kept at the Moot Hall, the Miners' Standard Dish, made of brass in the reign of



THE MINERS' STANDARD DISH.

Henry VIII., for testing the measures used in valuing and selling lead ore. The Moot Hall was built in 1773 by Lord Hyde, then Chancellor of the Duchy, and has since been rebuilt in 1814 by the Hon. Charles Bathurst, who at that time held the same appointment. The Church of St. Mary is a fine old Gothic structure, having nave, aisles, transepts, and chancel, and a square tower supported by four large pillars in the centre. Its size and style of architecture assimilate it to a cathedral-like edifice, and it is capable of accommodating a congregation of two thousand with seats. There are many ancient examples of fine sculpture, brasses, slabs, and other obituary memorials. There are monuments of the families of Vernon, Gell, Blackwall, Wigley, Lowe, Hunt, Anthony Hopkinson, gent., 1618,

Anne, relict of Thomas Parker and one of the daughters and co-heirs of Robert Venables, of Wincham, Cheshire, 1699; George Turner, Esq., of the ancient family of that name at Swanwick, in Derbyshire, 1768; and Francis Green, Esq., 1782.

Bassano's volume of "Church Notes" describes a little "chapel or quire" in the aisle on the side of the steeple, which was supposed to have belonged to the Lords of Callow, but it had not then any arms or monument; and two such "quires" on the west side of the steeple, one dedicated to St. Catherine, founded by the Wigleys of the Gatehouse, and then the property of Michael Burton, proprietor of that house; the other founded by the Lords of Ible, then belonging to Sir John Statham. It had been defaced in the civil war, and had then no monuments remaining. The same volume describes memorials for John Ferne, Esq., 1509 (in the chancel); Henry Gee, Esq., 1619; John Stuffin, gent., 1696, and others. In the churchyard is the tomb of Matthew Peat, of Alderwasley, who died December 11th, 1751, aged 109 years and 10 months. In the church a handsome stained glass obituary window has been recently erected to the memory of the late Francis Hurt, Esq., of Alderwasley. The patronage of the Rectory was vested by Henry I. in the Dean of Lincoln.

Wirksworth has its Free Grammar School, National School, Parochial Library, Mechanics' Institute, Temperance Hall, Savings Bank, Cricket Ground, and all other social and religious institutions, which denote an intelligent and thriving population. There is also a general Cemetery of three acres in extent, for churchmen and dissenters, according to modern ideas; the portion assigned to the former being consecrated in 1856. Messrs. Arkwright and Co. have a bank, and there are some good shops.

In the immediate vicinity of Wirksworth, about a mile and a half distant, is HOPTON HALL, the family seat of the Gells, who derived it from their predecessors, the De Hoptons, who had landed property here in the reign of King John.

William de Hopton, who lived in the reign of Edward II. left a daughter and heir married to Nicholas de Rollesley. The heiress of Rollesley brought this estate, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir William Kniveton; from whom it passed successively to the families of Greatrakes, Ferne, and Stuffin. Johanna, daughter and heir of another branch of the family, is said to have brought all her estates in Hopton and Carsington to Ralph Gell, whose ancestors had then resided for some generations at Hopton. A descendant of the same name died, seised of the manor of Hopton, in 1564. Sir John Gell, who had been created a Baronet in 1642, was, from the very commencement of the civil war, a most zealous officer on the side of the Parliament. Mrs. Hutchinson, who allows that Sir John Gell "very early put himself into the service of Parliament," accuses him, in her celebrated "*Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*," of having been, before the commencement of the war, one of the most zealous abettors of the King's arbitrary measures; and says, that when sheriff of Derbyshire, he had exacted most rigorously the obnoxious tax of ship-money, particularly against Sir John Stanhope. This lady makes pretty free with his character, and attributes his early and active zeal for the Parliament to his fear of being called in question for his arbitrary proceedings. He took Lichfield, and rendered very important services to his party in his native county and elsewhere, for which he several times received the thanks of the House of Commons. It appears, that after the termination of the war, he was much dissatisfied

with the treatment he received from the Parliament. In the possession of his descendant, the late Philip Gell, Esq., M.P., at Hopton Hall, were two narratives of the principal transactions in which he had been engaged, and the services he had rendered to the Parliament; drawn up, as it appears, by way of memorials. One of these is entitled "A true relation of what service hath been done by Colonel Sir John Gell, Bart., for the King and Parliament, in defence of the town and county of Derby; and how aiding and assisting he hath been to the adjacent counties, *viz.*, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, from October, 1642, to October, 1646." Notwithstanding all which, he complains that his forces were disbanded with £4 6s. each to the privates of horse, and £1 6s. each to the foot, with nothing to the officers, whose pay was two years in arrear. The other narrative is "A true account of the raising and employing of one foot regiment under Sir John Gell;" and is in substance much the same as the other. He states that he was the first in that county who declared for the Parliament; that he had received from them only £64, and that he had expended above £5000 of his own property, besides the loss he sustained when his house was plundered by the enemy. Among Sir John Gell's papers is an order of the Earl of Leven, dated April 21, 1640, enjoining the Scottish forces not to plunder Hopton, or any of Sir John Gell's houses or lands. There is a bill, also, for the cure of a severe wound in his neck, from which we cite some items, as a specimen of the practice and charges of that time.

Balsam for the head	..	..	..	..	..	0	4	6
Perfume for the head	..	..	..	..	..	0	4	6
A spiritual balsam	..	..	..	..	..	0	10	0
Five papers of bezoar and magist. powders	..	..	..	..	..	0	15	0

A cordial syrup to take them in	..	..	..	0	2	0
A cordial julep, with confect alkermes	..	..	..	0	6	6
A plaister for the spleen	..	..	..	0	3	6
A plaister to stop bleeding	..	..	..	0	1	0
Cordial lozenges	..	..	..	0	12	6
For applying leeches	..	..	..	0	5	0
Aqua salviæ et betonicæ	..	..	..	0	1	0

Among other items are several gargarisms and vesicatories for the neck. There are charges also for broth, each time 1s. *The total of the charge was £13 9s. The surgeon's name was Ralph Bowring. The first charge is on the 7th of July, 1646; the cure appears to have been completed before August 22nd. There is no intimation in the narrative, which is brought down to October, 1646, where this wound was received; it appears to have been when the war was nearly over, and after Newark, the last fortress in that part of the country, had capitulated. Sir John Gell's colours, being the family arms, with the cross of St. George on a canton, are at Hopton in good preservation; as are also some of the small artillery used in the civil war, and the leathern doublet worn by Sir John in the field; in the neck of the doublet is a flaw, which seems to have been made by the ball which gave Sir John his wound. The doublet weighed 11 pounds. In 1650, Sir John Gell incurred the displeasure of the then ruling powers, and was sentenced by the High Court of Justice to be imprisoned for life, and his estates to be confiscated; but two years afterwards he procured his pardon, and from him the inheritance descended to its present possessors.

Another gentleman's seat in the vicinity of Wirksworth is WIGWELL GRANGE, which was given in the reign of Henry III. by William de Foune and others, and confirmed by William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, to the abbot and convent of Darley (near Derby), and it is said to have been

the favourite summer residence of the abbots of that house. King Henry VIII. granted this estate to Thomas Babington, Esq., of Dethick. Anthony Babington, Esq., in 1585, sold it to Mr. Henry Wigwell, of Middleton. A co-heiress of Wigwell brought it to Sir John Statham, whose son sold it to the trustees of Mr. John Mander, of Bakewell. It was purchased of the latter, in 1774, by Francis Green, Esq., and became the property of his grandson, Francis Green Goodwin, Esq. This pleasant residence was the scene of a dreadful murder on August 22nd, 1863, when Miss Goodwin, grand-daughter of the proprietor—a young lady in the bloom of health and loveliness—was killed by her discarded lover, Mr. G. V. Townley, of Manchester, while taking an evening walk before sunset, in the neighbourhood of the Hall. The assassin was arrested on the spot, as he confessed the deed and made no attempt to escape. He was tried at Derby, convicted and condemned, but afterwards reprieved on a plea of insanity. He was then sent to Broadmoor, a prison for lunatics, where he committed suicide by throwing himself over the balustrade of a lofty staircase, as he was passing in company with other prisoners from the chapel to their cells. Townley's case excited much discussion in Parliament and in the public journals.

In the neighbourhood of Wirksworth (two miles south-east), is also the ancestral residence of an English gentleman, the beautifully situated Hall of ALDERWASLEY, whose green slopes, and winding drives, and wooded heights, combine to form another of those singularly charming landscapes with which Derbyshire abounds. It is an ancient seat of nobility, descended from the family of Le Foune in the reign of Henry III., the last of whose line left a heiress who married Thomas, father of Anthony Lowe, who procured from King Henry VIII. a grant of

the manor which had belonged to the Duchy of Lancaster. Elizabeth the sister and heiress of his descendant, who died in 1690, brought the estate to Nicholas Hurt, of Cattern, in Staffordshire, ancestor of the present possessor, Albert Hurt, Esq. In the earliest period of its history, the Earls of Lancaster had a hunting-seat at Alderwasley, whose picturesque locality might well commend it to royal favour.



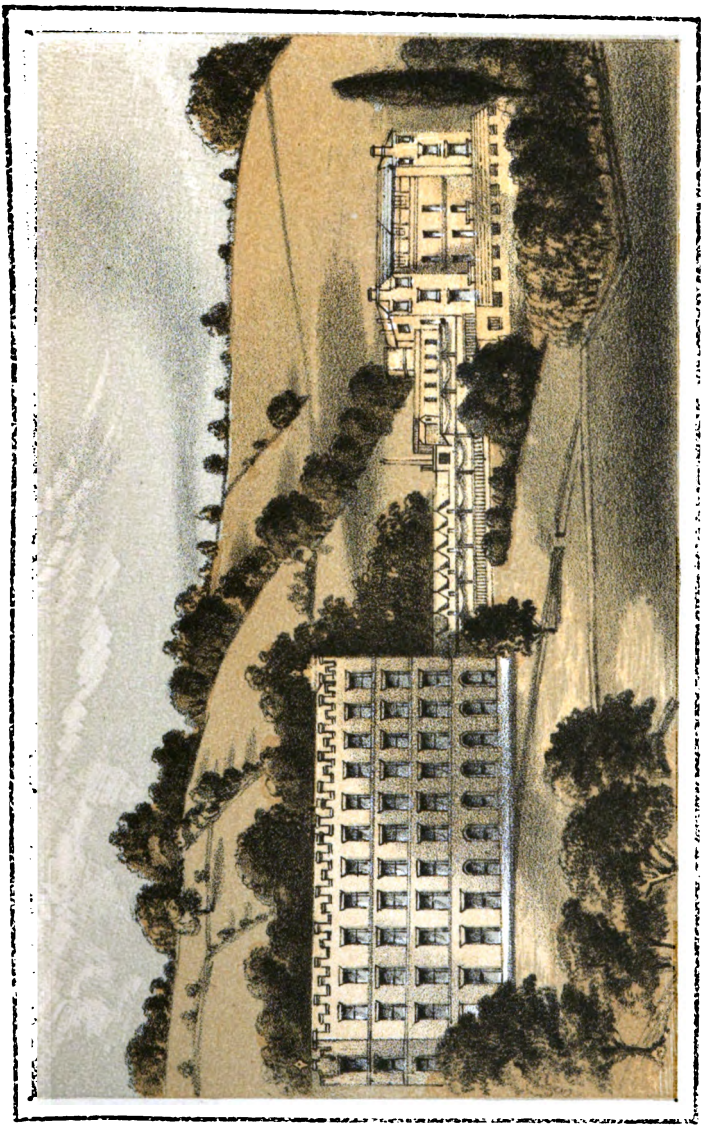
NORMAN PITCHER FROM BURLEY HILL, NEAR DUFFIELD, BEARING THE BADGE
OF THE FAMILY OF FERRARS, EARLS OF DERBY.

THE RETURN TO MATLOCK.



BLACK ROCKS.

RETURNING from WIRKSWORTH to MATLOCK-BATH, opportunity may conveniently be taken, by passing along the road towards Cromford, to ascend the celebrated BLACK ROCKS, called collectively STENNIS or STONNIS—a popular corruption of stone-house—a mass of grit-stones, “dark, ponderous, and sublime,” surmounted by waving clusters of old pine-trees. From the summit of these Rocks there is a really magnificent prospect of wondrous beauty, which the author of “Peak Scenery” regards as the finest in the county, and in flowing raptures exclaims—“I stood on the top of Stonnis—masses of rock lay scattered at my feet—a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head—far below embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that nature anywhere presents was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock-Dale, the windings of the Derwent, the pine-crowned Heights of Abraham, and the proud hill of Masson, they were all forgotten; the struc-



MR SMEDLEY'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,
MATLOCK BANK.

tures of man seemed as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God."

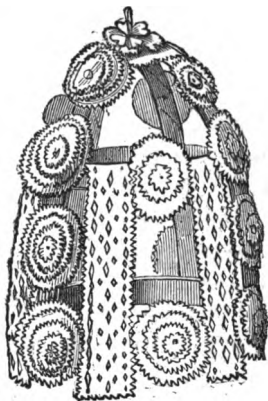
Lower down, about half-a-mile nearer Cromford, there is another enjoyable eminence known as FOX CLOUD, whence a view of the country, less comprehensive but equally beautiful, may be obtained. The route to Matlock-Bath is remarkably pleasant and suggestive; for throughout its entire course the contemplative mind, tuned to harmonious meditations on the wonders of creation, may find at each step

"Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

Should the tourist be disposed to stay awhile at MATLOCK-BATH, there is no place where more agreeable accommodation can be found for a lengthened residence, and none from which excursions to the adjacent districts can be made with greater pleasure and convenience. Nor is any locality richer in natural curiosities, places of modern interest, or historic remains of antiquity.

The drive to the Parish Church of MATLOCK (proper), which is nearly two miles distant from Matlock-Bath, passes the prominent rock known as the HIGH TOR, and through a tract of country which exhibits to advantage the peculiar scenery of this romantic dale. The village is pleasantly situated, partly in a valley and partly on the side of a hill on the eastern banks of the river Derwent, a little way from the main road. At its entrance is a neat stone bridge, at a short distance from which, on the verge of a romantic rock, the Church dedicated to St. Giles raises its grey turret, shrouded by trees of luxuriant foliage. The building is an old embattled structure, having an ancient tower with pinnacles whimsically sculptured with grotesque gargoyles.

The interior consists of a nave, aisles, and chancel; the roof is arched, and covered with paintings consisting of the four Evangelists and other scriptural and allegorical subjects. From the cross-beams of the Church are suspended some funeral garlands, which it was the custom—now obsolete here—to deposit on the burial of young maidens, in accordance with a practice thus noticed by Washington Irving, as prevalent in remote villages. “A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl, nearest in size, age, and resemblance, and is



FUNERAL GARLAND IN MATLOCK CHURCH.

afterwards hung up in the church. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.” The allusions to the custom of laying “garlands on the hearse” are very frequent in the writings of the old poets.

The Church contains no ancient monument of note, unless we may so designate that of Anthony Woolley, proprietor of Ryber Hall, who died in 1578, and Agnes his wife; although the records of the manor date back to the time of the Norman Conquest.

A handsome Independent Chapel, in the Gothic style, with a spire, has just been built, and forms a pleasing object from many points of view.

The situation of MATLOCK, like most of the adjacent district, is singularly picturesque, and may be described in the pregnant words of the poet Rogers:—

“The scenery, rock and shrub-wood, Nature’s own;
Nature the architect.”

The HIGH TOR, which is unquestionably one of the grandest objects in Matlock Dale, is close to the Railway Station, and is a majestic rock of stupendous grandeur, towering to the height of 396 feet, and presenting to the surrounding country a massive rampart of extraordinary beauty and sublimity, whose lofty summit reaches to the clouds, and whose base is washed by the rushing waters of the Derwent. It is, as Mr. Croston well describes it, “a vast and imposing mass of limestone, with a bold convex front, lifting its precipitous height more than three hundred and fifty feet above the vale below. The sloping base is covered, for a considerable way upwards, with a dense tangle of underwood, hazels, honeysuckles, wild roses, and brambles; from the midst rises a profusion of trees of different kinds: the elegant mountain ash, the pale drooping willow, the gnarled and knotted oak, and the delicate pensile birch, mingling their leafy branches in a density of luxurious verdure; beneath which the graceful Derwent glides along, frequently hidden by the overhanging trees,

that fling their broad leafy boles over its sparkling waters, subduing the dazzling brilliance with their sombre shade ; at times it becomes impetuous and even turbulent, as, wasting its strength in whitened foam, it dashes over the rocky fragments that impede its course ; then again it subsides into a rippling current, and carols merrily, like a talkative companion, by the side of the wayfarer." The upper portion of the High Tor, for more than one hundred and fifty feet, presents one vast mass of naked perpendicular rock, indented with rents and fissures, from between which peep out tufts of grass, and shrubs, and flowers, with here and there a few stunted trees, that seem to have sprung spontaneously from the openings. Seen in all aspects, the High Tor is grand and impressive, but in the glimmer of the broad moonlight it is unspeakably beautiful and picturesque. Opposite to this majestic rock, the river is spanned by a little wooden bridge, which leads to the HIGH TOR GROTTO. The roof and sides of this really natural excavation are encrusted with a profusion of crystallizations of calcareous spar, chiefly of the scalon dodecahedron and double pyramid or dog-tooth shape. When lighted up by the guide, the effect of these natural crystals, glittering like rarest gems, is peculiarly brilliant. There is no cave which can be examined with more ease and comfort, and there is none, which from the splendour of its minerals, and the character of its construction, can be inspected with greater interest and satisfaction. Near the extremity, the path gently descends, the roof becomes lower, and a clear pool of water is reached, beyond which the rocks close in, and further progress is obstructed. The tunnel of the railway passes through the High Tor, and the effect of the rolling of the train, as heard in this grotto, resembles the rumbling reverberations of distant thunder.

The grounds of the High Tor have been latterly enclosed and laid out for public walks ; so that the summit of the stately rock is now approachable with great ease and enjoyment. The approach is reached by crossing the railway bridge, turning to the left, and then passing under the line on the right, when the Entrance Lodge will be seen to the left of the roadway.

Before leaving Matlock, however, we must not omit to mention, for the information of inquiring archæologists, who are desirous of tracing the footsteps of the ancient invaders of Britain, that some vestiges of their settlements have been found in this locality.

A Roman pig of lead, $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and $20\frac{1}{2}$ at bottom, weighing 173 pounds, was found on Matlock Moor, in the year 1787. The following inscription appears in raised letters on the top :

TI. CL. TR. LVT. BR. EX. ARG.

Another, weighing 126 pounds, was found on Cromford Moor, near Matlock, in the year 1777, having the following inscription in raised letters on the top :

IMP. CAES. HADRIANI. AUG. MET. LVT.

A third was found near Matlock in 1783, weighing 84 pounds, 19 inches long at the top, and 22 at the top, and four and a half at the bottom, inscribed thus :

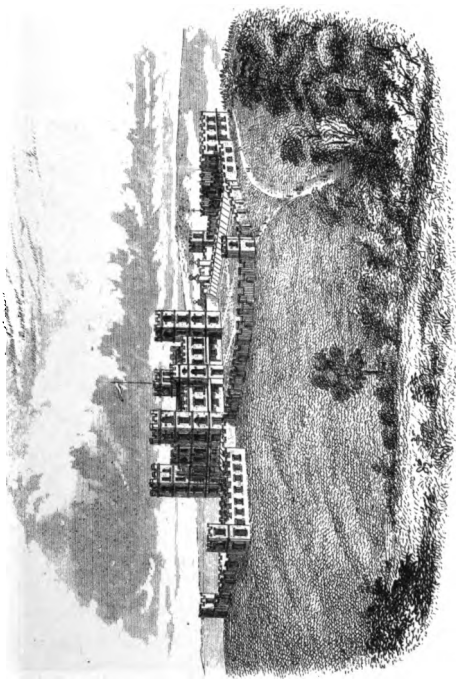
L. ARVCONI. VERCVND. MEAL. LVTVD.

Various erroneous conjectures have been formed respecting some parts of these inscriptions, especially the LVT., which have arisen from their having been inaccurately copied. In the third inscription this occurs more at length, LVTVD, and is unquestionably a contraction of *Lutudarum*, the Roman station mentioned in Ravennas next to Der-

vention, and which there is great reason to suppose was the present town of Chesterfield. This last-mentioned example of Roman antiquity was presented by Mrs. Adam Wolley to the British Museum, where that found on Cromford Moor is also deposited.

Resuming our railway route, we pass from Matlock-Bath Station, through the High Tor Tunnel, cut in the solid rock; emerging from which, the scenery is exceedingly pretty and diversified, although cut up, as it were, by natural effects, into a series of miniature landscapes. To the right, however, it assumes bolder features of wider sweep, opening out the old town and church, and a little further on we halt at MATLOCK BRIDGE STATION, close to the right of which is MATLOCK BANK, the headquarters of hydropathy for the midland counties. The introduction of hydropathy into this district is due to John Smedley, Esq., the enterprising and philanthropic proprietor of the Lea Mills, who, having himself benefitted by hydropathic treatment, commenced the practice of it at Lea Mills, in 1851, for the benefit, in the first instance, of his workpeople. The necessity of providing accommodation for the number of neighbours and visitors who sought to avail themselves of the water cure, led Mr. Smedley to purchase a house at Matlock Bank for that purpose. From time to time this house has been enlarged, until it is now one of the most complete and extensive establishments in the kingdom, affording accommodation, with the last new wing, for 200 patients. The Bank now has in it numerous establishments of various capabilities (see Appendix); and the number of visitors who frequent them is a testimony to the excellence of the treatment and the attractions of the place.

The celebrated RIBER HILL, of historic renown as a resort of the Druids, and a military station of the Romans,



River Castle, Mallock, Portchester.

forms a noble back-ground to the prospect, and awakens many a recollection of ancient legends, which have long since faded into fable. On Ribber Hill, in a most commanding and picturesque situation, 600 feet above the Derwent and 860 feet above the sea, is Ribber Castle, an extensive and imposing edifice, erected by Mr. Smedley for the double purpose of a residence and a Hydropathic Establishment, at an estimated cost of £35,000. The Castle, which is a landmark visible for many miles, is an oblong square, about 145 feet long by 110 wide, with four towers 90 feet high, and four bays 50 feet high, and is built of gritstone from the quarry close by. In the interior construction and arrangement everything has been effected which modern art and science can suggest and apply for comfort and convenience. From the broad staircase a gallery, open to the roof, runs the whole length and width of the building. Beneath it is the principal saloon, 100 feet by 30, and 45 feet high. Round the gallery is a canopy five feet broad, on which are slide boxes for books, also statuary, shrubs, and flowers ; and at each end of the gallery are peculiarly constructed geometrical staircases leading to the upper gallery, from which the towers are entered. On the roof are a shrubbery and summer-houses, from which are obtained beautiful and most extensive views on all sides. The chimneys are built of circular bricks, and are independent of the walls, never requiring sweeping. Sax's patent electric bells, with one and a half miles of electric wire, are in use, and Mr. Smedley's new plan of constructing and heating hot-houses is also adopted, along with many new and valuable inventions.



DARLEY DALE.



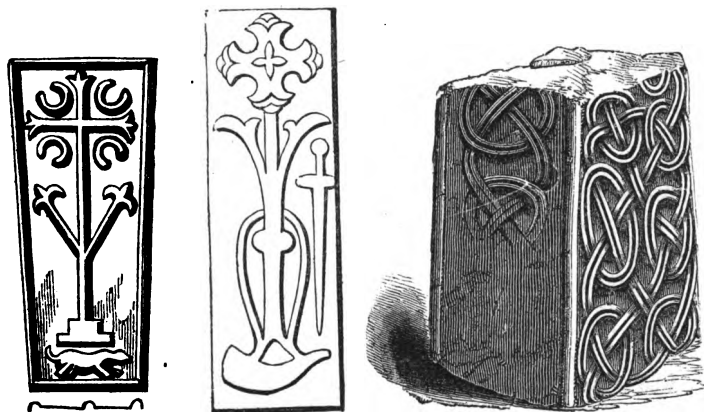
FROM Matlock Bridge to DARLEY STATION, a distance rather exceeding two miles, the line passes through a beautifully pastoral and picturesque district, and the train halts at the rural village of Darley, once a place of historical importance; and at the time of the Domesday Survey, part of the demesnes of the crown. In the reigns of Edward the First and Edward the Second, the manor was held in moieties under the crown, by the families of Kendall and Derby; the former being charged with a small tax towards the sustentation of Peak Castle. Portions of the estate passed through many changes of ownership to the Duke of Rutland and the Arkwright family; and in this tranquil vale is Stancliff Hall, the seat of a gentleman well-known throughout the world, in connection with anything but a quiet topic—

“Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder”—

Mr. Whitworth, the celebrated inventor of rifled cannon, and the manufacturer of the Whitworth rifle, who has beautified his domain, and purposes erecting a handsome mansion amidst the soothing serenity of this delightful dale; the famous quarries of which, whence the stone for St.

George's Hall at Liverpool was taken, being included in Mr. Whitworth's grounds, where they form an immense natural rockery. A large amount of money has been expended in adapting the old quarry into most delightful drives and walks, which form a combination of rock and landscape scenery of the most charming and picturesque character.

Darley Church, dedicated to St. Helen, is an ancient and interesting edifice, an examination of which will gratify the ecclesiologist, as its architecture is of a good style, and it contains many old monuments which have been thought worthy of special notice by the critical author of "*Hierologus, or the Church Tourists*," and by learned antiquarians. In the course of recent alterations, several incised slabs bearing various devices were discovered, and are now



INCISED SLABS FROM DARLEY CHURCHYARD.

preserved in the Bateman museum at Lomberdale; but by what right transferred there, we cannot tell. Samples of these remains are here introduced by our artist.

There are fine altar tombs and other monuments, one of which, in alabaster stone, bears the effigies of John Rollesley, Esq., who died A.D. 1514, and Elizabeth his wife; and another in memory of one of the same name and his wife, the date of which is not inscribed.

A popular object of interest in Darley churchyard is an old Yew Tree, said by the natives to be the largest and oldest in the kingdom; but as many village chroniclers claim the same antique characteristic for other yew trees in various parts of England and Wales, it would be difficult perhaps to decide the controversy. This tree however is certainly a curiosity, and of very great antiquity; measuring 33 feet round the stem, and still vigorous enough in appearance to weather the storms of coming centuries. But this venerable relic of the olden time has its grievances in modern days, as the following letter, which appeared in the *Times*, attests; it was signed "An Old Yew Tree," and bears date from Darley Churchyard, September 13, 1863—

"I am a helpless and most ill-used individual; and my friends have advised me to make my grievances known to you, as the most able and likely source to supply redress. To make my tale short, I belong to that class of national property which guide books call "objects of interest," of which this old historic country possesses so large a share; but I am not an old abbey, nor an old tower, nor even an old cairn; I am simply an old tree. My residence is in a churchyard, in a very lovely valley in Derbyshire, called Darley Dale. From the reverence which has been paid to me for more generations than I care to name, and from the admiration which pilgrims from all parts of the world who come to see me bestow upon me, I conceive that I am no common tree. My trunk alone girths 33 feet, but within the memory of man I have stretched my arms across one entire side of the churchyard, and forty years ago the young urchins of the parish used to climb from the outer wall into my branches, and from my branches on to the church leads. My age is fabulous, and learned naturalists now calculate that I must have been born three hundred years before the

gospel was planted in this country; in which case, I was probably associated with an old pagan building, the foundations of which are still discovered in digging graves in my immediate neighbourhood. If my memory did not fail me, of course I could tell all about this better than the naturalists; but age has made me somewhat hazy in this respect, so that I must leave my origin to the genealogists to settle. Well, sir, with all these claims to reverence, is it not shameful that in this year of grace 1863, men should cut, and break, and mutilate my poor old person in all conceivable ways? Until tourists began to multiply and excursion trains to run, I had scarcely a single scar, other than time and tempest had left, on my body; but now the Snookeses and Tomkineses and Joneses have begun to immortalize themselves (as is the fashion of that race) by cutting their names all over my bark; and on Thursday last, two fellows of this tribe commenced a still more cruel process. While one of them smoked his pipe and watched, the other drew out a saw, and actually set to work to cut out a great slice of my very flesh, which, but for the lucky intervention of the clerk, he would soon have accomplished. You may believe me, sir, when I tell you that I quite dread the sight of an excursion train; and, from all that I hear, I am not alone in these apprehensions. My fellow "objects of interest" are crying out on every side of me and all over the land, that the Goths are coming again. Oh, sir, can you not repel these barbarians? The foe of all abuses, will you not make your potent voice heard to put an end to this abuse?"

This letter of complaint elicited the following rejoinder, which also appeared in the *Times*, and which certainly claims for the old yew tree an age exceeding by a thousand years any suppositious period assigned to it by Derbyshire topographers—

"I have no doubt that the wretch who was caught cutting a slice from the trunk of the grand old yew tree in Darley Dale would tell you that he is a philosopher, and was doing so for the benefit of science. Some 25 years ago, I saw a section which was taken from the trunk of this tree, exhibited at the British Association, to illustrate a paper on the age of trees; and, if my memory does not fail me, the author made out, by counting the concentric rings, that this tree is 2,000 years old."

W. C. H.

It is certainly much to be regretted that so much wanton mischief should be done to these rural antiquities ; and therefore there is good sense in the suggestion which the foregoing correspondence induced from a writer in the newspapers, to the following effect—

“We are deeply grieved to see in a recent impression of the *Times*, that our ancient and venerated neighbour, the “old yew tree” in Darley Dale churchyard, is being badly used. We could complain of similar treatment if we chose, but being only a couple of poor sentinels, keeping a bright look-out over the dale, nobody would listen to us when speaking of ourselves ; but perhaps our plea for an august friend may be heard. We think, then, that no amount of writing or even printing in the *Times* will prevent the acts of Vandalism complained of. We therefore propose that the “old yew tree” be fenced off with iron railings, strong and sharp ; and we have advised our agent, whose name we enclose, and whose ancestors lie beneath its branches, into which he climbed many a time when a boy, to subscribe a small sum towards this object, if some of our neighbours will take the matter up.”

THE TWO TREES ON OAKER.

But what of Oaker, it may naturally be inquired. It is the name of that lofty and isolated hill (on the western side of the railway), overlooking the dale, and whose picturesque peak is crowned with two sycamore trees, which, as seen from many points, look only like one ; and respecting the planting of which the poet Wordsworth wrote the following sonnet.

“’Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two brothers clomb ; and turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen tree. Then eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight the fond memorial. The trees grew,

And now entwine their arms : but ne'er again
Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain,
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all—Eternity ! ”

In ancient days, the Romans had a station at Oaker for the protection of their mineral settlements ; evidences of the fact having been found in the discovery of silver coins and instruments of war, as marking the spots which once echoed to the tramp of the armed legions who subjugated Britain, and witnessed the erection of Pagan altars around which Mr. Gisborne classically observes :—

“ Brave heroes sheathed in mail
Sang their mad poems to the god of war,
The demon Mars.”

Happily the times are changed, and a scene of tranquil beauty now soothes the spirit and delights the sense.

Looking up the valley of the Derwent, says a pedestrian tourist, by Darley Dale, we can trace the course of the river for miles, as it serpentine through the soft and fertile vale, winding among mountains and rocks, and fields and fruitful meadows, sometimes loitering playfully behind the bends, as if reluctant to leave so lovely a scene ; and then again revealing its cheerful current as it sweeps along with many a graceful curve, until it becomes hidden beneath the overhanging woods that clothe the rocky portals of Matlock-Dale. On the right, a succession of undulating eminences extend in the direction of Rowsley and Chatsworth, hill following hill, and ridge succeeding ridge, until their distant summits become blended with the azure above, brown or grey in colour, and of every variety of shape and form ; in some places dark and rugged, where the soil has been laid bare by successive torrents, and in others scarred

E

and seamed and broken into little ravines that have been washed and widened by the rains and storms of centuries. The lower slopes as they dip down towards the river are hung with woods, which become thicker and closer in texture as they approach the margin of the stream ; and above, every projection and undulation, every hollow and ridge, is covered with green turf, broken only where the naked rock protrudes in rugged crags and desolated cliffs, or where the purple heather and flowering gorse grow in thick profusion. The play of light and shade is admirable, and the few fleecy clouds that float across the valley are reflected upon the mountain slopes, and every knoll and projection looks more brilliant by contrast with the dark shadows thrown in rear. Directly in front is seen the little village of Darley, pleasantly situated on the sylvan banks of the river, its venerable church nearly hidden by the sombre foliage of its ancient and wide-spreading yew—one of the finest in the kingdom. On the opposite side of the river, near the extremity of a little dell that opens into the vale, is Sydnope House, the seat of the late Sir Francis Darwin ; and further on, below where a huge stone quarry reflects the brilliant rays of the sun, is a projecting knoll, adorned with plantations of larch and fir, on the slope of which stands Stancliff Hall.

Near Darley is the village of Toadhole, a corruption of Two Dales, where the Dakeynes, famous for inventions in machinery, have established a flax manufactory. Further on among the hills, to the west of the line, is Wensley, with its beautiful valley and pretty church ; and beyond it the market-town of Winster lies embosomed among the mountainous ranges that diversify the landscape.

Leaving Darley, Stanton Woodhouse, a shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland, pleasantly situated on a wooded

declivity to the west, will attract attention. It commands a charming prospect, the spirit of which Lord John Manners, M.P. has admirably caught in one of his poems :—

“ Up Darley Dale the wanton wind
In careless measure sweeps,
And stirs the twinkling Derwent's tides,
Its shallows and its deeps.

Upon the breeze the hallow'd sound
Of Sunday bells is borne,—
That sound which ne'er a Christian hears,
And hearing, feels forlorn.

O'er distant Matlock's lofty Tor
A broken rainbow gleams,
While the last ray of parting day
Athwart the valley streams.

The waving woods that crown the banks
'Bove Chatsworth's gorgeous pile,
Repose in greenest gloom, nor catch
The sun's departing smile.

From many an ancient upland grange,
Wherein old English feeling
Still lives and thrives, in faint blue wreaths
The smoke is skywards stealing.

The simple cheer that erst sustained
The patriarch seers of old,
Still in these pastoral vallies feeds
A race of ancient mould.”

ROWSLEY.



HADDON HALL.

PASSING along a valley of pastoral tranquillity and beauty, the train halts at ROWSLEY STATION, prettily situated at a distance of 22 miles from Derby, near the confluence of the Wye and the Derwent. About two hundred yards from the station is the celebrated Peacock Inn, a favourite place of resort with anglers and artists, who throng this district for its fishing facilities and its picturesque scenery.

This Inn may be called the pride of the village, of which it is the principal house; an excellent example of an old English hostelry, with its clustering chimneys, its gabled roofs, its mullioned windows, its ivy-clad porch, and its quaint architecture, pleasantly settled in a pretty garden, suggestive of rural delights, and historic associations of the olden time; for over the doorway is the carved figure of an expanded peacock, the crest of the Manners family, and beneath it the name of some former host, who dispensed his good things to noble knights and their retainers—

JOHN STE
VENSON

1653.

The Manor of Rowsley belonged to an ancient family, who took their name from the place, which is now a quiet rural hamlet, in the reign of Edward I. The heiress brought it into the possession of Sir William Kniveton, of Mercaston, who was created a Baronet in 1611, and whose son, Sir Gilbert, sold it to Sir John Manners, ancestor of the Duke of Rutland, the present proprietor. A new Church, in a good style of architecture, was erected at Rowsley, in the year 1855, and contains one of the most beautiful monuments of modern times. It is an altar-tomb, to the memory of the wife of Lord John Manners and their infant, who died in 1854; her ladyship having passed to the grave in the early bloom of domestic happiness, at the age of 23. This handsome memorial of conjugal affection is of a Gothic character, after a design by Mr. Salvin, jun., and is principally constructed of Darley Dale stone, with russet marble columns; the capitals, panels, and figures being of alabaster, from Chellaston, near Derby. It is placed in a mortuary chapel, specially erected for its reception, under the direction of Lord John Manners; and the general effect is exceedingly beautiful and impressive. The recumbent effigy of the departed lady with her infant at her side, is the work of Calder Marshall, R.A., the celebrated sculptor, of whose genius it is a fine illustration; and the other portions of the monument have been executed with great taste and skill, by Mr. James Forsyth, of London.

Regarded as a convenient and pleasant halting-place for tourists, ROWSLEY must always stand high in popular favour—the walks and drives in its neighbourhood are remarkably interesting and diversified. Charmingly situated at a distance of four miles from Chatsworth, four from Youghreave, four from Bakewell, and only one mile and a half from

Haddon Hall, many objects and places of interest are within easy reach. And as good carriages, "steady horses, and careful drivers," may be had at the "Peacock," there is every available facility for excursions; while for those who desire a temporary residence there, comfortable accommodation is obtainable, and the enthusiasts of the rod and line who make the hotel their home, have the privilege of fishing in the "soft-flowing waters" of the Derwent and the Wye. But we pass on by rail from Rowsley to Bakewell, not quite four miles, through cuttings and tunnels which forbid all but occasional glimpses of this lovely district; and stay at the latter place for a leisurely survey of the neighbourhood.



LADY JOHN MANNERS' TOMB AT ROWSLEY.

BAKEWELL.



BAKEWELL is a pleasant and salubrious market town on the banks of the river Wye, and is of great antiquity, as the Romans have here left their "foot-prints on the sands of time," although the first mention of it in British History occurs in the "Saxon Chronicle," wherein it is recorded that Edward the elder, having fortified Nottingham, marched thence in the year 924 into Peak-land to Badecanwillan, or the bathing well, and commanded a castle to be built there and strongly garrisoned. In the Domesday survey, the name of the place is written Badeouelle, which was soon afterwards corrupted to Bauquelle. It evidently takes its name from a chalybeate spring and ancient bath known to the Romans. Bakewell was in former days the seat of jurisdiction for the High Peak, of which it may now indeed be considered the metropolis. The manor was part of the demesnes of the crown at the Norman conquest, and was given by William the Conqueror to his natural son, William Peverell, whose son having forfeited all his possessions in the reign of Henry II., the manor was granted by King

John to Ralph Gernon, and in the mutations of time and family history, passed in the year 1502, to Sir Henry Vernon, from whom it descended with the Haddon estates to the present proprietor, the Duke of Rutland.

Bakewell possesses all the characteristics of a comfortable town, being drained, watered, and lighted; having good hotels, respectable shops and museums, literary and charitable institutions, schools, banks, and baths, and those sure evidences of civilization, a Savings' Bank and a County Court. The Bath, to which the place owes its original celebrity, occupies the site of the ancient well over which a bathing house was erected in 1697, and in later days was re-built by the Duke of Rutland, including a large swimming bath and three other baths, in which the water is warmed to any heat required; its natural temperature averaging about 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and possessing medicinal virtues highly beneficial in cases of chronic rheumatism. The Baths are enclosed in a garden which forms a pleasant promenade. The Grammar School was founded and endowed in 1636 by Lady Grace Manners, relict of Sir George Manners, for the free education of poor children of Bakewell and Great Rowsley. St. John's Hospital consists of alms-houses for six poor men, who were made a body corporate and endowed in 1602 at the expense of £600, with annuities to the amount of £40 per annum by Sir John Manners and his brother Roger Manners, Esq., of Uffington, in Lincolnshire; Sir John also leaving by will in 1611, the sum of £30 to purchase pewter, brass, and linen for the use of the hospital. A Cotton Mill established by the Arkwright family gives employment to a number of the inhabitants: and among the local institutions it may suffice to mention a Dispensary established in 1848, the Bakewell and High Peak Institute, with a useful library

and reading-room founded in 1849, the Savings' Bank in Bath 'Street, the Gas Works on the Ashford Road, the Union Workhouse on the Buxton Road, and the two Banks for commercial purposes. There is likewise an excellent and effective Association for agricultural objects, which has its head-quarters here, under the title of the "Bakewell Farmers' Club ; it was established in 1843, and is the means of promoting an improving spirit of rural enterprise and industry throughout the surrounding district. There are six houses of public accommodation, the principal of which is the Rutland Arms and Family Hotel, with all appliances for the reception of tourists, and extensive outbuildings for horses and carriages. Parties staying at this hotel have the privilege of angling in the river Wye, which runs past the town and affords good sport ; carriages and horses may also be obtained for excursions in its picturesque neighbourhood. The other inns are the "Castle Commercial," near the bridge, the "Devonshire Arms," the "Wheat Sheaf," the "Red Lion," and the "Royal Oak."

The PARISH CHURCH of Bakewell is an ancient and spacious structure, which all who take an interest in ecclesiology or history will visit with pleasure. It stands on a commanding eminence, whence its lofty spire is a conspicuous object in the surrounding landscape ; its shape is cruciform, 150 feet in length and 105 feet across the transepts, evidently erected at different periods, but presenting externally a general uniformity of outline, from the flat roofs and battlements added throughout the line of the building early in the fifteenth century.

From the intersection of the cross, rises an octagon tower, resting on a square base with the angles cut off, and surmounted by a handsome spire. Old records show that in the year 1086, according to the Domesday Book, a

church here existed, to which were attached two priests. It afterwards became a Collegiate Church, and was probably rebuilt and endowed by William Peverill, whose son, dying in 1113, gave two parts of the tithes of the parish to the Priory of Lenton, near Nottingham. In 1154, the vast possessions of that powerful family became forfeit to the crown, on account of an attainder against the then proprietor for poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester. In 1189, the Church passed by royal gift to the Earl of Morton, afterwards King John, by whom it was given in 1192 to the Cathedral of Lichfield, the Dean and Chapter of which still retain the right of presentation. From the supposed insecurity of the building in 1825, the spire of the Church was taken down, and in 1841 the tower, the transepts, and the Vernon Chapel were also taken down, and the whole rebuilt. It cannot be called a "Restoration," inasmuch as the prevailing character of the original architecture was Norman, but now the structure is "Gothicized" after a more recent fashion, except the fine old doorway and an arcade at the west end of the Church, which may be regarded as a specimen of the Norman arches in the nave, as constructed about the year 1100. The transformation of the structure from a Norman to a more modern style of architecture is a matter of regret to antiquarians; although the inhabitants are now proud of their Church as what they term "a very unique specimen of Gothic architecture." The interior arrangements of the Church, for the purposes of divine worship, have been much improved; there is a noble chancel, the organ stands in the north transept, and several stained glass windows have been introduced. The expenses incurred in re-building, alterations, and fittings, exceeded £9,000. The Church is well adapted for public celebrations, and is occasionally used for the annual Fes-

tival of Parochial Choirs in connection with the Lichfield Diocesan Choral Association. Among the beautiful obituary windows which have of late years been introduced, as fitting memorials of the departed, and appropriate adornments of the sanctuary, is one in the south transept, illustrative of Christian philanthropy, to the memory of Mr. Jonathan Wilson, whose virtues are thus commemorated on a brass plate affixed to the wall.

“The Window above is dedicated by Friends and Relations to the memory of Jonathan Wilson, fourth son of the Rev. Edward Wilson, of Congleton, Cheshire, and for eighteen years an inhabitant of this town, in which he died on the 13th of February, A. D. 1850, in the 33rd year of his age, full of faith and a pattern of good works. The complete restoration of this Church was especially an object of his desire, and was greatly promoted by his zeal and liberality in life and in death.

“His body was committed to the ground in his native town of Congleton, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“‘As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness : I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.’ Ps. xvii. 15.”

In the VERNON CHAPEL, above the cenotaph of Sir George Vernon, is a remarkably fine stained glass window in memory of the late Duke of Rutland. The subject is our Lord's Resurrection, most artistically and suggestively treated by Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham and London, of whose intelligent skill and taste it is an admirable example. An inscription on a brass beneath records—“The above window was erected by subscription, in memory of John Henry, Duke of Rutland, who died 20th January, 1857, aged 79 years.”

Another handsome obituary window has also been erected to the memory of the late Mr. Allcard, of Burton Closes near Bakewell. Beautiful, however, as these modern memorials are, the Church is principally remarkable for the rich

collection of ancient monuments which it contains. In the porch are preserved many varieties of incised gravestones, coffins, and Runic crosses, all of remote antiquity, which were discovered in digging the foundations for re-building the church. These remains include broken parts of fifty-seven stones, which have marked the resting places of the dead; and eighteen others, including several headstones, are in the museum at Lomberdale, collected by the late Mr. Bateman; but by what right so illegal and improper a transfer was made is not stated. This plunder of sacred buildings for private amusement is highly censurable, and is little short of sacrilege. The font, which is octagon in form, is of great antiquity, having on its sides rudely sculptured figures of Apostles, Saints, a Bishop, and a Founder of a Church; the inscription, if any has ever existed, is illegible. In the Vernon Chapel, which occupies the east side of the south transept, and which was used for many generations as the burial-place of the Vernon and Manners families, the successive Lords of Haddon Hall, are several remarkable monuments. Among the interesting records of the olden time, in this part of the Church, is an altar-tomb of alabaster, on which is the recumbent effigy of a knight in armour with gorget and helmet, on the latter of which are the words, I.H.C. NAZAREN. This ancient effigy represents Sir Thomas Wendesley, of Wendesley, who was mortally wounded while fighting on the side of the House of Lancaster at the battle of Shrewsbury, in the fourth year of the reign of Henry IV., (1403), and was buried at Bakewell.

At the south-east end of the nave is a mural monument in alabaster, containing two half-length figures beneath a crocketed canopy, representing Sir Godfrey Foljambe, of Hassop, who died in 1376, and his wife Avena, who died in 1383—founders of the Chantry in honour of the Holy

Cross attached to the Church of Bakewell in the reign of Edward III., 1366. The inscription underneath was written by M. Blore, and was not affixed there till the year 1803.

In the centre of the Vernon Chapel, which was founded in 1360, upon the walls of a former chapel, is a large altartomb to the memory of Sir George Vernon, "the King of the Peak," who died in 1561, and his two wives; it is enriched with figures of ladies holding shields of arms; on it are effigies of a knight in plate armour and surcoat, wearing the characteristic beard of the period, and of his wives (one on each side of him) habited in the costume of the Elizabethan age. Around the cenotaph is the following inscription :—

"Here lyeth Sir George Vernon, knt, deceased ye.....days of..... anno 1561, and dame Margaret his wyffe, dawghter of Sir Gylbert Tayleboys, deceased ye.....daye of.....156..; and also dame Mawde his wyffe, dawghter of Sir Ralph Langford, deceased ye.....days ofanno 156..., whose solles God pardon."

To the right of this beautiful memorial is another fine monument, with kneeling figures, to the memory of Sir John Manners and Dorothy his wife, with the following inscription :—

"Here lyeth Sir John Manners, of Haddon, knt., second son of Thomas Earl of Rutland, who dyed the 4th of June, 1611, and Dorotheie his wife, one of the daughters and heirs of Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, knt., who deceased 14th day of June, in the 26th year of Queen Elizabeth, 1584."

To the right of the window, on a mural monument, is this inscription :—

"Here lyeth buried John Manners, gentleman, third son of Sir John Manners, knt., who died the 16th day of July, in the year of our Lord God, 1590, being of the age of 14 years."

On the left is an elegant monument to Sir George Manners, knt., and his family, enriched with a figure of each

surmounted by an appropriate scripture motto, in English, and a Latin inscription of which the following is a translation :—

“Sir George Manners, of Haddon, knt., here waits the resurrection of the just in Christ. He married Grace, second daughter of Henry Pierrepont, knt., who afterwards bore him four sons and five daughters, and lived with him in holy wedlock thirty years. She caused him to be buried with his forefathers, and then placed this monument at her own expense, as a perpetual memorial of their conjugal faith, and she joined the figure of his body with hers, having vowed their ashes and bones should be laid together; he died 23rd April, 1623, aged 54; she died.....”

Beneath this monument, on an alabaster gravestone in the floor, are some figures engraved, and a shield with the arms of Eyre impaled with Mordant.

In the chancel, on a beautiful tomb, the top of which has been restored, is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation :—

“Here lies John Vernon, son and heir of Henry Vernon, who died the 12th of August, 1477. Whose soul God pardon.”

There are many other memorials of the dead which excite attention, and significantly illustrate the poet's elegy :—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

The Churchyard is more than usually prolific in singular epitaphs of that grotesquely personal kind, now happily growing out of fashion where a better taste in Christian memorials prevails. Modern incongruities are indeed rebuked by the examples of past ages in this respect; and Bakewell is fortunate in possessing many ancient illustrations of the manner in which our forefathers marked the

last earthly resting place of even the earliest converts to the faith of the Crucified. Among these, in an angle of the Churchyard between the south transept and the chancel, stands an old Runic cross, after a style prevalent among the Saxons. On the east, north, and south sides, it is enriched with scroll-work; and on the west with rude sculptures, indicating the chief events of the Redeemer's Life, the Crucifixion, and the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, being most conspicuous; but the decaying hand of time has effaced many of the peculiar characteristics of this interesting relic. The view from the Churchyard is picturesque and pleasing, and a short residence at Bakewell will make the visitor familiar with many rides and rambles that will afford both interest and enjoyment.

The present intelligence of the inhabitants contrasts favourably with the popular fancies which prevailed there two hundred and fifty years ago; as two reputed witches, resident at Bakewell, were tried, convicted, and hanged, at Derby, for practising sorceries, in the reign of James the First, A.D. 1608.

Bakewell is a very extensive parish, containing nine parochial chapelries and fourteen townships. Among the latter is OVER-HADDON, a pleasant rural hamlet, two miles south of Bakewell, on the west side of Haddon Hall. It is within the King's manor of the High Peak, but there is within it a subordinate manor, which with Over-Haddon Hall, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, became the property and seat of a younger branch of the Suttons in Cheshire, who continued there for five generations. The Suttons were succeeded in this estate by the Cokes of Trusley, and it passed with the heiress of the Melbourne branch of that family to the father of Lord Melbourne, who is the present proprietor. Allotments were made to Lord Melbourne

in lieu of manorial rights at the time of the inclosure in 1806.

Over-Haddon is notorious as the birth-place and residence of Martha Taylor, the celebrated fasting damsel, relating to whom there are as many as four pamphlets extant. It is said that she began to abstain from food on the 22nd of December, 1667, being then in her eighteenth year, in consequence of the effects of a blow received some years before; but her illness is said not to have commenced till the end of August or the beginning of September preceding. The last pamphlet was published March 30, 1669, when it appears that she was living and continuing to fast; her face is described as plump and ruddy; her pulse as even and lively; it is said that after she had left off eating, she once swallowed part of a fig, which had nearly proved fatal to her; that she had none of the usual secretions after the beginning of 1668; nor was there any moisture in her mouth or nose; that the vertebræ of her back might be felt through the abdomen; that she had very little sleep, and was once wholly without sleep for five weeks. It appears that she underwent two watches, having been attended by from forty to sixty women, who watched her strictly night and day. One of these watches was appointed by the neighbouring townships; the other by the Earl of Devonshire. If the entry copied in the note records the burial of this young woman, she survived the publication of the last pamphlet fifteen years. We have no account of the sequel, whether she was detected as an impostor, or whether she was a real sufferer, and, having recovered, returned to her usual habits. She died on June 12, 1684.

It is probable that some of these pamphlets might have fallen into the hands of the late notorious impostor, Ann Moore, and suggested the leading circumstances of her im-

positions. This woman, who was a native of Norbury, in Derbyshire, resided at Tutbury, where during a pretended fasting of more than four years, she contrived that her case should in almost every particular resemble that of Martha Taylor. Having successfully eluded one watch of seventeen days and nights, she continued her imposture with the greater confidence, till at length, having reluctantly submitted to a second ordeal, it was conducted with so much care and skill, that she found it impossible to elude the vigilance of the watchers: and at length, when nature was almost exhausted with real fasting, she confessed herself an impostor.

The titles of the pamphlets, before alluded to, are as follows:—

“Newes from Derbyshire; or, the Wonder of Wonders that ever yet was printed: being a relation of the handy-work of the Almighty God shewn upon the body of one Martha Taylor, living about a mile or something more from Bakewell, in Derbyshire, hard by a pasture, commonly called Haddon pasture. This maid, as it hath pleased the Lord, she hath fasted forty weeks and more, which may very well be called a wonder of all wonders; though most people who hear this may censure this to be some fable, yet if they please but to take the pains to read over the book, I hope that they will be better satisfied, and have some faith to believe. This maid is still alive, and hath a watch set over her by order of the Earl of Devonshire. Written by me, T. ROBINS, B. of D. (Bellman of Derby), a well-wisher to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. London, October 13, 1668.”

“The Wonder of the World: being a perfect relation of a young maid, about eighteen years of age, which hath not tasted of any food this two-and-fifty weeks from this present day of my writing, December 22, 1668, &c., wherein is related the whole truth and no more, as it was taken from the mouth of the damsel and her mother, being a true account of her condition, by T. ROBINS, &c., London, 1669.”

“A discourse upon prodigious abstinence, occasioned by the twelve months’ fasting of Martha Taylor, the famous Derbyshire damesell,

proving that without any miracle the texture of human bodies may be so altered that life may be long continued without the supplies of meat and drink ; with an account of the heart and how far it is interested in the business of fermentation. By JOSEPH REYNOLDS. Humbly offered to the Royal Society."

"Mirabile Pecci ;—or the non-such Wonder of the Peak in Derbyshire, discovered in a full, tho' succinct narrative of the more than ordinary parts, piety, and preservation of Martha Taylor, one that hath been supported in time above a year, beyond the ordinary course of nature, without meat or drink, by H. A. ; printed for Parkhurst and Co., London." Date of the dedication, March 30, 1669.

These extraordinary and fanatical statements of witchcraft and total abstinence naturally excite, in the present generation, much derision and contempt. But even now, in many rural districts and populous towns also, cases of witchcraft and assumed supernatural powers are often brought under the notice of the magistrates ; one instance of which may suffice. At Axbridge Sessions in Somersetshire, in August, 1867, Ann Davis was summoned by Elizabeth Williams for cutting her arm with a knife. Complainant stated that in passing Davis's cottage on the 22nd of June she offered to sell her a flower. They entered into conversation, and on her leaving Davis flew at her with a knife she had concealed, and cut her in three places on the arm. In her defence Davis said that Williams was always "hagging her to death," and was a witch ; that she could keep nothing from her ; that on more than one occasion she caused her to be thrown from a cart ; that she had killed her donkey and had also killed her cat. She acknowledged that she scratched Williams with a pin believing that if she drew blood Williams would have no further power over her. The bench ordered her to find a surety to keep the peace for three months. Her husband, who evidently shared some of the old lady's ideas about the power of the witch, reluctantly consented to be bound for her.

HADDON HALL.



GATEWAY, HADDON HALL.

ON a gentle eminence near the turnpike road, midway between Rowsley and Bakewell, from each of which it is distant about two miles, stands the fine old baronial mansion of HADDON HALL, the most famous resort of antiquaries and artists in the county of Derby. The manor of Haddon was included in the grants made by William I. at the Norman conquest to his son William Peverell, from whose family it passed to the family of the Avenells of Haddon, who held it till the close of the twelfth century, the last of the house leaving two daughters, one of whom married Richard de Vernon, son of the Baron of Shipbroke in Cheshire. In the division of the estates to the co-heiresses of Avenell, Haddon Hall became the principal seat of the Cheshire branch of the Vernons, who held it with but little interruption for more than three centuries. In the reign of Edward III., Sir William de Vernon, of Haddon, was Chief Justice of Chester ;

he was ancestor of Sir Richard de Vernon, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the Parliament that sat at Leicester in 1426. Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII. was frequently at Haddon Hall on visits to Sir Henry Vernon, who was his governor and treasurer ; whose son, Sir George Vernon, was his companion, and acquired on coming into possession of the estate, from his lordly pomp and generous hospitality, the title of the "King of the Peak ;" and right royally did he maintain his claim to the title ; for not only did he keep up his mansion "at a bountiful old rate," but he dispensed justice after a summary fashion ; as it is on record that he ordered a toll-bar keeper to be hanged for a murder in a field now known as Gallow's Acre, near Ashford, about two miles north-west of Bakewell. In September, 1501, Prince Arthur was at Haddon ; he was married early in life to Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand, king of Castile and Arragon ; and died four months after his marriage at Ludlow Castle. There is a tradition of a Vision of the Cross of Haddon, where a spectre is said to have warned the Prince of his fate, and intimated that his betrothed would be the bride and widow of a royal boy. Sir George Vernon was twice married, but "no son of his succeeding," he left at his death in 1561, two co-heiresses, who were both married at the time of his decease—Margaret, wife of Sir Thomas Stanley, son of that Earl of Derby whom Camden lauds for the glory of his hospitality ; and Dorothy, wife of Sir John Manners, son of the first Earl of Rutland, ancestor of the present proprietor of Haddon, his Grace the Duke of Rutland. This latter alliance is believed to have been a clandestine marriage ; and to this day is pointed out to visitors the flight of steps down which the fair Dorothy Vernon eloped during the excitement of a fancy ball, to join her lover,

who in the disguise of a forester awaited the escape of the lady in the adjoining woods.

The same hospitality which distinguished their maternal ancestors, the Vernons, was profusely continued by the noble house of Manners, respecting whose liberality many curious records are preserved, and traditions related. It appears by the following extracts from the Bailiff's accounts that John, the eighth Earl of Rutland, who died at Haddon in 1679, kept an open Christmas at this mansion in 1663.

	£	s.	d.
Paid George Wood, the cook, for helping in the pastry all Christmas	3	0	0
Paid Robert Swindel for helping at the like work all Christmas, and two weeks	1	5	0
Paid William Green, the cook, for helping in the kitchen all Christmas	1	0	0
Paid Anthony Higton, turnspit, for helping all Christmas	0	3	0
Paid W. Creswick for pulling fowls and poultry all Christmas	0	3	6
Paid Catherine Sprig for helping the scullery-maid all Christmas	0	3	0
Paid Thomas Shaw, the piper, for piping all ditto	2	0	0
Given by my Honourable Lord and Lady's com- mand to Thomas Shaw's man	0	10	0
Given by their Honors' command to Richard Black- well the dancer	0	10	0
Given by their Honors' command to Ottiwell Bram- well the dancer	0	10	0
Given by their Honors' command to Ottiwell Bram- well's kinswoman, for dancing	0	5	0

About this time, from 1660 to 1670, although the family resided chiefly at Belvoir, there were generally killed and consumed every year at Haddon, between 30 and 40 beeves, between 4 and 500 sheep, and 8 or 10 swine.

The ninth Earl, who was created Duke of Rutland by Queen Anne in 1703, maintained a retinue of 140 servants at Haddon, and for twelve days at Christmas "kept open house." This ducal style of living prevailed at Haddon Hall until the beginning of the last century, when the antique mansion ceased to be the family residence, and was gradually abandoned for the more princely and splendid Castle of Belvoir in Leicestershire. But, although shorn of its former splendour and no longer inhabited, Haddon Hall is sedulously preserved as a memorial of the olden time, and is one of the most perfect examples in England of an old baronial mansion of the feudal age. It is now a place much frequented by visitors for intellectual investigations or social enjoyments; and by the kind permission of its noble owner, is occasionally the scene of literary festivals and joyous celebrations, balls, soirees, and bazaars.

The view of Haddon Hall from the highway is exceedingly grand and picturesque—

"Imposing must have been the sight
Ere desolation found thee ;"

for even now, in the day of its decay, it impresses the visitor by the bold features of its architecture, its embattled parapets, and ivy-clad towers rising majestically above the wood-crowned hills, and looking out upon a glorious domain "a palace might be proud of."

The approach to the Hall is by a gate (near the second milestone from Rowsley, on the eastern side of the turnpike road), leading across a pasture field to a bridge which spans the river Wye, beyond whose sparkling stream is a quaint-looking cottage in a well-trimmed garden, where a guide to the Hall may be obtained on payment of a moderate gratuity, and temporary accommodation for horses can be had. The garden is noticeable from its two ancient yews,

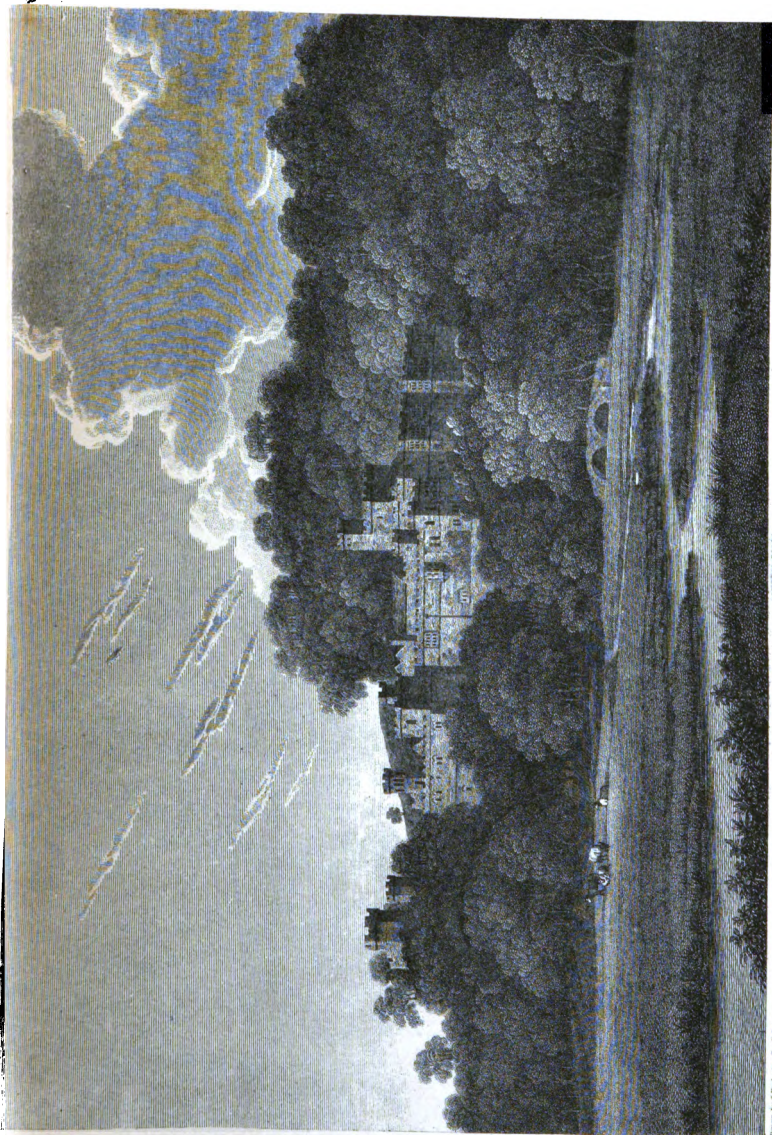
formally clipped to resemble a boar's head and peacock, the crests of the Vernon and the Manners families. On approaching the entrance tower, at the north-west angle of the Hall, a number of rudely sculptured shields with the armorial bearings of the Vernons and their alliances will arrest attention ; while the deep hollow into which the step to the door-way has been worn by the frequent tread of visitors through the portal, is suggestive of the passing traces of the foot-prints of many generations. And yet, on entering the court-yard, one cannot fail to be impressed with the solemn stillness which reigns around ; a stillness that may be felt, and the more striking when contrasted in imagination with the stirring scenes which must in bygone days have been witnessed there. It is thus throughout the whole range of those stately rooms and venerable towers, all remaining as they might have been in the feudal times, when trod by the haughty step of plumed knights, or echoing to the music of the minstrel proud to sing the glories of his master's house. But rousing ourselves from the reverie thus induced, we notice a memorial of ancient jollity in the form of an immense hoop, eight or ten feet in diameter, that hangs behind the heavy gates, and formerly encircled the brewing tub ; and then we pass into the lower court-yard, a quadrangular area, where the silence of the desolate Hall is only startled by the echoes of our own footsteps, or the sound of our own voices. The first of the gloomy range of apartments in the quadrangle, into which we are conducted, is what is called, though no doubt erroneously, the chaplain's room, which contains several antique relics, consisting of immense pewter plates, on which, perhaps, many a baron of beef may have reposed, huge jack-boots, old spurs, a leather doublet, a hunting-horn, a rusty match-lock, and an oaken cradle in which the first Duke of

Rutland was rocked, and over which his nurse may have chanted the lullaby which the gipsy sang to Bertram's babe—

“Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady so lovely and bright ;
The hills and the dales from the towers which we see,
They all shall belong, dearest infant, to thee.”

After leaving this room, we pass under a low arch-way through the vestibule which opens into the Chapel, that forms the south-west angle of the building, and is one of its most interesting characteristics. It comprises a nave, with aisles, and a chancel, the entrance being through the north aisle, which is much narrower and of more recent date than the one opposite ; the architecture giving distinct evidence of its erection at different periods. The pillars which separate the south aisle from the nave are of the later Norman period ; and other portions of the Chapel are of the Gothic style, which prevailed about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The nave is furnished with long oaken benches for the use of worshippers, and against the side-walls of the Chancel are two high-backed pews, evidently designed for the use of the family, upon that system of exclusiveness against which the better spirit of Church builders in these days is making successful protests. Against the wall of the north aisle is a music gallery, approached by a flight of steps, sometimes ignorantly described to visitors as a confessional. The windows of the Chapel were once ornamented with stained glass, but many years ago it was taken out and carried away by depredators, for whose detection a reward of one hundred guineas was offered without any effect. In the principal window, at the east end, is a representation of the Crucifixion, and there are also several fragments and mutilated

Wadden Hall.



Engraved by J. Thompson, del. & sculp.

figures of saints and angels, or allegorical emblems of the cardinal virtues. The same window also contains an inscription in black-letter characters, suggesting a prayer for the souls of Richard Vernon and Benedicta, his wife, by whom it was erected in the year 1427. In the upper parts of the two lateral windows nearest the altar were figures, now mutilated, of the twelve Apostles; and in the window on the north side are figures of saints and angels. On the south side is a niche for a piscina; and there is an ancient circular font of stone, apparently coeval with the original structure. The mouldings of the wood-work, of which the pulpit, the organ-loft, the pews, and the altar rails, are constructed, have been ornamented with burnished gilding, after a more modern fashion, traces of which are yet discernable. The roof is of open timber-work, plainly constructed, and the date of 1624 on one of the beams seems to indicate that it was then repaired. An oak chest, in the south aisle, and a stoup, in the porch, are among the other notable antiquities of the Chapel.

Returning from this ancient house of prayer, we cross the court-yard, and pass into the great hall through a projecting porch, over the gateway of which are sculptured shields of arms—one of Vernon, and the other of Fulco de Pembrugge, lord of Tong in Shropshire, to which Sir Richard Vernon, of Haddon, became entitled in right of his wife. It may reasonably be inferred (says an intelligent antiquarian) that this part of the mansion, with the great hall adjoining, was built during the life-time of Sir Richard Vernon, who was entitled to quarter the arms of Pembrugge, in right of his mother Juliana, the heiress of Sir Fulk de Pembrugge, which would fix the date about the middle of the fifteenth century. Within the portal is a Roman altar of stone, found in the adjoining grounds some centuries ago, and bearing

a now imperfect inscription, which old books tell us was originally thus—

DEO
MARTI
BRACIACAE
OS(I)TIVS
CAECILIA (NVS).
PRAEF. COH. I. AQVI TANO
V. S.

This interesting relic of ancient days is two feet eleven inches in height, and has been the subject of much discussion among learned antiquaries. Horsley, in his "*Britannia Romana*," supposes Braciaca to be the name of a place; Mr. Baxter and Dr. Pegge consider it as an epithet of Mars. The *cohors prinea Aquitanorum* does not occur in Horsley's work, nor in the list of Roman auxiliary troops in the "*Tabulæ Honestæ Missionis*" of the Emperor Trajan, discovered near Sydenham and Malpas; but it appears in that of the Emperor Hadrian, found near Stainington, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

BANQUETTING HALL.—Sir Richard Vernon may with probability be regarded as having erected this portion of the edifice, as well as the greater part of the chapel; and these are, perhaps, of an earlier date than any other parts of the building, except the bases of the angular towers near the Upper and Lower Entrances, and the substructure of some of the adjoining walls, with the west end of the Chapel; all of which display traces of higher antiquity. From the passage between the Upper and Lower Quadrangles, a door in the screens opens into the Hall, which, says King in his "*Observations on Ancient Castles*," "most undoubtedly was originally considered as the only public

dining-room for the lord and his guests, and indeed, after them, for the whole family: for in tracing the ancient apartments, there appears manifestly to have been none besides of sufficient magnitude for either the one purpose or the other." Over the entrance lobby is a music gallery, the front of which, as well as that of the screen, consists of panelling, ornamented with Gothic carving; and at the opposite, or upper end of the room, is the raised floor, or dais, on which still stands the long oak table at which sate the lord of the mansion and his principal guests, carefully placed according to their rank; those of higher quality *above the salt*, which always occupied the centre of the hospitable board, while persons of inferior degree were stationed *below the salt*. On the floor below were other tables, for retainers or visitors, not entitled to sit at the table where the lord himself presided. In the comparatively rude ages when such customs prevailed, doubtless many a scene of mirth and glee was enacted, while unrestrained by the master of the feast, the jovial companions late and long protracted their noisy revels, which did not always terminate without brawls and bloodshed. Laws enforced by penalties, however, were not wanting to prevent or punish improprieties of behaviour in these mixed assemblies; and of one of the regulations contrived for this purpose a memento remains in the form of a kind of iron hook, attached to the wainscot of the screen of this hall, by means of which, a man who refused to take his portion of liquor, or committed some other offence against convivial usages, might have his wrist locked, as in a pillory, as high as he could reach above his head, and while in that position, a quantity of cold water was to be poured down the sleeve of his doublet. But in the early times, when inns were seldom to be found except in towns and cities, the hospitality of the lord of

Haddon was not confined to the banquets at which he daily presided, but provision was ever ready for the hungry traveller; and of the Vernon it might be said, in the language of Chaucer—

“His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.”

In the passage, opposite to the screen of the Hall, are four large doorways with high pointed arches, extending in a row corresponding with the breadth of the hall. The first of these, near the entrance from the lower court, still retains its ancient oak door, with a wicket in the middle just large enough to hand out a trencher; and within the room are a great oaken chest for bread, a spacious cupboard for cheese, and a number of shelves for butter. Here was the Buttery, or station of the butler. From this apartment are steps leading to a large room with stone vaulting, supported by pillars like the crypt of a church, which was manifestly designed for the Beer Cellar; for around it are still remains of a low bench of stone-works, sufficient to hold a considerable number of casks, and before it on the floor, is a drain to carry away the droppings. Through this great vaulted room a passage leads to a Brewhouse and a Bakehouse; and adjoining are store-rooms for corn and malt, with an entrance from the outside of the building, but having no communication with the other parts of the mansion except through the Buttery.

The second pointed doorway leads to the Great Kitchen, through a sloping passage, in the middle of which is a half-door or hatch, with a broad shelf on the top of it, whereon to place dishes, and so far only the servants in waiting were permitted to have access. In the kitchen are two vast fire-places, with irons for a multitude of spits; double ranges of dressers; large chopping blocks; with a massive wooden

table, hollowed out into basins by way of kneading troughs. Adjacent to the kitchen are numerous larders, pantries, and store-rooms belonging to it.

The third of the pointed doorways affords an entrance into a small detached vaulted room, which has every appearance of having been a wine cellar. And the fourth and last, great pointed arch is at the bottom of a steep staircase, quite distinct from the grand staircase of the house, and leading to abundance of small apartments, supposed to have been lodging rooms for guests and retainers.

DINING ROOM.—The doorway at the upper end of the Banqueting Hall leads into a passage, at the end of which is a door opening into the garden, on a level with the house ; and a side-door from this passage gives entrance to the Dining Room. This apartment, with its handsome window of eight lights, at the upper end is comparatively of modern date, having been fitted up, and perhaps built, by *Sir George Vernon*, at a time when through the progress of refinement, it was no longer customary for the lord of the mansion to dine in the great hall together with his dependents. The ceiling of this Dining Room is divided into bays by five beams, the mouldings of which were once ornamented with painting and gilding, some traces of which are still perceptible. Both sides and the lower end of this apartment are lined with fine oak panelling ; the upper panels being enriched with carvings of shields of arms, alternating with boars' heads—the crest of the Vernons. On one side of the fire-place are two panels, exhibiting the initials of the names of *Sir George Vernon* and his lady in cipher, with a heraldic shield between them, on which are quartered the arms of their respective families ; above is carved the date 1545 ; when probably the apartment was

completed. Over the fire-place is a panel on which the royal arms are carved with a motto underneath—

"Pride God and honor the King."

At the lower end of this Dining Room is a recess, with an oriel window divided into six lights, by thick stone mullions. The walls of this recess are covered by panelling, ornamented like that already described, with shields of arms and crests; but besides these, there is in one of the panels near the window a grotesque head of a court fool or king's jester, traditionally reported to have been intended for William Somers, who held that office in the reign of Henry VIII., and probably in that of the preceding monarch; for over a low doorway leading to the garden terrace, are two panels (adjoining the former) with carved portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York. The panelling throughout the room is bordered by a cornice of carved wood-work; but in the oriel recess this cornice is surmounted by another of a different pattern, well executed, but apparently of an earlier date; and behind this last may be perceived a third and more ancient cornice of stone-work. Hence it may be concluded that this oriel was formerly a detached closet, perhaps an oratory, and having been subsequently remodelled and ornamented with the superior cornice, it was yet more recently fitted up with the carved oak-panelling to correspond with the dining-room of which it now forms a part.

DRAWING-ROOM.—The grand staircase at the upper end of the Great Hall, under the side gallery, leads to the Drawing-Room, which is situated over the Dining-Room just described. On one side of the entrance to this apartment is a recess, with a fine oriel window; the panelling around the walls was originally adorned with painting and

gilding, traces of which are still to be perceived on the mouldings; and the ceiling with its stuccoed ornaments of rosettes and tracery is an object of general admiration. Opposite to the Oriel is a door opening into the side gallery of the Great Hall, which forms a communication with the numerous apartments over the offices. The walls of the other parts of the Drawing-Room are hung with tapestry, above which they are ornamented with a series of cornices in stucco; except on the side opposite the fireplace, where paintings appear to have been suspended. At the head of the staircase from the Great Hall, is an ascent by six steps, formed of solid masses of timber, to the entrance to the Long Gallery. This grand apartment extends along a great part of the south front of the mansion, being one hundred and nine feet nine inches in length, with a width of only sixteen feet ten inches; but having a square recess in the centre of the south side, fifteen feet by twelve in its dimensions; and the height of the room is fifteen feet. There are also three bow windows, and one in the square recess, ornamented with painted glass, displaying in one window the royal arms of England, in another those of the families of Vernon and Manners, and likewise the arms of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The ceiling is decorated with quatrefoils, shields of armorial bearings, and other ornaments in stucco. The sides of this room are covered with oak panelling, exhibiting architectural embellishments in carved work; a frieze and cornice surmounting a series of arches, springing from the capitals of Corinthian pilasters, between which are shields of arms, and the frieze is decorated with carvings of roses and thistles, boars' heads and peacocks. This gallery has a floor of oak planks, which, according to tradition, were cut from a single tree which grew in the garden.

Lysons says, "this room was built in the reign of Eliza-

beth." But the style of architecture displayed in the exterior, with its embattled parapet and oriel windows, indicate an earlier date; though there can be no doubt but the Long Gallery, as it appears at present, was fitted up and ornamented after the transfer of Haddon to the family of Manners, and probably by the immediate successor of Sir George Vernon, in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Near the upper end of the Long Gallery is a passage with an ascent by a few steps to an apartment, "which" says King, "might be called *my Lord's Parlour*," it having obviously been a sort of private apartment destined for his use." It is now however, perhaps more properly, styled the Ante-room to the State Bed-chamber; with which it corresponds in the pattern of its ornamented cornice. Behind the tapestry, on the walls of this apartment, are large ill-framed folding-doors, opening on a flight of steps which lead to the Upper Garden Terrace.

STATE BED-CHAMBER.—Adjoining the Ante-room on the north side, is the State Bedroom, which seems to have been fitted up about the same time with the Long Gallery. It has a frieze and cornice like the preceding, formed of rough plaster, ornamented with coats of arms, and the crests of the families of Vernon and Manners—boars' heads and peacocks—in alternate succession; and over the chimney is an enormous bas-relief of the same clumsy composition, representing Orpheus charming "the beasts." This room is hung with tapestry, exhibiting designs from Æsop's Fables, and woven at the famous manufactory of the Gobelins at Paris. Here is the state Bed, which at one time was removed to Belvoir, where George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have been the last person who slept in it. This bed, with its rich furniture of green velvet, lined with white satin, is usually an object of interest as an

ancient relic, the hangings of which are said to have been embroidered in the reign of Henry VI. by Eleanor, the wife of Sir Robert Manners. The appearance of this bedroom and its antique fittings is suggestive of some of those old chambers which Sir Walter Scott describes in his romances, and modern tradition connects the gloomy range of apartments in this part of the Hall with certain ghostly stories. It is further said, that Mrs. Radcliffe frequently resorted hither to pass the night, for the purpose of nursing her romantic enthusiasm, when writing her "*Mysteries of Adolpho*," which Lord Byron used to regard as the grandest effort of modern fiction.

THE EARL'S BED-CHAMBER.—There is a suite of three tapestried rooms between the Drawing Room and the Chapel, on the south side of the Lower Court Yard, used as a Bed-chamber, Dressing-room, and Valet's room, when the Earl of Rutland resided at Haddon. An entrance from the Drawing-room leads through the Dressing-room to the Earl's Bed-chamber, which is hung with tapestry adorned with groups representing hunting parties and the sports of the field, in which the figures are curious and interesting, as affording patterns of costume in the seventeenth century.

The room beyond this is noticed by Mr. King as "very remarkable, having an odd cornice, with a quadruple frieze three or four feet in depth, formed of plaster, and adorned with a running foliage of leaves and flowers in four compartments, like bands, one above another. The room is hung with arras, as the others are ; but from a quaint sort of neatness appearing in the whole of it, more than in them, I am much inclined," says Mr. King, "to call it my Lady's Chamber. There is behind the tapestry, a door leading to the steep flight of narrow steps which descend into the great court, not far from the arch belonging to

the Chapel, and which gave her an opportunity of going thither rather a nearer way than the rest of the family, and without crossing so much of the great court."

In the north-west tower there are two apartments, one over the other, which from the style in which they are fitted up, and from their situation, commanding a view of the approach to the Tower Gateway, may probably have been occupied by one of the chief officers of the household. Adjacent to this apartment, and divided from it only by the winding stair-case of the Tower, is a small room, with a narrow crenellated window, a floor of plaster, a stone seat let into the walls, and looking like a part of the solid rock which forms the foundation of the building; and marks on the side pillars of the doorway, which shew that the bolts and bars were outside only. This cell, which has the appearance of being one of the most comfortless dungeons above-ground that can well be conceived, could hardly have been intended for any other purpose than that of a prison.

The summit of the Eagle (or Peverel's) Tower is reached by steps on the outside, and commands a comprehensive view of the exterior architecture and arrangements of the Hall, as well as a beautiful prospect of the adjacent country. Its exploratory turret must have been an advantageous point of observation for the sentinel of the olden time, whose duty it was "to keep watch and ward." And what in those days would have been the sensation of the mail-clad baron, whose banner first fluttered on Haddon's heights, if when

"The warder look'd from his tower on high,
As far as he could see,"

he had discerned, instead of the "Red Cross Knight from the east countrie," our modern dragon of the iron hoof

leading into his domains a thousand men at arms ready for battle? Or what would the high-born beauty of Elizabeth's court have thought, if instead of chiding the sluggish paces of her ambling palfrey, when bearing her through many a wearisome day of travel to her sovereign's palace, she and her steed and her waiting damsels and all her stately retinue had been whirled away in four hours from these quiet retreats to all the parade and bustle of Westminster.

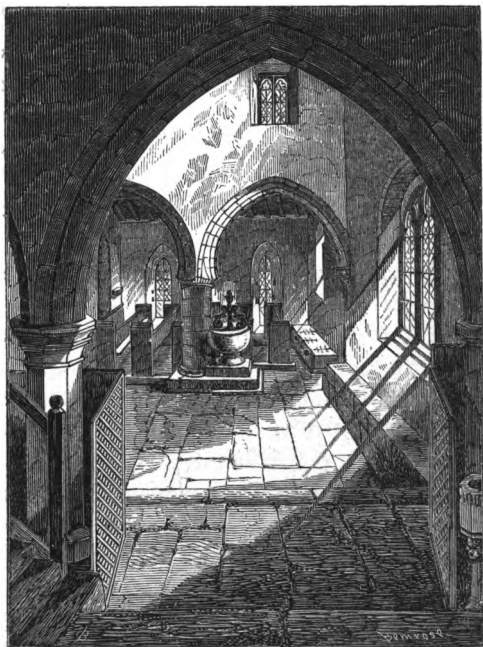
“Men change with manners, manners change with times.”

Science has wrought strange marvels; the roads of the Romans and the walls of China are no longer wonders.

In the Journal of the British Archæological Association, Mr. Duesbury traces the history of the Hall to five distinct periods: to that extending from A.D. 1070 to 1250, he assigns the south aisle of the Chapel, the walls of the north-east tower, and a portion of the walls in the south front; 1300 to 1380, the great hall and offices, the hall porch, lower west window of the Chapel, and rebuilding of north-east tower; 1380 to 1470, the eastern portion of the Chapel, repairs at west end, and buildings on the east side of the upper court; 1470 to 1550, fittings and finishings of the dining-room, and the western range of buildings; 1550 to 1624, *et seq.*, the long Gallery, the gardens and terrace, pulpit and desk, and pews in Chapel.

Descending from the Tower, and retracing our steps through the sombre apartments, we pass by Dorothy Vernon's Doorway into the antique gardens, which stretch along the southern side of the mansion in four distinct terraces, and with their noble avenues, their shady walks, their verdant lawns, and leafy woods, constitute, in combination with the peculiar architecture of the Hall, one of the most interesting and suggestive pictures an intelligent

tourist can desire to enjoy. Nor is it possible to leave this memorial of past ages and almost forgotten customs, without feeling how impressively these feudal monuments of rank and power became not only impressive monitors on the mutability of human grandeur, but historical illustrators of the more important events in our country's annals. For that mind must be dull indeed, which can leave Haddon uninterested or unimpressed.



THE CHAPEL, HADDON HALL.

CHATSWORTH.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

CHATSWORTH House, "the Palace of the Peak," is the principal object of attraction to visitors in Derbyshire, and forms so splendid and interesting a contrast to the sombre aspect of Haddon Hall, that an examination of both mansions is usually the pleasant employment of the same journey, as they are but four miles apart. Chatsworth is distant from Rowsley Station (whence there are omnibuses through the Park) two miles and a half, from Bakewell four miles, and from Hassop Station three miles. Driving from Rowsley, you pass along a pleasant road amidst picturesque scenery through the village of Beeley; a little beyond which is the entrance into the noble Park, eleven miles in circumference, within whose charming domain stands Chatsworth House, the princely seat of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, occupying the same site whereon formerly stood the ancestral mansion of the Cavendishes. At the time of the Norman Survey, the manor of Chatsworth (called in Domesday Book Cheteswerthe), belonged to the Crown; it afterwards passed by various transfers to the Agards, of whom it

was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, who, as stated by the Lysons in their "Magna Britannia," soon after his purchase of the estate, pulled down the old hall—which appears to have been a quadrangular building with turrets—and began the building of what Camden calls "a spacious elegant house," which was left unfinished at his death, and completed by his widow.

The old hall was the occasional residence of Sir William Cavendish's widow, during her union with her fourth husband, George, Earl of Shrewsbury. This Earl having been entrusted with the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots, Chatsworth Hall acquired a more than common interest, as having been one of the prisons of that unfortunate Princess. She appears to have been resident at Chatsworth for some months in 1570, having been removed thither from Wingfield Manor. In the month of October in that year, Lord Burleigh (then Sir William Cecil) and Sir Walter Mildmay, being then engaged in the preliminaries of a negotiation between Queen Elizabeth and her royal prisoner, remained for twenty days at Chatsworth. Sir William Cecil, writing to the Earl after his return to Court, thanks him for "his chargeable and loyving intertynment of them." In this letter, he says "the Q's Ma^{ty} is pleased y^t your L. shall, when yow see tymes mete, suffer y^e Quene to take y^e ayre about your howss on horsebacke, so your L. be in copany; and not to pass fro your howss above one or twoo myle except it be on y^e moores." Soon after this, the Queen of Scots was removed to Sheffield Castle, which was her chief residence during the ensuing fourteen years, indeed, we believe her only residence, except a few removes to Chatsworth and Buxton. It appears that she was at Chatsworth in 1573, 1577, 1578, and in 1581. In 1577, Lord Burleigh observes

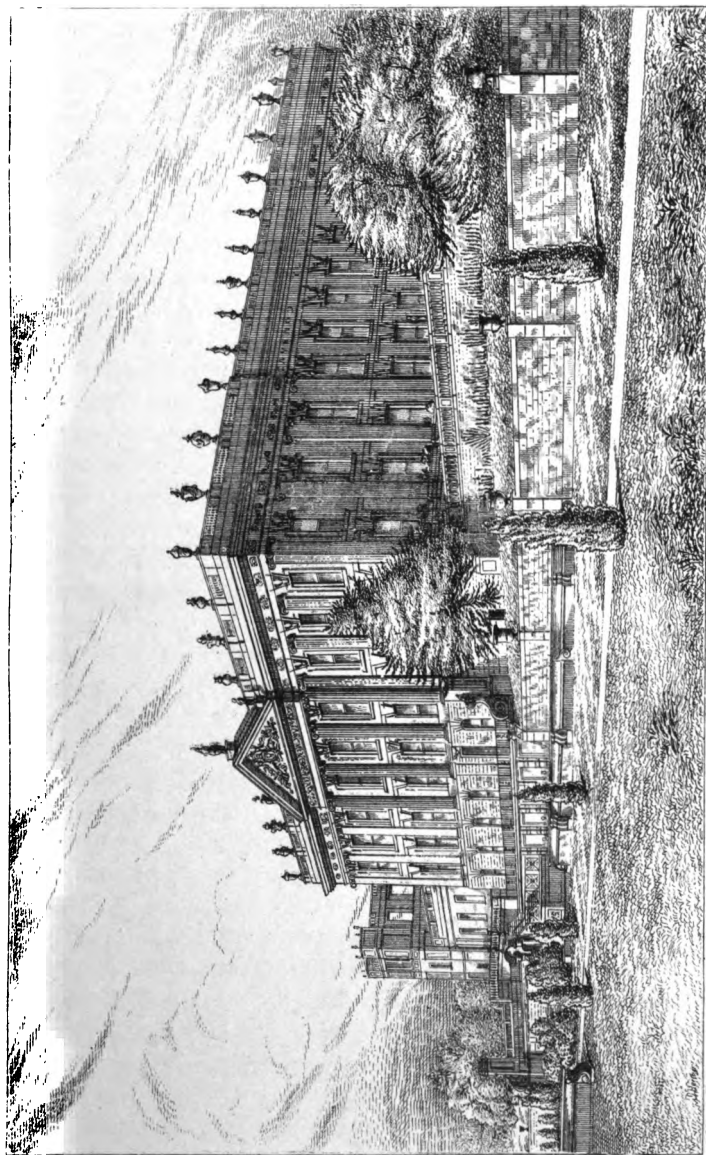
to the Earl, that he thought Chatsworth "a very mete hows for good preservation of his charge, having no town of resort wher any ambushes might lye." It appears that the royal prisoner was never removed from one house to another, without the Queen's express permission. In 1580, though it was much urged by the Earl and his friends, the Queen refused to permit him to go with his charge to Chatsworth, because his daughter-in-law, Lady Talbot, "was so near lying in child-bed," and she would not suffer any of his children to be with him "wher this Quene was." In 1577, the Queen wrote with her own hand, to thank the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury for their hospitable entertainment of her favourite minister, the Earl of Leicester, at Chatsworth.

Chatsworth Hall also acquired additional historic interest from having been occupied as a fortress in the civil wars, both on the side of the King and of the Parliament. It was garrisoned for the latter by Sir John Gell's forces, in 1643. After the Earl of Newcastle had taken Wingfield Manor, he possessed himself of Chatsworth Hall in the month of December of the same year, and placed a garrison in it for the King, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In the month of September, 1645, the governor of Welbeck put a fresh garrison into Chatsworth, with three hundred horse, under the command of Colonel Shelcross. About this time, Major Molanus was sent against it with four hundred foot, who besieged it fourteen days, when they received orders from Colonel Gell to raise the siege and return to Derby.

Dr. Kennet, in his memoirs of the family of Cavendish, after relating the circumstance of the first Duke (then Earl) of Devonshire having been prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench, and fined £30,000 for striking Colonel

Culpepper in the King's presence chamber, adds, "it was under this load of difficulties that he first projected the new glorious pile of Chatsworth, as if his mind rose upon the depression of his fortune. For he now contracted with workmen to pull down the south side of that good old seat, and to rebuild it on a plan he gave to them, for a front to his gardens, so fair and august, that it looked like a model only of what might be done in after ages. When he had finished this part, he meant to go no further ; till seeing public affairs in a happier settlement, for a testimony of ease and joy he undertook the east side of the quadrangle, and raised it entirely new, in conformity to the south, and seemed then content to say, that he had gone half-way through and would leave the rest for his heir. In this resolution he stopped about seven years, and then reassumed courage, and began to lay the foundation for two other sides to complete the noble square, and these last, as far as uniformity admits, do exceed the others by a west front of most excellent strength and elegance, and a capital on the north side, that is of singular ornament and service. And though such a vast pile (of materials entirely new) required a prodigious expense, yet the building was his least charge, if regard be had to his gardens, water-works, statues, pictures, and other the finest pieces of art and of nature that could be obtained abroad or at home."

Dr. Kennet's account of the building of Chatsworth is confirmed, in most points, by the auditor's account, and a book of the artists' and tradesmen's receipts. It appears that the south front of the present magnificent mansion was begun to be rebuilt on the 12th of April, 1687, under the direction of Mr. William Talman, the architect ; the great hall and staircase were covered in about the middle of



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CHATESWORTH HOUSE

April, 1690, from which it appears, that the inner flank of the east side was built up immediately after the south front. In the month of May, 1692, the works were surveyed by Sir Christopher Wren, at which time upwards of £9000 appears to have been expended. In 1693, Mr. Talman was paid £600 in advance, for building the east front, and the north-east corner.

The east front appears to have been finished in 1700, and in that year the old west front was pulled down. The old south gallery was pulled down to be immediately rebuilt, in 1703. In 1704, the north front was pulled down, the west front was finished in 1706, and the whole of the building not long afterwards completed; being about twenty years from the time of its commencement, during which, however, it does not appear that the works were, as Dr. Kennet supposed, ever wholly suspended. The artists employed in this magnificent mansion were the architect, William Talman; painters, Laguerre and Ricard, engaged in January, 1689; Monsieur Huyd, in March, 1690; Anthony Ferrio, in November, 1690; Mr. Highmore and Price: carvers in stone, Caius Gabriel Cibber, engaged in 1687; J. T. Geeraertsleus, who assisted Cibber; Augustine Harris, engaged in 1688; Mr. Nost, engaged in 1694; Mr. Davies, in 1696; and Mr. Auriol, in 1697. Mr. Thomas Young was engaged as the principal carver in wood, in Jan., 1689. In 1691, Joel Lobb was employed in conjunction with Young. In September, 1692, Lobb, William Davis, and Samuel Watson, contracted on behalf of Young, with whom Lobb appears to have been then in partnership, each of them to do a third part, for carving the ornaments for the great chamber in limetree for £400. It appears that this was not finished in August, 1694. Mr. B. Lanscroon was employed as a carver in March,

1696 ; in September that year he was paid £42 for carving the festoons in the gallery. In July, 1697, Watson was employed on the capitals and pilasters of the gallery. In September, 1698, he was paid for carving the ornaments of the gallery and gallery chimney, £33. Watson carved most of the ornaments in stone on the outside of the west front ; in 1711 he was employed on the library cornice, and making mask heads in alabaster for the lower dining-room, &c. Monsieur Nedauld executed the ornaments of the great frieze for that front.

There is nothing to confirm the tradition that the apartments occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots, were preserved when the house was rebuilt ; on the contrary, it appears the whole of the south and east fronts was then taken down. There is no doubt, however, that the rooms which now bear the name of the royal prisoner, occupy the site of those which she inhabited ; and it is thought that some parts of the original walls were retained.

Of the builders, artists, and artificers employed in the erection of this splendid mansion, some particulars may be interesting.

Laguerre and Ricard came over together from France in 1683, and were much employed by Verrio. It appears, however, that they were engaged at Chatsworth several months before Verrio. They were paid £190 for painting. Monsieur Tijou, a French smith, Leguerre's father-in-law, had been engaged from the beginning of the work, to execute iron balustrades, &c. Tijou was paid £528 for the staircase and other iron works.

The artist, whom Lord Orford calls M. Heude, painted in Verrio's manner, and is said to have been one of his assistants ; he was engaged at Chatsworth six months before Verrio.

Lord Orford, speaking of Verrio, says "from that time (the revolution) he was for some years employed at the Lord Exeter's at Burleigh, and afterwards at Chatsworth." This places the time of his engagement at Chatsworth too late. The date of his engagement is November 20, 1690, when he received in London the sum of £50 in advance for ceilings to be executed at Chatsworth. "At Chatsworth," says Lord Orford, "is much of his hand." The altar-piece he was paid £469 for painting.

Highmore was sergeant-painter to King William, and uncle to Joseph Highmore, an artist in the reign of George II. Of this artist we find no mention in Lord Orford's works.

Lord Orford, speaking of Cibber, says "the first Duke of Devonshire employed him much at Chatsworth, where two sphinxes on large bases, well executed, and with ornaments in good taste, are of his work; and till very lately there was a statue of Neptune in a fountain still better. He carved there several door-cases with rich foliage, and many ornaments in the chapel, and on each side of the altar is a statue by him, Faith and Hope; the draperies have great merit, but the hair of the head is not so good as that of Neptune." We find from Cibber's receipts, that he was employed in 1688, to make the statues of Pallas, Apollo, and a Triton, for which he had £100. In 1690, Cibber made figures for the new fountain, supposed to have been the four sea-horses, the Triton having been finished before; and this completed the design. We find nothing of a Neptune. He received in the whole £310 down to December, 1690; after which he does not appear to have been employed. The statues in the chapel are not particularized. In a volume of the Artists' Receipts, now at Hardwicke, is the following memorandum of Cibber's

prices in his own hand ; he says " that the rates he had at my Lord Kingston's were, for two figures in the pediment, each of them having four ton of stone in them, £70 for one, and for both, £140 ; for one round statue, having a boy upon its shoulder, £60 ; for four statues which were not wrought round, £42 10s. per statue ; for two dogs, £81 apiece ; for 12 Cæcer's heads, £5 per head ; my Lord did after this pay for my board and wine for me and my men. And then I did two sphinxes at £10 apiece, having in them but three-fourths of a ton. For two statues as big as the life, I had £35 apiece, and all charges borne ; and at this rate I shall endeavour to serve a nobleman in free-stone.

He made a sea-nymph and other figures on his own account. He made seven statues for the gardens, for which he was paid £44 18s. 6d. In 1694, Nost made a statue of Ceres, for which he had £30 (nearly Cibber's price) ; in 1696, he was paid £52 10s. for a marble figure and a bas-relief. There is no mention of this artist in Lord Orford's work. In September, 1696, he was paid £24 for a stone statue ; in 1697, £130 for three bas-reliefs and three heads. This probably was the same artist who was employed also as a carver in wood. His name occurs as having been paid for a statue in that year.

It has been of late years universally supposed that most of the carving in wood at Chatsworth was the work of the celebrated Grinlin Gibbons ; but we do not find the least trace of his having been employed there at all. We find, indeed, in the auditor's account, an item of the sum of £14 15s. paid to Henry Lobb, the carpenter, for cases which conveyed some carved work, statues, and pictures from London ; and it is possible that this carved work might have been from the hand of Gibbons, but we find

no memorandum of any money paid for such a purchase. It may be supposed that the principal contractor for the carving might have employed the chisel of Gibbons in London. If none of the carving at Chatsworth be the work of Gibbons (and the presumption is certainly against it, whilst there is no proof for it), the consequence is that the art of carving exquisitely in wood was not confined to so few hands as is generally supposed. The name of Thomas Young, who was certainly during three years the principal carver in wood, is not mentioned by Lord Orford, nor those of Lobb, Davies, or Lanscroon; the latter, or a person of that name is mentioned as a painter. The slight mention that is made of Watson is erroneous. It is remarkable that no writer, before Lord Orford published his "Anecdotes of Painting," ever spoke of the works of Gibbons at Chatsworth. Dr. Leigh, who gave a particular description of Chatsworth in 1700, soon after all the principal apartments were finished, speaks of the works of Verrio, but makes no mention of Gibbons; nor does Dr. Kennet, when describing Chatsworth in his *Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish*. J. Mackay, who published a *Tour through England* (the result of actual observation) in 1724, quotes Leigh, and makes no mention of Gibbons, which seems to intimate that the carving was not then shewn as his work.

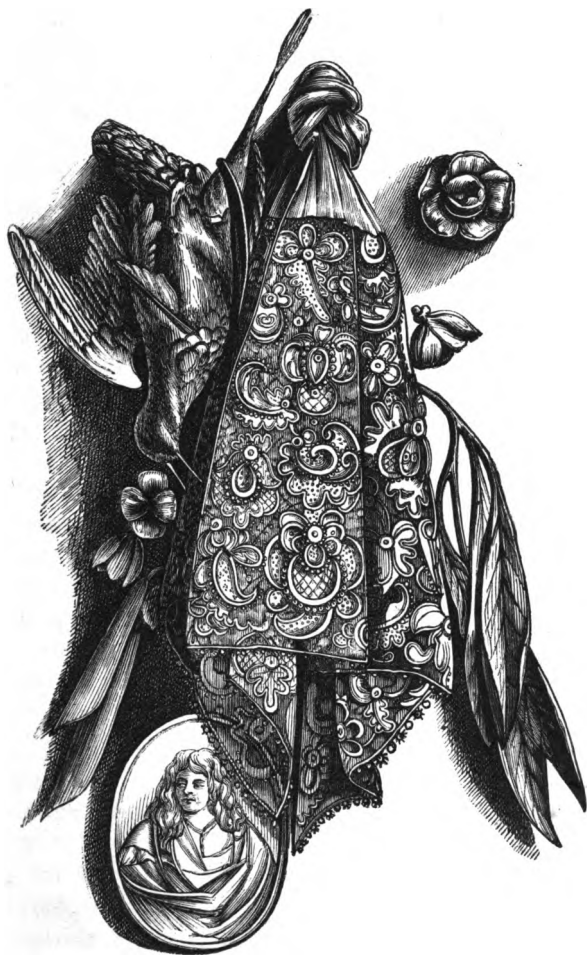
It is no improbable supposition that Lord Orford, when he visited Chatsworth, seeing those exquisite productions of the chisel, concluded that they must be the work of Gibbons, of which, indeed, there appears then to have been a tradition. "At Chatsworth," he observes in the "Anecdotes of Painting," "are many ornaments by Gibbons, particularly in the chapel; in the great ante-chamber are several dead fowl over the chimney, finely executed;

and over a closet door a pen, not distinguishable from real feather. When Gibbons had finished his work at that palace, he presented the Duke with a point cravat, a woodcock, and a medal with his own head, all preserved in a glass case in the gallery." It has been said, that Samuel Watson, who was a native of Heanor, in Derbyshire, executed some of the finest specimens of natural history in the carved works at Chatsworth. It is certain that he engaged, jointly with Lobb and Davies, to execute the ornaments of the state apartments; and his epitaph in Heanor Church, where he was buried in 1715, claims for him the merit of some of the best of these carvings:—

"Watson is gone, whose skilful art display'd
To the very life whatever nature made.
View but his wondrous works in Chatsworth Hall,
Which are so gaz'd at and admir'd by all."

Lord Orford was misinformed when he spoke of Watson as a pupil of Gibbons, who assisted him chiefly at Chatsworth. It appears that he worked under Young; and afterwards on his own account: his price for daywork was 3s. 10d. a day. It is on record that his grandson, Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, stated that he was a pupil of Mr. Charles Oakey, carver, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, London. There is some of his work in that portion of the State apartments which is now the Library, for which he was paid, in 1703 £114, for ornaments of the great frieze over the doors, cyphers, coronets, &c. He carved also 22 heads, for the galleries in the inner courts; and for which, and six vases, he was paid £107 10s.: in 1704, he was paid £112 16s. for similar work.

The Hall after Talman's designs was completed in the year 1707, about twenty years having elapsed from the



GROUP, CARVED IN WOOD, AT CHATSWORTH.
(*Attributed to Grinlin Gibbons.*)

commencement of the works, and from that time till 1820, Chatsworth remained without any material alteration or addition, with the exception of the erection of new stables by the fifth Duke of Devonshire, at a cost of £40,000. In the year 1820, William Spencer Cavendish, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, whose princely habits and munificence always gave liberal encouragement to works of science, art, and literature, resolved to add a more stately range of apartments to the mansion; and the celebrated architect, Sir Jeffery Wyattville, was employed, under whose direction the north wing, 385 feet long, was erected; making the total length, in continuation of the former buildings from north to south, 557 feet. The chasteness of the design and the perfection of the work combine to form a splendid memorial of the talents of the architect, and of the taste and magnificence of its Ducal possessor. The exterior is classically beautiful and picturesque, and may justly take a prominent position among those celebrated halls of the British aristocracy, of which Mrs. Hemans has sung—

“The stately Homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
The glory of the land!”

“Chatsworth,” as an intelligent tourist has well said, “is in every sense magnificent. The house stands on gently rising ground, the western or principal front overlooking the beautiful river Derwent, which flows within 200 or 300 yards of the house, and is here crossed by an elegant stone bridge of three arches, supposed to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with figures in statuary marble from the chisel of Cibber. In the intervening space between the hall and the river, and

separated from the park by a dwarf balustrade, is the Italian Gardens, laid out in neat and trim parterres, the centre of which is ornamented by a beautiful *jet d' eau*. The view from the west is of uncommon beauty, the effect of the building itself being increased by its situation, the delicate cream colour of the masonry being happily relieved by the dark and sombre wood which forms the back ground. The exterior of the mansion at once arrests the attention. As already stated it has been erected at two distant periods; the oldest portion is a square pile of buildings, enclosing a quadrangular court, the principal entrance being on the west side, the approach to which is by a flight of steps to a terrace extending the entire length of the building. The style of architecture adopted is the Ionic; the western front is arranged in three divisions, the centre being advanced slightly forward from the side compartments, and relieved by four elegant fluted columns, resting upon a rusticated base, that gives support to an ornamental frieze and pediment, in the tympanum of which is a shield, surrounded by military trophies, carved in stone, charged with the arms of the Cavendish family—*sable*, three harts' heads, caboshed *argent*, surmounted by the crest; a snake nowed *proper*, and having beneath the motto, "Cavendo tutus," the supporters being two harts *proper* attired, *or*, each gorged with a garland of roses, *argent* and *azure*, barbed *proper*. The side compartments are relieved by fluted Ionic pilasters, supporting light and elegant balustrades, surmounted by vases and allegorical figures. The south and east sides, though not so elaborate in their details, present the same characteristics as the west front. The more modern part of the building is the north wing, erected during the lifetime of the late Duke; it differs slightly

from the older portion, being a combination of the different classic styles, and is more elaborate in appearance than the western façade, the outline being more varied and broken, yet presenting an assemblage of parts admirably harmonizing together. At the northern extremity of this wing is a handsome Italian tower or open temple, surmounted by a balustrade, adorned at the angles with vases ; from the summit of which some fine views are obtained of the bold and romantic scenery in and around the park. The west front of Chatsworth has a very fine effect, but decidedly the best view of the mansion is obtained from the opposite bank of the Derwent, on the ascending ground between the river and the Edensor road. From this point the view takes in the south and west sides of the old mansion, with the elegant additions of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville at the north end, and includes the magnificent pleasure grounds, with the fountains and great cascade, backed by the wood-clothed heights of Beeley, and the hills extending towards Baslow and Hathersage."

The entrance to this ducal palace is by the Porter's Lodge, a Doric structure forming three archways, ornamented with carved roses, and having wrought-iron gates richly gilt ; a broad path which runs parallel with the kitchens and domestic offices in the north wing terminates in a square plot, within which stands a fine weeping ash that was removed thither in 1830 from the nursery grounds of Messrs. Wilson, of Derby, and conducts to the colonnade, under which we pass into the SUB-HALL, where the rich tessellated pavement and the beautiful ceiling, adorned with a copy of Guido's "Aurora" by Miss Curzon, attract admiration. Classical busts also adorn the corridor, proceeding along which we reach the GREAT HALL, a spacious and noble apartment, 60 feet by 27, constituting a magnificent and appropriate vestibule to the princely range of

rooms we are about to enter. The floor is of mosaic work in black and white marble, laid in 1779 by Henry Watson, son of the celebrated carver; the walls and ceiling glow with decorative paintings by Verrio and Laguerre, illustrative of the history of the renowned Roman, Julius Cæsar. On the left side is represented the illustrious conqueror's Sacrifice before going to the Senate after the closing of the temple of Janus; in another compartment, his passage of the Rubicon; in a third, his voyage across the Adriatic to join his army at Brundisium; over the door, his death from the dagger of Brutus at the foot of Pompey's statue; and on the ceiling his Deification amidst a splendid throng of the gods of Pagan mythology. The general effect is remarkably fine. The ends of the Hall are divided into three compartments, the central one affording communication from the north corridor to the Great South Staircase; the four smaller compartments are adorned with columns of polished marble from the Derbyshire quarries, surmounted with handsome vases; and a gallery protected by an open balustrade is carried round three sides. The centre of the Hall is occupied by a very handsome table, the top of which is formed of one immense slab of beautiful fossil marble (Derbyshire), on which stands a magnificent candelabrum; and an ornamental canoe presented to the late Duke of Devonshire by the Sultan of Turkey, will not fail to excite observation among other objects of interest.

Over the fire-place is a tablet with the inscription—

“Ædes has paternas dilectissimas,
Anno libertatis Anglicæ MDLXXXVIII institutas,
Gul. S. Devonix Dux, Anno MDCCCXI Hæres accepit.
Anno mæroris sui MDCCCXL perfectit.”

(These well-loved ancestral halls
Founded in the year of English freedom, 1688,
William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, inherited in 1811,
And perfected in the year of sorrow, 1840.)

The "year of sorrow" refers to the lamented death of the Countess of Burlington, niece of the late Duke, and wife of the present proprietor of Chatsworth.

Passing along the south corridor, which is adorned with paintings, statues, and objects of antiquarian or historic interest, we enter the CHAPEL, in the decoration of which the arts of painting, sculpture, and carving, have been most elaborately employed. The floor is laid with black and white marble in mosaic work, and the walls are wainscotted with cedar-wood. The altar is composed of Derbyshire spars and marbles, with figures of Faith and Hope by Caius Gabriel Cibber; and over it is a fine painting by Verrio of "The Incredulity of St. Thomas." Other pictures illustrative of the Saviour's life upon earth also adorn the walls of the chapel, among which are "Christ Working Miracles," "Bartimeus restored to sight," "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," and on the ceiling is a representation of our Lord's Ascension. The Chapel also contains some fine specimens of the wood-carving for which Chatsworth is famous, and a white marble bust of the Saviour by an Italian artist has lately been introduced in a niche over the altar.

The visitor passes from the Chapel through a Music Room into the Billiard Room (the Red Velvet Room), a beautiful apartment, handsomely furnished, and containing some good pictures, among which is Sir Edwin Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," universally known from the admirable engraving, representing an ecclesiastic receiving game from his vassals; the utmost truth of nature being combined with a fine keeping in a clear, light, and a masterly treatment. There is also a spirited painting by Eastlake, representing the heroic youth, Isidas, who in a moment of danger saved Sparta from plunder by the

Theban soldiery; a charming portrait of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a portrait of the late Duke of Devonshire when a boy, will likewise attract attention; a truthful, animated, and warm composition of "Children at Play," by Collins, "Rustic Civility," and an effective scene from "Gil Blas" by Newton, are also notable for their excellence.

Among the more remarkable pictures in the lower Gallery, are the "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Teniers; a Landscape by Claude Lorraine; a rich poetical Landscape by Titian; a Sea-port by Berghem; "The Holy Family" by Nicolas Poussin; "The Crucifixion" by Lodovico Carracci; "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," a rich and peculiar composition, by Jan Van Eyck, and a grand picture of "The Consecration of Thomas à Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury," by the same artist (A.D. 1421); "David Slaying Goliath" and "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel," by Salvator Rosa; "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" by Tinteretto; the Virgin with Joseph gazing at the Sleeping Child, by Murillo; "The Wheel of Fortune," by Holbein (A.D. 1533); and numerous other works of the old masters. The picture of "Monks at Prayer," a more modern composition by Tranet, is also popular; and the present Duke has lately added to the collection Sir Edwin Landseer's spirited painting called "Laying down the Law."

From the lower corridor the visitor ascends to the upper South Gallery, which contains more than a thousand original drawings, sketches, and outlines, by the most eminent masters of the Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, French and Italian schools; as Raffaele, Rembrandt, De Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Corregio, and others whose wonderful examples of artistic

genius and execution have secured for them the admiring homage of the civilized world. This fine accumulation of art treasures was in a great measure formed in the first half of the eighteenth century; an essential part of it being the collection of M. Flink, of Rotterdam, of whom it was purchased by the then Duke of Devonshire. A long catalogue of the more remarkable and meritorious subjects included in this rare collection is given, with much minuteness of criticism, in the third volume of Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," (1824).

The State Apartments occupy the third storey of the south front, forming the most magnificent portion of the older part of the mansion to the extent of about 200 feet in length; the ceilings are adorned with splendid paintings of subjects from the more picturesque narratives of ancient mythology, by Verrio and Sir James Thornhill; the door cases are of Derbyshire marble, embellished with foliage and flowers; the floors of oak, curiously inlaid; and the whole suite of rooms lined with wood of the choicest description, furnished with costly cabinets, glorious pictures, rare works of art, and gobelin tapestries of the cartoons of Raphael.

The old STATE BEDROOM has a painted ceiling, "Aurora Chasing away the Night," and other allegorical subjects; it contains the bed in which George II. died, the damask hangings of which are now of course considerably faded; the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. and Queen Charlotte, perquisites to the fourth Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain; the Wardrobe of Louis XIV., King of France; and an embroidered canopy and chair worked at Hardwick Hall by the Countess of Shrewsbury, at the time when she had charge of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was confined as a Royal prisoner.

Adjoining this apartment is the STATE MUSIC ROOM, the painted ceiling of which illustrates the classical story of Mars and Venus. Here is a remarkably fine full-length portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire in his robes of state, by Paul Vansomer ; and among the furniture, are two handsome chairs in which William IV. and Queen Adelaide were crowned, the perquisites of the late Duke who held the office of Lord Chamberlain at that august ceremony. Among the other decorations are many portraits and pictures, miniatures in porcelain, a fine bust of Cardinal Consalvi by Thorwaldsen, the Adrian Vase from Rome, a Chinese Incense Burner, and a splendid case of Minerals containing every variety of fossils, fluor and calcareous spars, which Derbyshire produces, and an extraordinary Emerald, purchased by the late Duke, of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and said to be the finest specimen of its kind in the world for purity of form and uniform depth of colour.

The STATE DRAWING ROOM, another noble apartment, 48 feet by 28, is hung with tapestry, representing Jupiter and Antiope and the Muses in Parnassus ; the ceiling being elaborately adorned with a spirited painting of Phaeton Driving the Horses of the Sun ; and the furniture and decorations include many costly works of art, among which is a handsome mosaic inlaid table, composed of minerals of divers colours from various countries, and not surpassed by any similar ornament at Chatsworth for beauty of effect. The centre of a round ottoman displays to advantage a careful copy of the Venus de Medici in marble ; and among the paintings are fine portraits of the Admiral Nicola Capello, and of the Archbishop of Spalatro, by Tintoretto ; of Charles I. as a young man, by Cornelius Jansen ; of Philip II. King of Spain, by Titian ; of King Henry VIII.,

said to be by Holbein ; and of the Duke of Albemarle by an unknown painter. There is also a beautifully finished portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò, full length, and in a rich dress, a pleasing and expressive likeness of the royal lady, whose biography forms one of the most interesting narratives in the romance of history.

From the Drawing Room, which occupies the south-east angle of the Hall, visitors are usually conducted into the LIBRARIES, the second of the long range of rooms forming the east front, an extent of about 560 feet. The entrances to the whole of these rooms are placed directly opposite to each other, so that when the doors are thrown open they present a magnificent vista of unusual beauty, scarcely surpassed in any European palace. The GREAT LIBRARY, 92 feet by 22, is undoubtedly one of the finest rooms at Chatsworth, and in all its arrangements and decorations really grand and perfectly unique. The ground of the ceiling is white, adorned with burnished gold ornamental work in basso relievo, forming a splendid framework to five circular paintings set like precious gems within, from the pencil of the French artist, Louis Charon. The bookcases are of Spanish mahogany, and are divided into compartments by semi-circular metallic columns, richly gilt ; these expand into a finely formed leaf, and support the floor of a gallery carried along three sides of the room, for the convenience of reaching books from the upper shelves. The gallery, which is approached by a secret stair, is defended by a handsome carved balustrade, ornamented with dead and burnished gold. The chimney-piece is of Carrara marble, finely sculptured in columns of wreathed foliage, and surmounted by a magnificent mirror, six feet by four feet six inches.

This noble apartment contains in elegant bookcases the

rarest literary treasures, handsomely bound and in a state of perfect preservation ; and in examples of early editions of celebrated works, it is probably not excelled by any library in England. To the ample store of volumes which the late Duke inherited, His Grace added the choicest rarities from the renowned library of the Duke of Roxburgh, the library of the Bishop of Ely purchased for £10,000, and a large library inherited from his uncle, Lord Cavendish. Among its antiquarian treasures is the oldest Florentine edition of Homer's Poems, printed on the finest white parchment with the most elegant type, the initials being beautifully painted in miniature. Here are also some of the rarest impressions of the publications of Caxton, the honoured worthy who first practised the art of book printing in England. Some of the first editions of Shakspeare's Plays, several volumes of old poetry and curious pamphlets, and the celebrated "Liber Veritatis" of Claude, containing drawings of all the pictures by that eminent artist, are likewise among the book-rarities of Chatsworth.

In addition to an extraordinary collection of the published works of ancient and modern authors, consisting of more than 25,000 volumes, the Library is marvellously rich in illuminated manuscripts, and other relics of monastic caligraphy of great value and interest. Dr. Waagen says— "By far the most important is a *Benedictionale*, which informs us in Latin verses, written in gold capitals, that it was executed for Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, by one Godemann. As this Ethelwold filled the See from 970 to 984, the time of its origin is very decidedly fixed. This manuscript, a small folio volume, consisting of 118 leaves of parchment, surpasses, in the number and splendour of its pictures, as well as in the rich ornaments of the borders,

all the other Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of that time that I have yet seen in England, and differs advantageously from most of them in some essential particulars. It is true we find in it the same unartistic, unmeaning heads, the long meagre limbs, and the fluttering draperies, characteristic of this epoch ; but on the other hand, the drawings have not quite such a barbarous look. In the solid opaque body-colours they are like the contemporary paintings of the Frankish school ; in the insertion of the lights and half-tints, and in the light scale of the broken colours, there are, as in those, traces of antique reminiscences. The treatment, though mechanical, has, notwithstanding, a degree of precision and neatness. The last picture, which is only drawn in, shows the whole of the mechanical process. The outlines, it appears, were first drawn on the parchment with red colour, then so filled up with opaque colours as to be hidden by them, the outlines being finally re-inserted on those opaque colours with the local tints ; in the nude portions, which, as in the contemporary Frankish miniatures, are of a cold reddish colour, red was used ; in the darkest shadows of the drapery, black ; in the lights, white. Some of the designs appear to be taken from representations belonging to the most ancient periods of Christian art. Thus, in the Baptism of Christ, the Jordan still appears as a half-naked river-god, the two black horns with which he appears having doubtless been gradually derived from the lobster claws on the heads of antique marine deities. The very thick forms of the limbs also, which are as badly drawn as the meagre ones in the other pictures, indicate the imitation of an earlier type. The apostles and angels still appear in the antique costume and bare-footed. Some other parts prove a special influence of the Byzantine style. The Nativity is evidently imitated from a Byzantine picture, as

is apparent in the Virgin, a dignified figure, in a golden dress and veil, and with a short red mantle, of a good antique motive, holding in her right hand a book, and in her left a golden lily. The infant Christ is dressed entirely in the Byzantine fashion. The same influence appears in the frequent use of gold in the hems of the draperies, in the outlines of the architecture, in the glory, and in the beading of the decorations ; gold being, in general, very rarely and sparingly used in English MSS. of that age. As an instance of the wholly barbarous design of the time of this MS., may be mentioned the group of the Stoning of St. Stephen, where the figures have black shoes on their very small feet. In youthful countenances occurs the full oval usual in the eleventh and twelfth centuries : for instance, in the Incredulity of St. Thomas, and in several others. This very mixed character is seen also in the figures of Christ, who, in the Stoning of St. Stephen, appears, according to the most ancient type, without a beard ; in another page as the enthroned Deity, bearded according to the mosaic type ; while in the Resurrection He is barbarously represented with enormous moustachios and pointed beard. The backgrounds are sometimes of one colour ; occasionally, also, the earth is green and the sky blue ; but they more usually consist of several bands of colours, bluish, reddish, and greenish, in which the clouds are painted like ribbons, or by that ornament by which the ancients expressed water. The ornaments of the borders of the pictures and of the pages at the beginning of the chapters are in the taste of the richer Romanesque architecture, in which varieties of the antique acanthus form the principal feature. There is no trace of the figures of dragons otherwise so much in vogue. Silver, too, is here and there employed, but, as usual, has become black.

This MS. is of the highest importance in the history of English Art, proving that some works were produced in that age, which in most particulars are not inferior to the contemporary specimens of France, the Netherlands, and Germany.

“Next in interest to this MS. is a Missal of King Henry VII. of England, large octavo, with 186 leaves. A notice on the first page informs us that that sovereign gave it to his daughter, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, mother of Margaret Douglas, which last individual presented it to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Next follows the calendar, on twelve pages, ornamented on the borders with fruit and flowers, but otherwise with rather poor pictures. The fourteenth page contains the autograph note of the king to his daughter. On the reverse of the fifteenth page is Christ, half-length, perfectly similar to the figures by Jan Van Eyck in the Berlin Museum, and of Memling in the Royal Gallery at Munich; bestowing the benediction with his right hand, and holding in his left a crystal globe with a cross. The style of the excellent execution, and the warm colouring, also indicate the Flemish origin of this and the other numerous pictures with which the book is adorned. Before each division there is one which fills the whole page, and the reverse of which is always left white. Among them the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket and St. George are distinguished for composition and expression. A number of initials also occur as vignettes, with small pictures on the border. The work of two different painters may be very easily distinguished here; one of them, who is warmer in the tone, and on the whole more delicate, executed the miniatures up to page 33, also pages 43 *b* and 46 *b*; the other, cold in the colouring and less skilful, all the rest. At the same

time, taken altogether, they cannot be said to belong to the best specimens produced in the Netherlands at this period, 1485—1509. The borders of the larger pictures and the opposite pages are beautifully adorned with elegant flowers and fruits ; but these are also excelled, in delicacy at least, by other amateurs. On page 32 there is a second autograph of the king."

The ANTE-LIBRARY is fitted up in the same style of elegance as the larger one, the ceiling being adorned with a beautiful painting by Hayter, and two smaller subjects, "Night" and "Morning," by Charles Landseer. Two handsome vases of a rare marble, known as Occhio di Pavone, stand in this room on granite pedestals ; and among its attractive curiosities are numerous medallions in enamel of celebrated personages. The CABINET LIBRARY is a lovely gem of architectural and artistic beauty, it has a richly ornamental dome, divided into compartments, and supported by four columns of exquisite marble rising from pure statuary pedestals ; and surmounted by gilt Corinthian capitals in admirable taste. It will be observed that the doors are painted to resemble bookcases, so when closed, all the walls present the appearance of continuous shelves filled with books, many of which on a particular examination will be found to bear rather singular titles. Of these imitation bookcases, so well painted as to be scarcely discernible, except on close inspection, from the real ones, a pleasing story is told in the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," who sang the "Song of the Shirt," and other popular poems, and whose witty compositions have been the life and mirth of many a merry party. In those "Memorials" prepared for publication by Mr. Hood's daughter after his decease, and published in 1860, the writer states that the first "Comic Annual" appeared in

1830, and a copy being sent to the Duke of Devonshire was the first introduction of the facetious poet to His Grace, who acknowledged its presentation in the following letter :—

London, February 8th, 1831.

SIR,

Accept my best thanks for the beautiful copies of the "Comic Annual," which I have had the pleasure of receiving from you ; you could not have selected a person who has enjoyed more the perusal of your works. I am almost afraid of making the following request, but perhaps it may be as amusing as it *must* be easy to you to comply with it, in which case alone I beg you to do it. It is necessary to construct a door of sham books, for the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth : your assistance in giving me inscriptions for these unreal folios, quartos, and 12mos, is what I now ask. One is tired of the "Plain Dealings," "Essays on Wood," and "Perpetual Motion," on such doors ; on one I have seen the names of "Don Quixote's Library," and on others impossibilities, such as "Virgilii Odaria," "Herodoti Pamata," "Byron's Sermons," &c., &c. ; but from you I venture to hope for more attractive titles, at your perfect leisure and convenience.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, with many excuses,

Your sincere humble Servant,

DEVONSHIRE.

In accordance with this request, Mr. Hood, in April, sent the following letter to the Duke :—

Winchmore Hall.

MY LORD DUKE,

On learning that your Grace is at Chatsworth, I send off as many titles as have occurred to me ; promising myself the honour of waiting upon your Grace with some others on the 14th instant,

And am, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged and obedient Servant,

THOS. HOOD.

The list of titles follows this. Some of them have lost the point which the topics of the day gave to them, while

others appear to be such *bona fide* Works, that one does not always catch the hidden meaning. As an instance of this there is "The Life of Zimmermann (the author of 'Solitude'), by himself."

A few of the humorous titles thus written and adapted by His Grace may here be mentioned, viz. :—

On the Lung Arno in Consumption, by D. Cline. Lamb on the Death of Wolfe. Boyle on Steam. The Rape of the Lock with Bramah's Notes. Scott and Lot, by the Author of Waverley. Life of Jack Ketch, with Cuts of his own execution. The Hole Duty of Man, by I. P. Brunel. Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue. Hoyle on the Game Laws. Recollections of Bannister by Lord Stair. Barrow on the Common Weal. Cursory Remarks on Swearing. Inigo on Secret Entrances. Chronological Account of the Date Tree. John Knox on Death's Door.

In December, 1832, a further list of titles was sent with the following letter :—

Lake House, Dec. 22nd, 1832.

MY LORD DUKE,

I am extremely obliged to your Grace for the kind and early answer to my request concerning Lady Granville. With my best thanks, I have the honour of presenting a copy of my "Annual," and sincerely hope to have the same pleasure for many years to come. The enclosed titles were for a long time "titles extinct," being lost with other papers in my removal hither; or as Othello says, "thro' moving accidents by flood and field." Some memoranda subsequently turned up, but I feared too late for use; and, besides, I could not disentangle the new from the old. This has been matter of regret to me, but I have made up my mind to send them to your Grace on the chance of their becoming of use, and that some secret door may be yet open to them, like those in the old romances.

I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's obliged Servant,

THOS. HOOD.

His Grace acknowledged the receipt of the titles in the following letter :—

Chatsworth.

SIR,

I am more obliged to you than I can say for my titles. They are exactly what I wanted; and invented in that remarkable vein of humour which has in your works caused me and many of my friends so much amusement and satisfaction. I shall anxiously await the promised additions; but I hope that on my return to London you will allow me an opportunity of thanking you in person. There is hardly any day on which you would not find me at home at twelve o'clock, and after the 13th of this month I shall be settled in London.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

DEVONSHIRE.

This letter, it will be remarked, was in acknowledgment of the first set of titles. After this, says the author of the "Memorials," many communications passed between His Grace and my father. Until the time of my father's death (I might add even after that time, when I think of his generous subscription to the Monumental Fund), the Duke's acts of considerate kindness never varied or failed. Among other little minor courtesies, I find among my father's papers, admissions to Chatsworth, and to the private apartments at Windsor. The "Comic Annual" of 1831 was dedicated to His Grace, and that of 1832 to Lady Granville, by a permission hinted at in the letter of December 22nd. But his Grace's kindnesses were not always minor ones. Assistance of great service was rendered by him to my father in the shape of a voluntary friendly loan, the benefit of which will be seen in the ensuing letter:—

Lake House, August, 1833.

MY LORD DUKE,

It will doubtless appear to your Grace that one request brings on a second, as certainly as one Scotchman is said to introduce another, when I entreat for my new novel of "Tylney Hall" the same honour that was formerly conferred on the "Comic Annual." If a

reason be sought why I desire to address a second dedication to the same personage, I can only refer to the "*on revient toujours*" principle of the French song ; and no one could have better cause so to try back than myself. I hesitate to intrude with details, but I know the goodness which originated one obligation will be gratified to learn that the assistance referred to has been, and is, of the greatest service in a temporary struggle—though arduous for one of a profession never overburdened with wealth, from Homer downwards. Indeed the nine muses seem all to have lived in one house for cheapness. I await, hopefully anxious, your Grace's pleasure as to the new honour I solicit, fully prepared, in case of acquiescence, to exclaim with the Tinker to the "Good Duke" of Burgundy, in the old ballad—

"Well, I thank your good Grace,
And your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case !"

With my humble but fervent wishes for the health and happiness of your Grace, and one not so favourable to the long life of the grouse,
I have the honour to be,

My Lord Duke,
Your Grace's most obliged and devoted Servant,
THOS. HOOD.

A doorway from the Ante-Library opens into the north corridor, and communicates with a noble staircase admirably designed by Sir Jeffery Wyatville, and of really grand details and proportions. On the first landing are finely painted full-length portraits of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and his Empress, by Davy ; of Richard, third Earl of Burlington ; and Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known likeness of George IV. in his coronation robes. From the Cabinet Library the visitor enters the magnificent DINING ROOM, 58 feet by 30, for the decoration of which all the accomplishments of modern art, which wealth and taste can command, have been brought into successful requisition. The beautifully panelled and slightly coved ceiling is of the purest white ; the deep plinth which surrounds the apartment is of the finest Hopton marble,

highly polished, the pediments surmounting the doorways are supported by columns of African marble and Siberian jasper, with Ionic capitals of the same costly materials. Two large chimney-pieces of Carrara marble adorn the fire-places of noble dimensions, and are handsome examples of sculpture from the chisels of Sir Richard Westmacott and Sievier, who with appropriate reference to the uses of the room, have embellished them with classical figures offering the gifts of Ceres, Bacchus, and Pomona.

Among the superb furniture of this room, are six side-tables arranged along the walls; two of hornblende, two of porphyritic siennite, and two of Siberian jasper; the latter presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia to the sixth Duke of Devonshire. The centre of the room is occupied by a noble dining-table for fifty persons. There are also malachite time-pieces and vases presented by the late Emperor Nicholas, and a fine malachite table, the gift of his daughter the Princess Marie, whose portrait with busts of her Imperial parents will be observed among the rare adornments of the apartment. Among its antiquarian curiosities is the Rosary of King Henry VIII., which cost the Duke £200; and among modern illustrations of art, are a pair of beautiful vases of French porcelain, and a round painted table ornamented with Italian landscapes, purchased at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park.

The walls are adorned with many interesting full-length portraits the size of life; among which are those of the first Earl and Countess of Devonshire by Vandyck, who has exhibited great taste and skill in his treatment of the details; the second Duke of Devonshire, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Lady Wharton (daughter of Arthur Goodwin), and a companion picture of Arthur Goodwin, both from the Houghton Gallery, 1639; Johanna of Blois, afterwards

Lady Rich, remarkably fine in the drawing ; and a Countess of Devonshire with two sons and a daughter, carefully painted by Gerard Honthirst.

In passing through the various rooms at Chatsworth, the visitor will not fail to admire the exquisite wood carvings to which reference has been previously made, and among which may be more particularly noted a net of game, looking as if just brought in by the sportsman from the field, and so truthfully depicted, that as Allan Cunningham says in his life of Grinlin Gibbons, "you may imagine some of the captured birds to be still in the death-flutter." A pen, preserved in a glass case, so inimitably carved as to resemble in its accuracy and lightness a real feather ; groups of flowers and foliage, and other representations of floral beauty and animated nature, which will be examined with great interest and pleasure. Some amusement may also be excited by a pleasant conceit exhibited in the painted representation of a violin suspended by a cord behind a side door, so perfect in its illusion that a touch is generally required to persuade the visitor that it is not a reality.

From the Dining Room you pass through an ante-room into the SCULPTURE GALLERY, at the entrance of which stand marble figures of two heathen deities which were sent from Guzerat by Lord Clare. The statue of Buddha about $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet high, with folded legs, and gaily ornamented, is remarkable, not for its workmanship, but for the beauty of the material of which it is constructed, an almost white nephrite, the Djad of the Orientals. This appropriate repository for a grand collection of Sculptures, is 103 feet in length, and is artistically lighted by skylights. The closely joined blocks of fine sandstone being left unstuccoed, give an agreeable impression of solidity, and their

warm tone relieves the white marbles. The architrave of the doors is of a beautiful grey Derbyshire marble, and is supported by two columns of African marble, and two of giallo antico. The sculptures, about forty in number, are placed upon pedestals and pillars, most of which are of costly materials—porphyry, granite, cipollino, fier di Persico, and the rarest breccia. In others which are executed in Derbyshire stone, tablets of valuable marble are inserted. Dr. Waagen, in the work previously alluded to, gives the following catalogue and commentary in his summary of the principal sculptures.

“A colossal antique bust of Alexander the Great, with rich flowing hair disposed like that of Jupiter, and very noble features, is of an idealised character, but agrees very well in the main features with the celebrated portrait-bust in the Louvre. Half the nose, and all from the throat downwards, is new.

“The late Duke, like most Englishmen who are fond of the arts, was a great admirer of Canova, some of whose well-known works are in this collection.

“CANOVA.—The sleeping Endymion, with his dog by his side. The representation of a figure in repose was peculiarly adapted to this sculptor's talent, who produced accordingly a work of the utmost softness and of the highest finish of surface. The statue of Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, seated. The whole conception is far more simple and easy than in most of Canova's works. The head, which is of a very natural character, and with a good-natured and sensible expression, is, like every other part, finished with the greatest care, so that I rank them among his best works. This one Greek word, *Δυσσαστοροχαια*, borrowed from Homer, which is inscribed under it, expresses that she is the unhappy mother of the greatest

son. The colossal bust of Napoleon. Very animated and highly finished. It served as the original for the head of the statue in Apsley House. A repetition of the well-known statue of Hebe, which so far differs from the first, and probably the original, in the Berlin Museum, that here, instead of the marble clouds on which she floats, an ordinary support (*puntello*) is employed, and the clouds only imitated. In delicacy of workmanship it is far inferior to the original. Canova's own bust, larger than life, has very noble features, with a rather sentimental expression. The colossal bust of the Duke of Devonshire. Two female heads, one adorned with grapes, the other with a veil, have like two others copied from them, the monotonous, weak, and insipid character, which, especially in Canova's latter period, degenerated so much into mannerism. Finally, on each side of the entrance-door are copies in marble of Canova's monument to Pope Rezonico in St. Peter's, Rome. Besides these, the works of the following sculptors are worthy of notice:—

“THORWALDSEN.—The well-known statue of Venus with the apple. The graceful action peculiar to this artist, the natural beauty and healthy fulness of the forms, make this work very pleasing. Round the right wrist is a golden armlet, with the most delicate ornament in niello, and the inscription, “Roma, 1824.” The bust of Cardinal Gonsalvi. The fine sensible features are given with great spirit, and the workmanship is more finished than in many of Thorwaldsen's busts. Besides these, there are the following reliefs by him inserted in the wall: Day and Night; the Anger of Achilles at the loss of Briseis; Priam entreating Achilles for the body of Hector; Castor and Pollux carrying off the Leucippides; and the same fighting with Idas and Lynceus, with Castor killed by Lynceus.

The two last, which are little known, are of great animation.

“RUDOLPH SCHADOW.—A very good repetition of his well-known elegant statue of a female spinning.

“RESSELS, the celebrated Belgian sculptor.—A Discolobus. Very spirited, and carefully executed in all the parts, from nature.

“TENERANI.—Cupid drawing a thorn from the foot of Venus. Executed with great care and much skill in the treatment of the marble, but of little meaning. The bust of Pio Nono, companion to the one of Gonsalvi; as true and elevated in conception as it is soft and masterly in execution.

“TADDOLINI.—Ganymede caressing the Eagle; a pleasing and well-executed work.

“GIBSON.—Mars and Cupid. The proportion of these figures, which are carefully executed, is not happy. Mars seems much too clumsy for a god; Cupid, on the other hand, too affected.

“ALBACINI.—Achilles wounded in the heel, lying on the ground. A well-executed work, but neither the character nor the excessive expression of pain is suited for an Achilles.

“RICHARD WESTMACOTT, JUN.—A young satyr seated, striking the cymbals. Animated and graceful in motive, and of very careful execution; only not bacchanalian enough in the character of the head. A seated Venus, on the other hand, has a pleasing head quite corresponding with the character; the motive of the delicate figure is also original and graceful.

“THOMAS CAMPBELL.—Statue of Pauline Borghese, seated, and holding the portrait of Napoleon on a medalion; companion to Madame Letitia; of good motive, but

too little carried out in single parts, especially in the arms and hands.

"GOTT.—A greyhound and two boys : in point of truth and careful execution one of his best works of this class. An antique bronze ; two greyhounds licking each other : admirable in expression and motive, but of inferior execution in details. A copy in marble of the well-known bust of Lucius Verus, in the Louvre : very careful. A medalion in marble, Philip II. of Spain, in profile, must not be omitted. Very characteristic and careful ; and, without doubt, a work contemporary with the subject. Some splendid vases, pillars, and slabs, of the rarest and most beautiful marbles and stones, increase the rich and noble effect of the whole collection. The most remarkable objects are a large granite basin, 20 feet in circumference, by Cantian of Berlin, who is justly celebrated for works of this kind ; some very considerable basins of Fior di Persico, and a large vessel of oriental alabaster. A table with a very large slab of Labrador marble, bordered with porphyry, is also very fine. The same may be said of the companion to it, a table with a slab consisting in the centre of four large pieces of smaragdite ; the border of other marbles. Another table, with a slab of black marble, with red and white roses, pinks, tulips, passion-flowers, and other beautiful flowers, in pietra-dura, has a most charming effect. A basin of Derbyshire spar is the most beautiful I have seen.

"A walk through the conservatories also showed me some remarkable objects of art ; for instance, considerable fragments of sculpture. Among the rest, one of a mediæval statue, which, from the cast of the drapery, may belong to about the 11th century ; tasteful Roman cinerary urns ; a careful copy of Canova's Magdalen in bronze, and some large wooden chests of good workmanship, in which

the Italian brides of the 16th century kept their marriage outfit. In a conservatory attached to the house, containing beautiful plants, and which, when lighted for company must have a very fine effect, is a careful copy, by Bartolini, of the Medici vase."

The beautiful table of Plasma Verde, enriched with mosaic work of Derbyshire marbles, was manufactured by Mr. Mills, of Ashford, near Bakewell; and on it stands the fine vase made of the Blue-John spar from the celebrated mine at Castleton.

At the further end of the Sculpture Gallery, on each side of the doorway, are two colossal lions in Carrara marble, one by Rinaldi, and the other by Benaglia, copied from Canova's monument to Clement XIV. in St. Peter's at Rome, the united weight of which is said to exceed eight tons. Passing from this noble saloon of art-treasures, we enter the ORANGERY, a spacious apartment which partakes of the double character of gallery and conservatory, 108 feet long, 27 feet wide, and 21 feet high. It contains some beautiful examples of sculpture; a fine collection of orange trees, many of which were brought from the residence of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison; a magnificent rhododendron, imported from Nepaul, in 1820, which has been known to bear more than two thousand blossoms at one time; and many choice exotics, which horticulturists will examine with delight. At the north end of the Orangery there is a communication with the Baths, and a door opens into the BALL ROOM, which is so arranged as to be available for a private theatre; the ceiling is richly ornamented, and the walls are hung with beautiful tapestry; and over it is an open TEMPLE of the Corinthian order, from which most charming and extensive views of Chatsworth's picturesque domains and the adjacent country may be ob-

tained. Here it is the practice of visitors to leave the Hall for the Gardens, by a short flight of steps from the Sculpture Gallery, where parties are transferred to the care of another conductor. But before proceeding to enjoy a stroll through this Paradise of the Peak, we will add a few particulars respecting those parts of the House which are not usually shown to tourists.

To the left of the grand Entrance Hall from the Corridor is a remarkably fine suite of apartments, for the private use of the family, consisting of Ante-room, Dining and Sitting rooms; and on the other side are likewise apartments for social enjoyments or uninterrupted studies. The South-east Sitting-room is fitted up with admirable taste, both as respects its furniture and decorations. The ceiling is particularly beautiful, and the carved frame of the chimney glass a very handsomely elaborate specimen of workmanship. The room contains an interesting collection of Russian pictures, and portraits of historical celebrities, among whom are the Empress Elizabeth, and the sister of the Emperor Napoleon; there is also a noble painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, of a group of dogs, the petted favourites of the late Duke of Devonshire. The view of the grounds from the windows of this room are remarkably beautiful. In the State Parlour, which is used as a breakfast room, there is a numerous collection of charming landscapes, among which are glorious views of Venice, choice specimens of art, and pleasing pictures of Chatsworth, Hardwick, and other seats of the Devonshire family, in their most interesting aspects. In the passage are many old views of Switzerland, two ancient sarcophagi, and a figure of Time, from Rome. On the basement story is a singularly beautiful apartment, the OAK ROOM, which is wainscotted throughout with enriched panelled carvings,

ornamented with brackets supporting carved heads and figures of historical interest ; the ceiling is also a beautiful combination of carved work, elegantly ornamented with armorial bearings heraldically emblazoned, and is supported in the centre by four handsome pillars of twisted oak ; in the panels of the walls are also introduced paintings of twenty-four views in the North of England. The furniture is all of carved oak, *en suite*, of a most perfect fashion and workmanship ; the room presenting, in all its fittings and arrangements, a thoroughly unique and interesting apartment. It is used as a smoke-room, for which purpose, by its situation and construction it is well adapted, as there are no hangings or furniture which retain the scent of the fragrant weed, after the manner of those domestic apartments of a more humble class, from which "Paterfamilias" is usually expelled to enjoy his quiet cigar. The Oak Room is unquestionably one of the admirable characteristics of Chatsworth. Throughout these private rooms, and the passages with which they communicate, there are rich collections of mosaics and minerals, in every form of beauty and brilliance ; and among the more remarkable curiosities is a handsome table, formed from sediments of water gathered in Derbyshire ; there are only known to be two others of similar materials, and they are at Belvoir Castle, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Rutland. The pavement at the foot of a short flight of steps also exhibits a spirited representation of the Battle of Issus, copied from a relic at Pompeii. The Marquis of Hartington's room partakes of the same handsome character as the other sitting rooms, and contains among its decorations, portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the mother and grandmother of the late Duke of Devonshire—the beautiful Duchess and her mother, Lady Spencer ; Hogarth's picture of the

Devonshire family as children, occupied in sweeping the garden at Chiswick ; and views of Newmarket in the olden time. The LEATHER ROOM, as it is called, is covered with embossed leather of a choice description ; the ceiling being especially beautiful, having from its centre a pendant cone, richly gilt and ornamented with figures. In this room is an ancient chair, which was used by Mary, Queen of Scots, in her apartment at Fotheringay Castle, where she was executed, and to which relic a melancholy interest therefore attaches. Among modern works of art is a fine bust of Lady Constance, the beautiful wife of Earl Grosvenor, eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster. On the staircase is a magnificent circular slab of Egyptian alabaster, presented to the late Duke of Devonshire, by the Pacha of Egypt.

The LOWER LIBRARY, sometimes called the Duke's Sitting-room, is remarkably elegant in its construction and appointments. The divisions of the book-cases are formed by elegant pilasters, filled in with beautiful arabesque work, and covered with plate-glass, reaching from the plinth to the superbly-painted ceiling, the cornices of which are enriched with medallions of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Byron, and other poets, the portrait of each author being encircled with an appropriate motto from his works ; the doors are flanked and filled in with imitation book-cases of the kind before-mentioned, wherein some of Hood's "sham" titles are discernible, so that when closed there is no visible outlet which a stranger's eye can detect. A magnificent pier-glass, in which a handsome mantel-piece of marble is set, reaches from the ceiling to the floor ; and the general effect of this princely room is one of unique elegance.

The SABINE BED-ROOM, so called from the walls and ceiling being decorated with a series of paintings, illustrative of the classical story of "The Rape of the Sabines," is a peculiarly splendid apartment, elaborately furnished. The WELLINGTON BED-ROOM, in which the illustrious hero of Waterloo used to repose when visiting Chatsworth, is remarkable for its beautifully-carved bed, wardrobe, and furniture; and the LEICESTER BED-ROOM is another notable apartment in this splendid *suite*.

The furniture and bed in QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROOM, which opens to the west over the Picture Gallery, are of exquisite satin wood, and the hangings are of green and white satin in admirable taste; the whole of the fittings being especially provided, under the direction of the late Duke of Devonshire, for the reception of Her Majesty, who visited Chatsworth in company with her Royal Consort in December, 1843; having previously been the guest of the noble Duke, before her accession to the throne, in 1832.

The rooms which occupy the exact position, and retain much the same appearance of those that used to be occupied by the unhappy MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, are dull and uninviting in contrast with the more splendid apartments; parts of the original walls seem to have been retained here in rebuilding the mansion, and the situation appears to have been chosen with reference to seclusion, as not a glimpse of the surrounding gardens and park is obtainable from the chambers associated with so many historical memories of romantic sorrows. But any attempt to specify the multitudinous objects of interest which Chatsworth contains in a book of this nature, would be an unsatisfactory effort; as almost every room abounds with illustrations of the beautiful and the wonderful in art, science,

and literature, and in all the modern contrivances which intellectual and luxurious taste can suggest, and would therefore require a copious volume for an adequate notice of the treasures therein collected.

Pass we then from the gorgeous saloons and marble halls into the delightful gardens and pleasure-grounds, where the skill of the horticulturist and of the landscape-gardener has combined with nature to form a glorious scene of loveliness and grandeur, through whose charming diversities visitors are conducted by courteous and intelligent guides. On leaving the ORANGERY, we cross the carriage road, and ascend a few steps leading to the French garden, gay with all the brilliant beauties of the parterre, and adorned with classic columns, sculptured vases, and statuesque figures, around which are entwined the graceful tendrils of creeping plants and flowers in pleasing profusion.

The CAMELIA HOUSE is well stocked with a variety of plants, which, when blooming, make a splendid show. The ground in front is laid out after the eastern style, with borders and shrubs interspersed with busts and figures (among which are a colossal Flora, and two antiques, Isis and Osiris, from the great temple at Carnac) and Chinese scent jars, which give the whole a rich and beautiful appearance.

Proceeding along a path running parallel with the east front of the mansion, where stands a noble ash, we reach the celebrated CASCADE, which is situated on the slope of the hill, down which a long range of broad steps, between lines of lofty trees, descends from a stone temple with a metal cupola, adorned with columns and pilasters, heads of dolphins, sea-lions, nymphs with urns, and other aquatic devices, through which, at a given signal, as well as from the floors and sides, the water gradually streams, and after

covering the entire expanse of the artistic contrivance, rushes in a broad and picturesque cascade down the steep, at the extremity of which it disappears among the rocky fragments, and flows under the gardens into the River Derwent. After enjoying with delighted surprise the play of the waters, we enter the ornamental gardens, where, amidst secluded retreats of varied beauty, rocks, woods, and plants are arranged in such "admired disorder," as to give to the spot the aspect of a romantic valley in a wilderness of natural luxuriance. Among the more notable objects of curiosity here, is the popular hydraulic invention known as the WEEPING WILLOW, presenting the appearance in copper of a living tree, through whose sprigs, and leaves, and roots, exudes a copious shower of water in numerous jets, on the touch of a secret spring with which they are connected. Beneath a rustic archway, and through a narrow opening in the rockery, which is blocked by an immense stone, balanced on a pivot so as to turn with the slightest push, we continue our walk through labyrinths of precipitous rocks, clothed with mosses and creeping plants, and down whose rugged sides descend picturesque cascades. A second archway through the rocks conducts us into an open garden, in the centre of which stands the celebrated CONSERVATORY, erected after a design by Sir Joseph Paxton, whose elegant construction was afterwards elaborated and amplified in the Crystal Palace at Hyde Park, for the memorable Exhibition of 1851. The Chatsworth Conservatory covers nearly an acre of ground, and is in the form of a parallelogram, including a centre and two side compartments, the length being 276 feet, and the width 123 feet. It has a central arched roof, 67 feet high, with a span of 70 feet, resting on two rows of elegant iron pillars, 28 feet high, which divide the space about equally.

Around the principal area runs a basement wall, arched, with solid stone plinthing about four feet high, built on a strong foundation. In the arches are fitted iron ventilators, which, assisted by doors in the roof and gallery, regulate the temperature of the immense fabric. From the sub-basement wall rise a number of strong elliptical wooden ribs, twenty-four feet high, the tops of which are fixed in an horizontal iron frame, which rests on two parallel ranges of iron pillars, with two cross pillars at each end; the uprights at the four angles are of great strength. From this lower framework springs a second series of ribs, thirty-five feet high, having a transverse span of about seventy feet. The spaces between the ribs are filled in with light glazed framework, containing upwards of 70,000 square feet of glass. The slips of glass, which are four feet long by six inches broad, are arranged in perpendicular rows at an high angle, after the fashion of ridge and furrow; that is, every two rows inclining to each other, form acute angles upwards and downwards, making the whole appear to be formed only of zigzag lines. This mode of construction is peculiarly adapted to resist the force of high winds or hail storms, the violence of which is checked by the unevenness of the surface.

The entrance to this "Fairy Palace," as it is the fashion to call it, is by a neat Grecian portico at the north end; a broad carriage drive runs through the centre, and in this artificial realm of the tropics the choicest, the rarest, and the most beautiful of Nature's productions, from African and Oriental regions, grow as luxuriantly as if in their own native climes. The prairies of America, the banks of the Nile, the Celestial Empire, and the farthest Indies have all contributed specimens of their magnificent vegetation; and from a light gallery carried round the

dome, the approach to which is from the rockery of the AQUARIUM, this wonderful accumulation of the horticultural products of other lands, with all their marvellous varieties of floral and verdant beauty, may be studied with pleasure and advantage. The tropical department of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has now made the world familiar with many of the rarer plants of torrid regions; but before its erection, Chatsworth stood alone in its glory as the repository of these wonderful illustrations of Nature's rich luxuriance; and even now, we know of no similar collection so extensive and so beautiful. At the further end of the Conservatory are some ancient remains from the Temple of Minerva, at Sunium, brought to England many years ago, by Sir Augustus Clifford, Commander of Her Majesty's ship "Euryalus." On the pedestal are inscribed the following lines by the late Earl of Carlisle, when Lord Morpeth:—

“These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,
They rear'd aloft Minerva's guardian shrine;
Beneath them roll'd the blue Ægean deep,
And the Greek pilot hail'd them as divine.

Such was e'en then their look of calm repose,
As wafted round them came the sounds of fight,
When the glad sound of conquering Athens rose,
O'er the long track of Persius' broken flight.

Though clasp'd by prostrate worshippers no more,
They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here;
Though distant from their own immortal shore,
The spot they grace is still to Freedom dear.”

From the Conservatory we pass towards the lower garden, amidst clumps of magnificent trees, through whose leafy vistas we catch charming views of the adjacent country. The next object of interest is a circular fountain, from the centre of which rises a jet of water to a con-

siderable elevation, and near is a majestic Spanish chestnut tree, towering aloft in its gigantic proportions as a noble monarch of the wood ; and a few yards further, we reach the EMPEROR FOUNTAIN, so named in honour of the visit of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, to Chatsworth, in the year 1844. This magnificent fountain is immediately opposite to the south front of the Hall, on a noble terrace of strict symmetrical arrangement ; richly adorned at stated distances with copies in marble from well-known antique sculptures. The general effect is one of great splendour and grandeur, and when the scene is enhanced by the discharge of the " Emperor," which sends forth its silver beam 260 feet in height from the basin of tritons that receives its airy shower ; while on the left, in happy contrast, a fine mass of water pours down in various stages like a liquid veil ; two waterfalls add their rushing sound ; and in further distance smaller *jets d'eau* rise like lines of light among the trees of the garden—Chatsworth indeed looks like the land of enchantment, and justifies the rhapsodies with which poets have sung its praises. Descending by a flight of steps to the terrace which runs along the west front of the Hall, we pass between a sculptured balustrade on the one hand, and a row of cedars of Lebanon on the other, noting as we proceed by the side of the walk among the trees, an oak planted by Queen Victoria (when Princess) in 1832 ; an American chestnut planted at the same time by her illustrious mother, the Duchess of Kent ; a sycamore planted by the Prince Consort on the occasion of his visit with the Queen in 1843 ; a Spanish chestnut and a variegated sycamore planted, the one in 1816 by the then Emperor of Russia, and the other in 1818 by the Grand Duke Michael his brother. Below the terrace is the Italian garden planted with the choicest cedars, acacias, and other

favourite trees, and glowing with brilliant flowers of various hues, like natural mosaics of floral beauty amidst borders of living green. Here too, the flashing light of a silvery fountain adds to the general effect; and the art of the sculptor has been employed to impart its graces to another scene of tranquil beauty. Following the terrace walk by the west front of the Hall, where the gently-flowing waters of the Derwent adorn the landscape, we reach the northern archway of the Entrance Lodge, and pass into the Park, to wander in its wide domain, and meditate at will on what we have seen at Chatsworth.

The KITCHEN GARDENS of Chatsworth, situated about half-a-mile from the Hall, in the direction of Baslow, are exceedingly attractive and interesting, occupying an area of about twelve acres, the entrance to which is near the residence of the late Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., under whose skilful taste and direction they were constructed, and attained their national celebrity. The New-Holland House, filled with a rare variety of plants and shrubs from the Australian Colonies; the Amherstia House, built for the reception of that most beautiful tree, the *Amherstia Nobilis*, exceedingly scarce in Europe; and the Victoria House, erected for the cultivation of that gem of the South American waters, the *Victoria Regia*, the Royal lily, are successively visited, and never fail to excite emotions of admiration and delight. The *Victoria Regia* was introduced to England in 1847 by seeds collected in the river Berbice in British Guiana, and first bloomed at Chatsworth in November, 1849, when its magnificent flower was presented to Her Majesty, in compliment to whom the genus was named. It is grown in a tank 34 feet in diameter, the water being maintained at a proper temperature, and kept constantly in motion as a running stream. Many other

choice aquatic plants are also grown in the same Conservatory; and the Orchidaceous House, the Pine House, and the Vineries, complete a series of attractions peculiarly interesting to all who take pleasure in gardening pursuits or the results of horticultural skill and knowledge.

The pleasant village of BASLOW is but a short distance from these Gardens, and is much frequented on account of its salubrity and beautiful situation. There is good accommodation at three inns, and various lodging-houses.

One of the most prominent objects in Chatsworth Park is the old Hunting Tower, standing near the summit of a thickly wooded hill, on the north-east side of the Hall. It was originally designed as a place from which ladies might enjoy a view of the pleasures of the chase, but it is now only used as a flag-tower on domestic and public occasions. A flag is usually hoisted there to denote the Duke is "at home." A few hundred yards south-east of the Tower is the Swiss Cottage, on the banks of the lake which supplies the Water-Works.

We must not omit to mention that Chatsworth Park contains an ancient memorial of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, consisting of a small square tower called "Queen Mary's Bower," standing in a pool of water on the right-hand side of the road leading from the Hall to the Bridge; it is approached by a flight of steps, on the top is a small garden of old shrubs; and in this secluded spot it is said that the unhappy Queen spent much of the time during which she was in captivity here. The Queen's second letter to Pope Pius is dated from Chatsworth House, October 31, 1570, nearly seventeen years before her execution. Crossing the Bridge, a short walk brings the visitor to the southern boundary of this charming domain at Edensor Lodge.

THE FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE Duke of Manchester, in his interesting work on "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," gives the following memoir of the first Duke of Devonshire.

The Duke, however, must be ranked among the foremost men of his day. He was a pupil of Dr. Killegrew, and had been a member of the Long Parliament. He was with the Duke of York on the 3rd of June, 1665, when, at the cost of one ship, the English fleet destroyed or captured thirty-two men of war. The Montagus were interested in him, for he had accompanied Mr. Montagu on his embassy to France, in 1669. It was on that occasion that, being in the French opera house, he was so rudely treated by some French officers, that he selected the rudest, soundly smacked his face, and drawing his sword, bade the other defend himself. But not only did the officer do so : all his friends drew with him, and the Englishman had to keep his life against the assaults of half-a-dozen furious men. This, however, he did bravely, calmly, sternly, and effectively ; but not without receiving many wounds and losing much blood ; but therewith the fame of his deed was spread over Europe, and his name was everywhere repeated with enthusiasm. He was quite as bold, fearless, and honest in his political career at home. He was a patriot when patriotism was dangerous to him who professed or practised it ; and he defended the rights of the people and the power of Parliament, without wishing to infringe the prerogative of the King, unless in cases where it was abused.

To such a man the heroic Russell was almost an idol whom he might worship. There was no pretence in this profound regard, carried nearly to adoration ; for when Russell lay a prisoner in expectation of death, Devonshire offered to change clothes with him, and to remain in his place in prison, accepting all consequences, while Russell made his escape. The romantic offer was declined, and wisely, for its consequences might have imperilled two good and great men instead of one. This evidence of his sentiments, and the fact of his warmly supporting the Exclusion Bill, which would have deprived James of his right of succession to the Crown, made the latter a bitter enemy of the then Earl of Devonshire, and eager to take vengeance on him. An opportunity soon offered. Colonel Culpepper, on what ground is not posi-

tively known, passed some insult on the Earl within the verge of the Court, and soon after James's accession. The fiery Earl followed the Colonel into the very Presence-chamber, and taking the Colonel by the nose, led him into the ante-room. An offence so serious, an assault on a man within the very palace of the king, could not be overlooked. A few years before it might have cost the offender his hand at least, and now the penalty was by no means a light one. The Earl was solemnly proceeded against, and on conviction he was sentenced to pay a fine of £30,000, and, though a peer, to imprisonment in the King's Bench. The Earl, however, broke prison, and made good his escape into Derbyshire. The object of the Government in proceeding to recapture him was not so much his person as his purse. The High Sheriff of the county was accordingly directed to raise the *posse comitatus*, make seizure of the Earl, and send him under close guard to London. His Lordship gave the Sheriff infinite trouble, and evaded as long as he could, either paying the enormous fine, or putting himself in the way of being shut up in prison. The Earl of Devonshire was probably influenced by the reflection that the King, who was so fiercely exacting, was indebted to the Devonshire family in twice the sum now demanded of him. The Earl's father and grandfather had been among the stoutest, most active, and least selfish of the adherents of the Stuarts in the day of their deepest distresses. Those noblemen had advanced to this King and his predecessor, loans amounting to £60,000, for which the lenders held the bonds and acknowledgments of their royal debtors. These documents were in the hands of the Countess Dowager, and she offered to make surrender of the whole, on condition of her son being exempted from further prosecution. But the royal mind distinguished the vastness of the difference between being forgiven an old debt, the acquittance of which was not a serious thought on the part of the debtor, and the obtaining a present sum under a legal pretext. No set-off was allowed with respect to the King's obligations, which he scorned to reduce to one-half by letting the Earl go scot free. Accordingly, Derbyshire was rendered too hot for the latter to dwell in tranquilly; and, after much vexatious process, the Earl was compelled to purchase his personal liberty, by entering into a bond to pay the fine whenever he might be called upon to do so. King James locked up the document among other papers of importance which might serve him in an emergency; but he neglected to take those papers with him when great Nassau came to disturb his household and to subvert his

throne. The deeds therefore fell into the hands of King William, of whom the Earl of Devonshire was as staunch a supporter as his sire and grandsire had been of the Stuarts. William rewarded this faithful follower by surrendering to him the bond, and giving with it (in 1694) the patent of a Duke—a cheap way of recognizing very great services. Meanwhile, the Earl indulged his peculiar taste for building and decorating, and modern princely Chatsworth, with all its magnificence, to which both Greece and Italy contributed, may be said to have been the work of his hands. To its completion and perfection he gave up much, but not the whole, of his time ; for when most engaged therewith, he found or created leisure enough, after he despaired of inducing King James to reign according to constitutional law, to further the objects of the Prince of Orange. For his service the Earl raised a regiment, moved Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire to “pronounce” against the King, who had refused to call a Parliament chosen by the free voices of the people, and in favour of that King’s son-in-law, who had promised to secure the civil and religious liberties of the country on a firm and lasting basis. Honours fell thick upon him from the grateful hand of William, to whom this, the first and greatest of the Dukes of Devonshire, offered no servile homage, but with whom he took an honest and hearty freedom. This was particularly manifest in his remonstrances with the King on religious politics. If the Duke had found James II. too Popish, he found William III. too exclusively Protestant ; and he reminded the latter Sovereign on one occasion that he, the Prince of Orange, had come over to England to defend the Protestants, and not to persecute the Papists. The Duke’s style of living was after the profuse and gorgeous fashion of much earlier days. After the feudal period he lived like a feudal lord, with scarcely less than that lord’s pride, but with more than his magnificence. At the famous congress held in Holland, in the year 1690, where richly dressed sharpers elbowed as costly attired princes and deputies, and where few got so drunk as the German legates, and none were so sober as the Dutch members, the state held by the then Earl of Devonshire, who was in attendance on the King, equalled that of a monarch, and excited admiration, criticism, and envy. Then, he was as brave of heart as he was splendid in his tastes—brave as the Sovereign was, to whom he fulfilled the office of steward of his household. The two were together in the little shallop which bore Cæsar and his fortunes, in that famous storm off the Dutch coast, which threatened to destroy both Cæsar and

his steward, but in presence of which both sat unawed, with the cheerful tranquillity of true courage.

Haughty and irritable, his indiscreet sarcasms on the conduct of William's Government occasionally exposed him to censure and even to peril ; but the King had full confidence in his loyalty, and this confidence was never abused. At the consecration of Tillotson to the Archbishopric of Canterbury—to attend which Queen Mary's Drawing-room was deserted—there was no more prominent figure than Devonshire, who was anxious to mark his respect for a man whose appointment had given so much umbrage to the ultra-Tories. When Queen Anne ascended the throne, and soon after manifested the strength of her Tory inclinations, she nevertheless left the Duke undisturbed in his places ; but he, on his side, made no sacrifice of his principles. The Bill against occasional conformity had passed the House of Commons, supported, as it was, by the Tory party ; but it was a Bill which in reality abolished all religious freedom ; and the Duke of Devonshire opposed it with such vigour in the House of Lords, that the disgraceful measure there miscarried. The Duke was equally active and successful in defending the civil liberty of individuals as of the community generally ; and he was one of the famous 61 against 30, who, after the long and hot debate touching the peril which was supposed to menace the Church, carried a resolution to the effect that the Church of England, under God's blessing, was in a safe and flourishing condition, and that whoever went about insinuating that the Church was in danger under Her Majesty, was an enemy to that Sovereign Lady, the Church, and the Kingdom.



F D E N S O R .

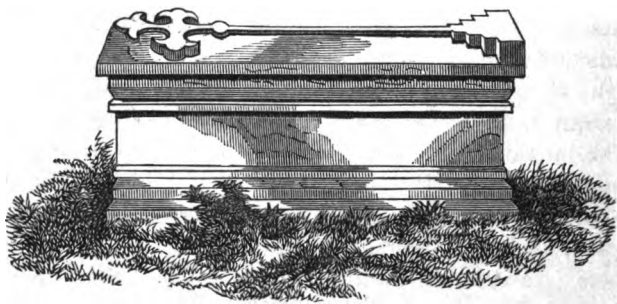


FDENSOR has been well called a model village, a kind of sanitary Eden, arranged and maintained with every regard to comfort and regularity. At the same time it is exceedingly pretty and picturesque, but has a thoroughly modernized appearance from the construction of its dwellings, which were for the most part erected, at the cost of the late Duke, in the villa fashion, after the various styles of the Anglo-Italian, Swiss, and Gothic architecture, with small gardens attached. The Church, which was an ancient and noble structure, occupying an elevated site, and screened by a belt of noble trees, has recently been rebuilt by the present Duke, under the direction of Gilbert Scott, R.A. The interior contains several memorials of the Cavendish family; among others in the chancel is a costly alabaster monument, profusely sculptured, to the memory of the first Earl of Devonshire, who died in 1625. In the church there is a monumental brass, with a long Latin inscription to the memory of John Beton, a confidential servant of Mary, Queen of Scots, who died at the age of 32, A.D. 1570, at Chatsworth, the year in which the Queen

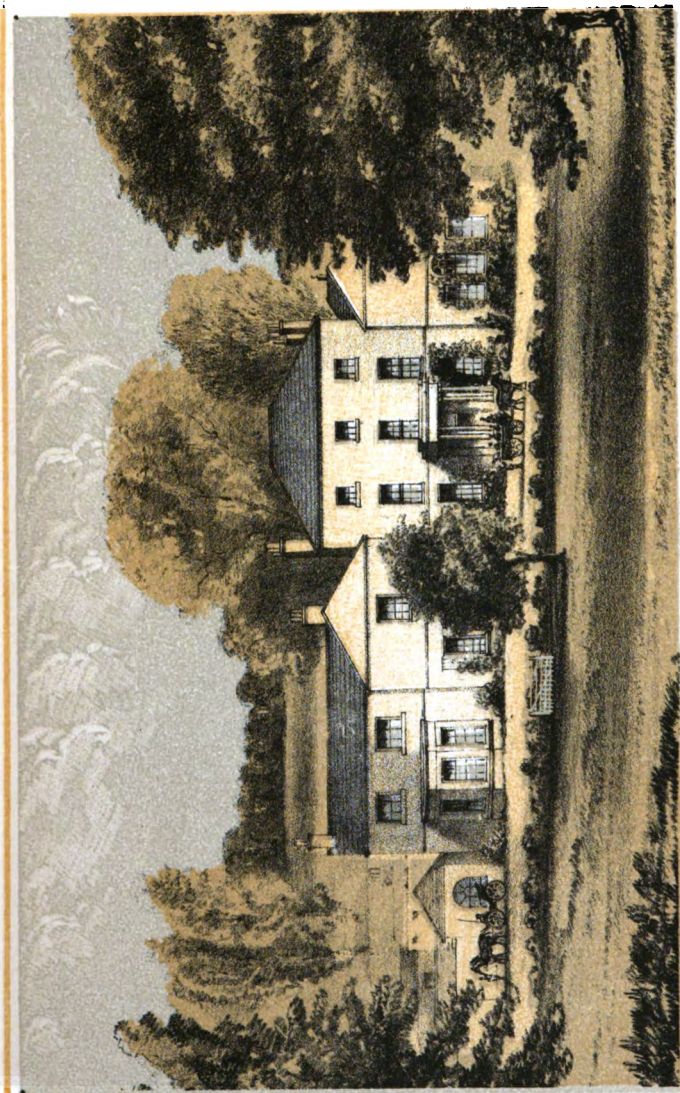
was first brought to her lordly prison there. Beton is noted in history as having been one of the chief agents in securing the escape of his Royal mistress from the castle of Lochleven. In the churchyard stands the plain and uninscribed tomb which covers the mortal remains of the late Duke of Devonshire, the "Prince of the Peak," who died in January, 1858, and was buried in a grave there at his own special request.

The CHATSWORTH HOTEL, near the Swiss Lodge, is a spacious and superior establishment, under excellent management, and offering most convenient and satisfactory accommodation for parties visiting this celebrated district of Derbyshire. Conveyances of all kinds are obtainable here, and omnibuses run to and from Rowsley and Hassop Stations for every train.

Visitors proceeding from Edensor to Bakewell pass through the village, taking the route that leads by Pilsley, Handley Bank, and Birchhill. It is a charming drive of four miles.



TOMB OF THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



CHATSWORTH HOTEL, EDENSOR.

EXCURSIONS FROM BAKEWELL.



BAKEWELL CROSS.

IN the midst of scenery of the most charming description and varied character, the sparkling Lathkil, about a mile and a half south-west of Bakewell, runs through a lovely dale from Conksbury Bridge to One-ash, forming one of the most beautiful and picturesque districts in Derbyshire. The delightful walk may be continued from Conksbury to Alport through the romantic glades of the vale of the Bradford, whose waters, uniting with the silvery streams of the Lathkil, become merged in the river Wye about two miles further on, at Fillyford Bridge, midway between Rowsley and Haddon Hall. In exploring the beauties of LATHKIL DALE, the visitor may conveniently and advantageously follow its course from Alport to One-ash; where in ancient times stood a grange which was attached to Roche Abbey as one of its possessions, returning by the roadway over Middleton Moor to Youlgreave. BRADFORD DALE, which lies beneath Youlgreave, whose houses are built on the summit and slope of the hill, may be entered at Alport and followed to Middleton, returning by the Dale through the village and past Lomberdale House

back to Youlgreave. Lomberdale was the residence of the late eminent antiquary, Mr. Thomas Bateman, author of "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic Grave-mounds," and other archaeological works of high repute ; he was also the collector of a most remarkable and extensive library and museum of ancient relics and curiosities. ARBOR LOW, a celebrated Druidical circle, next in interest and importance to Stonehenge, is about four miles from Youlgreave ; the whole district of which is full of antiquarian remains and historic associations.

MIDDLETON-BY-YOULGREAVE is a pleasant beautifully wooded village, forming a cheering contrast to the rugged aspects of the country in its vicinity. The Hall is a good substantial edifice with extensive grounds, and near the road is the site of an old castle, formerly in the occupation of the Fulwoods, one of whom was shot in an adjacent rock by some Parliamentary soldiers under Sir John Gell during the Cromwellian civil wars. The manor, which has passed through many hands, was purchased of Lord Howe by Mr. Bateman, in whose family it now remains.

YOULGREAVE, five miles distant from Bakewell and from Rowsley, is a large mining village of the Peak, planted in the midst of a naturally grand and interesting district. At the Domesday survey it was a Royal manor, and has descended in the mutations of time to the Duke of Rutland. It has a spacious and noble Church with a massive battlemented tower, and the interior contains many vestiges of Norman antiquities and family monuments of distant dates.

From Bakewell, convenient and charming excursions may likewise be made through ASHFORD, in a north-westerly direction, to MONSAL DALE, the lovely "Arcadia of Derbyshire," which is three miles distant. The country about

Ashford is exceedingly picturesque. Ashford Hall delightfully situated on the right, with its pretty park, its green lawns, its gay parterres, its verdant woods, and shining lakes, naturally commands attention as the seat of Lord George H. Cavendish, M.P. The village is a quiet old-fashioned place of rural simplicity, with a clean well-to-do sort of look about it, which, with its trim little cottages, prepossesses the stranger in its favour. There is a good Inn, the "Devonshire Arms," very popular in the old coaching days, and by no means neglected now. The Church is a venerable rather than a notable structure, standing amidst the shadows of yew-trees as old probably as the house of prayer which they screen. There are no monuments of interest; but on the south wall near the entrance is a semi-circular slab, on which are rudely sculptured the figures of a wild boar and a wolf crouching under a tree, beneath which is a tablet with the text, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."—*Psalm lxxx. 13.* Valuable quarries of marble abound at Ashford, and afford employment to the inhabitants. Its black marble, procured from an excavated mine in the hill near the works, is especially famous for its lustre and colour, and is said to be equal to any similar produce of foreign countries. From Ashford the tourist proceeds to the Headstones, a solitary house at the head of the dale; of which Mr. Rhodes in his *Peak Scenery* observes:—"Monsal Dale has been so often and, in some instances, so well described, that nothing new can be said upon it. The lofty hills by which it is surrounded, the beautiful meadows reposing within their deep recess, the busy sparkling stream that wanders through them—now gliding smoothly, though rapidly, along—now rushing and foaming and eddying into circles, as it passes by some projecting knoll, or bounds over its rugged bed;

these, the leading features of the dale, have always had the same character, possessed the same beauty, and produced on all who have beheld this beautiful scene the same delightful sensations." The rocks on the south side are a fine object, standing like the ruins of an ancient castle on the brow of the mountain.

Leaving the busy mills of Messrs. M'Connell on the left, where the Cressbrook forms a junction with the river Wye, the tourist ascends the steep acivity, when a scene presents itself which has no parallel in this part of Derbyshire. It has been styled Dove Dale in miniature. The scene is one of singular grandeur. Looking up the dale from the jutting eminence in front, to the left hand is a perpendicular rock crowned with light foliage ; on the right is an immense crescent hill, turreted with rugged crags that appear to rise out of the vast fragments of stone which form their base ; far below the waterfall is seen through the trees that overhang its banks. The clothing of some of the rocks gives them a peculiar character ; they are covered with ivy, the stems of which form a beautiful interlaced trellis-work, from these the lighter branches hang. Through this entwined texture the rock occasionally protrudes, and on its jutting cliffs the wild rose and the heath-bell bloom and the fern and foxglove grow.

Another excursion of interest may be made from Bakewell to MIDDLETON DALE, which is five miles distant. The road passes Hassop (where there is now a railway station), lately the seat of the Earls of Newburgh, and affords fine views of Froggat Edge and Curbor Rocks. The houses in Middleton—STONEY MIDDLETON it is called—have a picturesque effect when seen from a distance ; it is a large mining and agricultural village in the High Peak. The manor belonged to the Chaworths, under whom it was held by Bernake, who

sold it to Furnival, from whom it passed to the Cavendishes. The Church is a singular octagonal building, and contains some old memorials. The Hall, which is a picturesque building near the Church, is the seat of Lord Denman, son of the first lord, who was formerly Chief Justice of England, and was raised to the peerage in 1834; he first obtained eminence at the bar as Solicitor-General for Queen Caroline, on her trial in the reign of George the Fourth; he practised on the Midland Circuit, and was elected M.P. for Nottingham, during his representation of which town he was appointed Attorney-General for England, and was afterwards promoted to the high position of Lord Chief Justice, with the dignity of a peerage as Baron Denman.

There are Baths near the Church, said to be of Roman origin, possessing many of the properties which belong to tepid springs, and pleasantly situated, with all requisite accommodations for bathers. The appearance of the village, with its picturesque toll-gate and water-mill, and its tiers of cottages, is remarkably pleasing; the road through it leads to MIDDLETON DALE, which for gloomy grandeur is inferior to few of the Derbyshire valleys. Its majestic rocks on the north are of a peculiar form, having the appearance of towers and buttresses, so regular in shape as to look like a range of natural ramparts for the protection of the dwellers beneath their shadow. Towering aloft at the entrance of the Dale is a high perpendicular rock called the "Lover's Leap," from which, in 1760, a love-stricken maiden, named Baddeley, threw herself in a fit of desperation, but sustaining no fatal injury, as her fall was broken by some jutting trees in the crevices of the cliffs, and she lived two years after the rash occurrence. The best view of this really sublime and stupendous rock scenery is obtained from the base of the rising ground on the left side of the dale, near the smelting

mill. A short distance hence is a deep cavern called "The Wonder," which furnishes beautiful crystallizations. Passing up the Dale, the road diverges through a chasm on the right to the village of EYAM, which is a notable place of rural beauty and historical interest.

E Y A M .

MANY associations of ancient and modern story cling round the local annals of this pleasant village, which is distant seven miles from Bakewell, twelve from Sheffield (its post town), and eleven from Buxton; but the most melancholy narrative is that which gives it a national celebrity as the scene of a dreadful desolation in 1666, when it was almost depopulated by the ravages of the plague; under which deadly visitation its pious Rector exhibited christian heroism of the most self-denying character, and literally stood between the dead and the living till the plague was stayed.

Towards the end of the year 1664, that frightful disease, the plague, broke out in London; from the metropolis it gradually extended to different parts of the country, and in the month of September, 1665, the fatal distemper was communicated to the village of Eyam, having been transmitted there, according to Dr. Mead, in his narrative of the "Great Plague," in a box containing clothes and tailors' patterns sent from London. It was opened by a man named Vicars, who on observing that the contents were damp held some to the fire; while thus engaged the infection seized him, violent sickness and a swollen body were the premonitory symptoms of the malady, on the third day that fatal token, the plague spot, appeared upon his breast, the

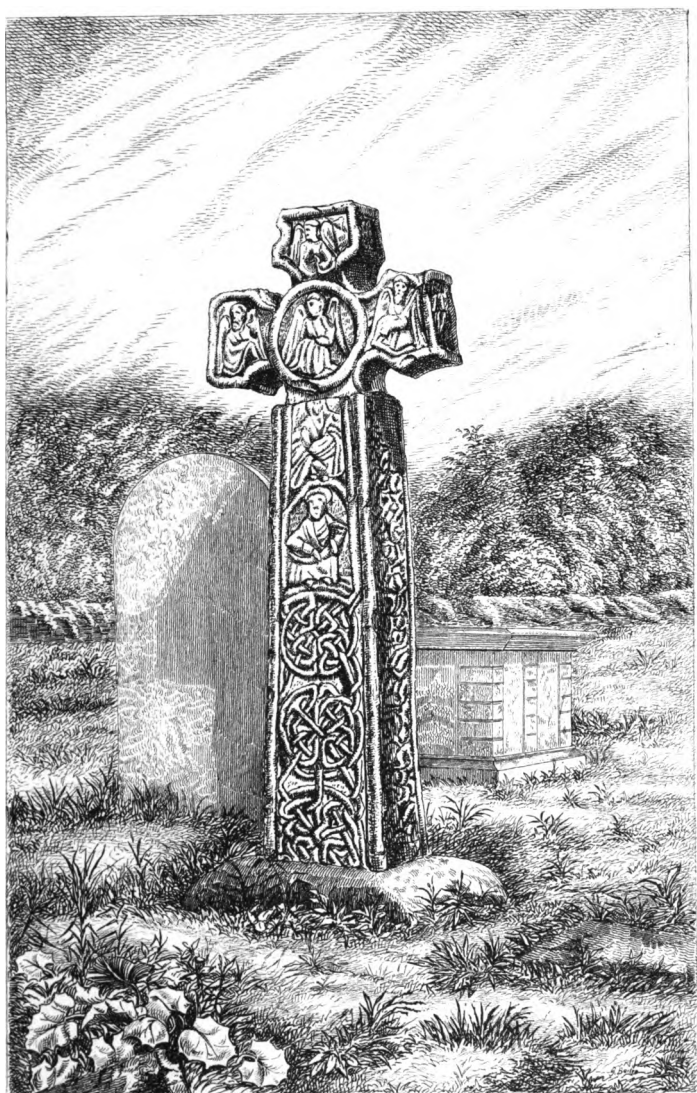
next evening he died ; and thus commenced "that mighty woe," which stopped not in its destroying course till, out of a population of 350, 260 fell victims to the pestilence. The disease spread rapidly ; almost every house was made desolate by the contagion ; short indeed was the space between health and sickness ; immediate the transition from the death-beds to the graves ; where, in the Church-yard, on the neighbouring hills, and in the fields, the bodies of the sufferers were hurriedly laid with alarmed haste to check, if possible, the extending contamination. The same roof, in many instances, sheltered the dying and the dead ; and among the sad memorials of mortality are stones which tell of an overwhelming domestic affliction, wherein, during a period of eight days, seven members of one family, Hancock of Riley House, were swept away in the full vigour of life. During this awful season of desolation and death, the Rev. William Mompesson, the Rector of Eyam, abode with his people to minister to the sick, to console the dying, and to alleviate the agonies and fears of the living by holy words of comfort, and by practical efforts to prevent the spread of the malady. To his forethought and courage indeed was it owing, under Providence, that the seeds of death were not carried by the affrighted villagers into the surrounding country. The affectionate wife of the faithful Pastor, after sending away their two children to a temporary home of safety, resolved to abide with her husband in his time of trial and danger, that she might be a "help-meet" for him in the painful duties of his ministrations. The Christian resolution and devotion of the worthy Rector animated the hopes of his parishioners, and induced the ready adoption of all the salutary regulations he recommended.

With the concurrence and support of the Earl of Devonshire, who remained at Chatsworth during the period of the

plague to assist Mr. Mompesson in his benevolent efforts, arrangements were made for supplies of food and other necessaries, to be deposited at certain indicated places whence they might be fetched by the inhabitants of the stricken village, who pledged themselves not to transgress the boundary; and thus while they were cut off from personal communication with the people of the adjacent districts lest the contagion should be extended, the means of sustenance were secured. Troughs and reservoirs of water were placed to receive and purify the money deposited therein, in exchange for the food and commodities; a small stream which supplied these reservoirs, and an adjacent cavity of stone, still bearing the honoured appellation of Mompesson's Brook and Well. Winter passed in sorrow and sadness, and summer renewed the virulence of the disease. It was a time when more than ever the consolations of the gospel were needed; but fearing that the assemblage of a crowded congregation, under a confined roof, would stimulate the progress of the infection, the good Rector closed the church, and collecting the scattered remnants of his decimated parish in the Delf—a narrow romantic dell leading from Middleton Dale into Eyam—he there, under the projecting archway of a rock on a steep acclivity, twice on each Sunday, and thrice in the week, celebrated the services of the Church, and addressed to his people affectionate exhortations to patience and resignation under their afflictions; and no doubt taking occasion from the suggestive accessories of the scene, to lead them for comfort to that compassionate Saviour Who is a refuge from the storm, and as “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” The place is still venerated by the inhabitants under the name of the Cucklet Church and the Pulpit Rock. It is a place of touching and hallowed recollections; a deep secluded

dell, green with mossy verdure, where wild flowers grow, and pendant trees overhang their shadows, and all nature in its lovely serenity seems to keep an eternal sabbath. At the head of the dell is a narrow chasm called the "Salt Pan Rock," whence issues a small crystalline stream that trickles along the valley, and makes music to the melody of the fields and woods—a sequestered spot of great interest and beauty, whence access to the village may be had. In this sacred retreat did the good pastor continue his ministrations, dispensing the word and bread of life throughout the summer of 1666, in the August of which his devoted wife was stricken by the pestilence, and fell a martyr to her holy self-denial. His anguish under the desolation of his own hearth was most poignant; and the letters in which he announced the death of his wife to his children and his friends, are most simple and affecting outpourings of a bereaved heart. August of that year appears to have been the most fatal month; the number who then died of the plague being seventy-eight—about one-third of the entire population. From that time it began to abate, and in the month of October it ceased. In a letter of November 20, 1666, Mr. Mompesson writes to John Beilby, Esq., "My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the infection since the 11th of October, and all the pest-houses have been long empty." Shortly after this crushing calamity Mr. Mompesson, whose self-devotion naturally attracted public recognition, was presented to the Rectory of Eakring, in Nottinghamshire; but such was the terror of the inhabitants respecting the plague at Eyam, that they dreaded his residence among them, and a hut was erected for him in Rufford Park, where he remained till their fears had sub-

sided. He afterwards became a Prebendary of York and Southwell, and was offered the Deanery of Lincoln, which he declined in favour of Dr. Fuller, author of "British Worthies." He died in the year 1708; and of him it has been well recorded, that a fervent piety, a humble resignation, a spirit that under circumstances peculiarly affecting could sincerely say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," a manly fortitude, and a friendly generosity of heart, were blended together in the character of Mompesson. During the plague the benevolent labours of the Rector of Eyam were kindly assisted by the Rev. Thomas Stanley, a Nonconformist minister then resident there; and the village sexton, who lost some of his own family, but was not himself a sufferer. With minds solemnized by the recollection of the desolation of Eyam, it is not inappropriate that our thoughts and footsteps should wander to the Church, an ancient structure which has been from time to time altered and repaired, without any attempt at uniformity of outline or fitness of architecture. Some portions of it may date back to the time of Henry II., and the interior contains several interesting antiquities, the remains of a stone altar, a stone font, a piscina, some curious bosses, fragments of mural tablets and brasses, old stained glass, and a good window of the decorated style. Its pinnacled tower, rising to the height of sixty feet amidst a range of venerable elms, was rebuilt about the year 1600 by a maiden lady, named Stafford, who also gave a good peal of bells. Over the south doorway, which is the principal entrance, is a complex sundial of singular construction. On the south side of the churchyard, near the chancel entrance, is an ancient RUNIC CROSS of early Saxon origin, and therefore about a thousand years old; it is curiously carved with interlaced knots in the front and back; on the arms there are figures of angels



BEARDS & SONS LONDON & DERBY

THE CROSS. EYAM.

with trumpets and various symbolic devices ; and in the centre is a representation of the holy Virgin and Child. This ancient relic of early Christianity has suffered from time and neglect ; it was originally ten feet in length, but about two feet of the upper portion of the shaft has been broken off and destroyed. It bears a strong resemblance to a similar cross at Bakewell, but is superior to it in form and sculpture. It is said to have been found on one of the neighbouring moors, at a crossing of the Manchester and Sheffield old road, whence it was removed to the churchyard, where it lay overgrown with weeds, till discovered in that neglected state by the philanthropist John Howard, on a visit to Eyam for the purpose of examining the records of the plague, when on his suggestion it was set up where it now stands, and the upper part of the Cross replaced upon the imperfect shaft. Near this ancient Cross is the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, wife of the rector of Eyam, whose virtues and death we have before noticed. On one end is sculptured a winged hour-glass and the words *Cavele, nescitis horam* ; and on the other, a death's head with the inscription, *Mors mihi lucrum*. On the slab is inscribed—

CATHERINA VXOR
 GVLIELMI MOMPESON
 HVJVS ECCLESIAE RECTS.
 FILIA RADVLPHI CARR
 NVPER DE COCKEN IN
 COMITATV DVNELMENSIS
 ARMIJERI
 SEPVLTA VICFESSIMO
 QVINTO DIE MENSIS AVGTI.
 ANNO DNI. 1666.

Like the churchyard on which Gray wrote the famous elegy, where

“Many a holy text is strew’d around,
To teach the rustic moralist to die,”

the resting-place of the dead at Eyam is unusually rich in that peculiar literature of epitaphs, in which many persons take a melancholy pleasure; several of which are attributed to the pen of the Rev. P. Cunningham, a clergyman of much poetic taste, who was for many years curate there. Scarcely a field in the vicinity of Eyam is without its grave, dug for the reception of some victim of the plague. The Riley Stones are about a quarter of a mile to the east of the village; they mark the burial-place of the Hancock family, to whose melancholy deaths we have before referred, and are situated in a cultivated field, surrounded by a low stone fence. There are six headstones and one square tomb; on the sides of the latter, to the memory of the father, are the words—

HORAM NESCITIS, ORATE, VIGILATE,
and on the top the inscription—

HERE LIES BURIED THE BODY OF
JOHN HANCOCKE, GENT.,
WHO DIED AUG. 7, 1666.

Remember man, as thou go’st by,
As thou art now, ev’n so was I;
As I lie now, so must thou lye;
Remember, man, that thou shalt die.

The headstones denoting the graves of the children simply bear their names and dates of burial, thus :—

John Hancock, jun., bur. Aug. 2, 1666.
Mary Hancock, bur. Aug. 3, 1666.
Oner Hancock, bur. Aug. 7, 1666.

William Hancocke, bur. Aug. 7, 1666.

Alice Hancocke, bur. Aug. 9, 1666.

Ann Hancocke, bur. Aug. 10, 1666.

Eyam is an ancient settlement; its manor was a parcel of the demesne of the crown, granted by Henry I. with his other manors in the Peak to William Peveril. It is now vested in Lord George Henry Cavendish. The Staffords, an ancient family, had an estate here in the reign of Henry III.; the last heir male died in the reign of Henry VIII., leaving four daughters severally married to Savage, Eyre, Morewood, and Bradshaw, between whom the estate was divided. Many very curious and interesting remains of Celtic and Roman antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood, which is also celebrated for its numerous barrows, wherein many singular relics, illustrative of the domestic and martial customs of the ancient Britons, have been discovered. At Wet-withers, on Eyam Moor, there is an extensive Druidical circle. Roman coins and fragments of lead are occasionally found; and the whole district bears traces of early occupation by the legions of Julius Cæsar. Many ancient customs too, which have long been discontinued in other parts of England, pass lingeringly away from Eyam, where they still leave visible traces among a primitive people, who cling to the vestiges and practices of almost forgotten generations. An old mansion which belonged to the family of President Bradshaw, of regicidal memory, still stands under the name of "Bradshaw Hall."

Nor is Eyam without its modern celebrity; as it has been styled "The Athens of the Peak," in consequence of its having been the birth-place and abode of genius. Among its more popular *literati* may be mentioned the Rev. Thomas Seward, who succeeded Mr. Bruce in the

rectory of Eyam, and was the author of several poems in Dodsley's Collection, the editor of Plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, and the author of a Treatise on Conformity between the Pagan and Roman Churches. His daughter, Anna Seward, whose works have secured a national reputation, was born at Eyam in 1742, and was the writer of many admirable poems and letters, which were published after her death in 1809, under the personal editorship of the late Sir Walter Scott, her literary executor. The Rev. Peter Cunningham, who held the curacy under Mr. Seward, and afterwards became rector, on the preferment of that gentleman to a canonry in Lichfield Cathedral, was an author of great ability and taste; he wrote during his residence at Eyam, "Chatsworth," "Russian Prophecy," and "Naval Triumphs." Newton, the "Peak Minstrel," also resided at Eyam. Richard Furness, a self-educated native of Eyam, was a man of literary genius and power. His most notable works were the "Rag Bag," a satire; the "Astrologer," and other poems, which were published in a collected form after his death, under the editorship of Dr. G. Calvert Holland, of Sheffield. The late Mr. William Wood, who resided at Eyam, published an excellent history of the place, and other interesting works, illustrative of Derbyshire customs and traditions. Nor must we here omit to notice, that the subject of one of the early poems of those justly esteemed writers, William and Mary Howitt, was "The Desolation of Eyam." It is a graceful and touching record of that fearful pestilence; the village, its holy pastor, and his martyr-wife, being thus graphically noted:

" Among the verdant mountains of the Peak,
There lies a quiet hamlet, where the slope
Of pleasant uplands wards the north winds bleak;

Below, wild dells romantic pathways ope ;
Around, above it, spreads a shadowy cope
Of forest trees ; flowers, foliage, and clear rill
Wave from the cliffs, or down ravines elope.
It seems a place charmed from the power of ill,
By sainted words of old—so lovely, lone, and still.

“ And many are the pilgrim feet which tread
Its rocky steeps ; which thither yearly go ;
Yet, less by love of Nature’s wonders led,
Than by the memory of a mighty woe,
Which smote, like blasting thunder, long ago,
The peopled hills. There stands a sacred tomb—
Where tears have rained, nor yet shall cease to flow—
Recording days of death’s sublimest gloom,
Mompesson’s power and pain—his beauteous Catherine’s doom.”

Before leaving this interesting spot, we may beguile the leisure of our readers, by a recital of the legend of “The Maid of Derwent.”

In the early part of the sixteenth century, there dwelt at Eyam Humphrey Stafford, the last male heir of the Staffords, a family who had inherited extensive possessions there, from the time of King John. The Hall stood on the north-west verge of the village, and was erected in the reign of Henry VI. Spacious, massive, and grand in its architecture of the period, only a few traces now remain. The Church was near. The tenure on which the lands were held, was the obligation of keeping a lamp perpetually burning on the altar of St. Helen, in the parish church of Eyam, and that “the lamp shall be superintended by the actual male possessor, or, in default of male issue, by female issue during her life, on condition of her utterly abstaining from entering into a marriage state or marriage contract. The lands to pass from the family at her death or marriage.” After the death of Humphrey Stafford, his

eldest daughter Margaret performed that duty for a long period, which was embittered by many trials. The father died suddenly, while the daughter was taking her evening walk; the daughter (two years after, in the reign of Henry VIII.) was accused of treason, on account of a letter written to Babington (executed for high treason in 1586), respecting Mary Queen of Scots, whom, in company with her father, she had visited, when in captivity at Chatsworth. She found refuge in secluded caves in the hills, the "Salt Pan" rock, and ventured out at midnight to keep the lamp burning. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, she returned to the mansion, the shadow of her former self; particulars of her case were made known to King James, by the successor of that Earl of Shrewsbury who was Queen Mary's keeper, and the terms of the tenure annulled; the lands to be afterwards inherited in fee-simple by the co-heiresses of Humphrey and their heirs for ever. The careworn maiden spent the remainder of her days in religious exercises; re-built the church tower and gave the bells; died, and was buried near her father, in the north aisle of the church. The lamp of St. Helen, and an ornamental Runic stone on which it stood on the altar for centuries, were placed at the foot of her coffin, but have since been taken up, and are now fixed in the wall beneath the east window of the northern aisle. She was the Madame Stafford whom we have before mentioned in noticing the Church.

From Eyam an excursion may be conveniently made to Hathersage, a place of great interest about six miles further on; but as we purpose to take it in another route, we return by a picturesque road where the landscape never tires the view, to our starting-point at Bakewell. Before resuming our trip by the railway, it will be right to apprise the tourist

that the drive from **BAKEWELL** to **BUXTON** by the ordinary coach-road, is remarkably grand and beautiful. It passes through the pleasant village of **Ashford**, then follows the meandering course of the river, between the verdant meads on the one hand, and rugged rocks on the other, amidst scenes of secluded loveliness and stern grandeur, in which the wood-clad eminence appears in front, and the gigantic form of **Great Finn** towers aloft on the right ; the openings between the hills revealing glimpses of the entrance to **Mon-sal Dale**. Then the road, diverging from the river, winds through a glorious dale, where the view is diversified by rocks and crags in every form of picturesqueness, adorned with ivy in verdant trellises, decked with richly coloured lichens, and clothed with foliage, among which hazels and thorns and wild roses and trailing honeysuckles are scattered in endless profusion. For two miles the road gradually ascends, till a halt is made for change of horses or refreshment at the cold stony-looking village of **TADDINGTON**, where its fine old Gothic Church standing apart from the way-side in the midst of a field, calls up the recollection of many an historic event and local tradition. Higher and higher beyond the village the road still toils up, and commands a vast extent of country, bounded by rugged hills and barren moorlands, then it runs along the edge and down the grandly precipitous side of **Topley Pike**, whence starting views into the deep chasms of **Chee Dale** below vary the scene ; till at the foot of the hill, the course of the rippling river is again rejoined, and a charming drive of three miles further along its banks takes us to **Buxton**.

THE ROWTOR ROCKS.

BEFORE leaving the locality of Bakewell or Rowsley, the attention of the tourist may be directed to the peculiar contrast which an excursion to the celebrated ROWTOR ROCKS presents, as compared with the scenery we have lately been considering. These remarkable rocks are about five miles south-west of Bakewell, and three miles west of Rowsley.

Mr. Croston, in his "Pedestrian Tour through the Peak," gives the following graphic description of this romantic district.

"Having reached the Red Lion in Birchover, we walked through the village, at the lower end of which, on the right side of the road, are the celebrated Rowtor Rocks, of vast shape and size, piled one above another in the most confused manner—some standing upright, some lying horizontally, whilst others again lean in every degree of obliquity, and sometimes so slightly connected that you imagine every moment they may become detached from the parent heap and topple down, bringing the whole superincumbent pile, like an avalanche, with them. The several openings in this rocky promontory are covered with turf, and overgrown with heath and ling, whilst every crevice presents to the eye quite a forest of ferns; the whole displaying a curious and picturesque combination of form and colour.

"At the foot of the rocks is a little public-house, bearing the significant name of 'The Druid,' where resides the guide who usually accompanies visitors over the pile. We tapped at the door, but nobody answered, nor, on looking through the window, could we see anyone about the house, so that we had no alternative but to trust to our own guidance.

“Passing through the pretty flower-garden at the end of the house, we came to an ascending path, leading to a narrow tunnel-like passage that winds between broken rocks, along which we had to walk in a stooping posture, until we reached an open platform on the north side, covered over with green herbage. Here we found a succession of gritstone blocks, of the most wild and grotesque forms, that extend from east to west, along the middle of the hill. In some of the rocks, chambers or caves have been excavated, apparently within a recent period; the largest of them, which is about sixteen feet in length, has received the appellation of ‘The Echo,’ from the singular reverbration of sound that is heard within. Picking our way through the narrow intricacies—not without a feeling akin to terror, it must be confessed, for we could hardly believe that stones so carelessly put together as these are could be very secure—we came next to an opening where a few steps have been formed, by which we ascended to a second platform. Here another range of rocks raise their unwieldy forms to a considerable elevation; resting on the top of them again are several blocks of irregular shape and somewhat less magnitude, and in the centre of this last group a stone pillar has been set up, from the top of which rises an iron rod that formerly supported a weather-cock, now destroyed.

Near the eastern end is a large block, twelve feet in height and about thirty feet in circumference, and supposed to weigh about fifty tons, which Pilkington describes as being so equally poised upon one end, that a child might easily give it a vibratory motion. The stone is now immoveable, having been forced from its equilibrium by the mischievous efforts of a number of young men, who assembled for the purpose on Whit-Sunday, 1799. There

are several other stones which still retain their power of motion. (There is a solitary stone on the north side which is easily rocked.)

“On the north side, and near the western end of the upper pile, are three rudely-fashioned chairs, that have been cut out of the solid rock ; these were made about a century ago, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Eyre, who then resided at Rowtor Hall, near the foot of the rocks.

“The grey colour of this romantic pile agreeably harmonizes with the mosses and lichens which chequer the steep and rugged sides, and fringe the ledges of the projecting rocks, blending their unobtrusive hues with the deeper colouring of the oak, and ash, and other hardy trees, that grow in luxurious profusion around.

“The name Rowtor, or Roo-tor, the more correct designation, is derived from the words *roo*, to move, or rock backwards and forwards, and *tor*, which signifies a hill or rock—an expression of frequent occurrence in this part of the kingdom. Some writers have affirmed that the place was a resort of the Druids, and that these immense blocks were raised to their present position by their exertions, the several rocking-stones having been objects of idolatrous worship. That some of the blocks have been added to the original mass is not improbable, but that the entire pile is the work of human ingenuity is hardly credible ; the general appearance leads to the supposition that it is the work of nature, and has been occasioned by the subsiding of the surrounding strata ; whilst, as regards the rocking stones, which have been so classed among Druidical remains, it is now pretty generally admitted by geologists and antiquaries, that many of the so-called Logan or rocking-stones are not works of art, but the result of natural causes ; in other words, that the constant action of

the weather through countless ages, has worn away the softer parts of the sandstone, leaving the more solid portions in their present form. Rocking-stones, it may be remarked, with the rock-basins which frequently accompany them, are almost invariably found in the sandstone formations, a material which, from its soft and inadhesive quality, being purely a mechanical deposit, is peculiarly liable to be frittered away by the action of the elements ; so that at times it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine what is of natural and what of artificial formation.

“ Nearly opposite the Rowtor Rocks we noticed an old Gothic stone building (Rowtor Hall), with high, peaked gables, which, in earlier days, must have been a residence of some pretensions, though now exhibiting only a discordant mass of materials, overgrown with grass and weeds ; the roofs have been removed, the stone mullions of the windows broken, the chimneys destroyed, and docks, nettles, and briars flourish abundantly among the heaps of rubbish that encumber the floors of the ruined and deserted tenement. From Birchover, a few minutes’ walk across the fields brought us to the foot of Bradley Rocks, a ridge of gritstone that rises abruptly from the plain to a considerable altitude. On the top is one of those singular monuments, believed to be

“ The work of Druid hands of old ”—

a Rocking-stone, which, from its appearance, has much stronger claims to be considered a work of art, than those already noticed as existing at Rowtor. It is a vast block of sandstone, of irregular shape, about thirty feet in diameter, and supposed to weigh fifty or sixty tons. The under side is somewhat convex in form, and rests upon the edge of two horizontal blocks. In appearance it bears a striking resemblance to that singular insulated pile of

rock near Constantine, in Cornwall, known as the Tolmen, and which Dr. Borlace, in his 'Antiquities,' conjectures to have been a rock-idol.

"The view that met the gaze was one of charming and romantic beauty, such as the memory recalls with pleasure. Before us spread a wide and open valley, agreeably diversified with woods, pastures, and signs of fruitful culture, that extended northwards until it became united with the lovely vale of Haddon, the further distance being bounded by a long chain of hills, that rose one above another until their shadowy forms seemed to melt away upon the horizon. Eastwards, the view was limited by a high ridge of limestone, clothed with plantations of larch and fir, that stretched away in the direction of Stanton and Rowsley, and against which the dark and gloomy pile of Birchover stood out in bold relief. Bradley Rocks were within a few yards of us, and, as we looked across the valley, the eye took in that singular heap of stones denominated Granded Tor, and Cratcliff Rock contiguous thereto, the three forming a group of rock scenery which, for interest and singularity of aspect, can hardly be equalled within the same limits in the kingdom.

"On resuming our walk we quitted the beaten track, and struck across the open fields. On nearing the valley, we came to the turnpike road that leads from Bakewell to Winster; crossing this, we descended to a brook that runs within a few feet of the roadway, but which is nearly hidden from view by the profusion of brambles and brushwood that grow along its brink. The scenery here is of the wildest character, the entire slope of the hill being strewn with enormous blocks of gritstone, that lie scattered about in the most confused manner. The general barrenness is in some degree relieved by a few dwarf oaks, with

here and there a stunted birch or ash, that have taken root, and contrive to obtain sustenance from the rocky soil. Altogether, the scene, from its rugged, almost savage aspect, is one such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted in.

“Picking our way between the shattered and weather-beaten masses, sometimes up to the knees in gorse, heath, and fern, we came at length to the foot of Cratcliff Tor, a huge mass of solid rock, that rears its bold and naked front almost perpendicularly to a prodigious height, towering above the valley in awe and majesty. In some places the face of the rock presents a singular appearance, from the regular way in which the surface has been furrowed by the corroding hand of time. At the foot, a rude archway admits to a cave or recess, which is said to have been excavated by some anchorite, who made it his abode. On the right hand, as you enter, is a crucifix about four feet in height, sculptured in bas-relief, on which is a figure of the Saviour; the features of the effigy are defaced, and the legs are broken below the knees, but in other respects it is but little injured. By the side is a niche, intended, probably, to receive a lamp, and near to it is a seat which has been hewn out of the rock. The entrance is protected by a low stone wall, with a yew tree flanking each side.

“Of the origin or purpose of this lonely cell nothing is known, nor is there any tradition extant to throw the halo of romance around it; it is generally believed, however, to have been the abode of a hermit or a place of pilgrimage. Perhaps some gloomy recluse, with mistaken zeal, may have made it his retreat; or perhaps some good and holy man, following the example of the pious St. Kevin, has sought its wild and rocky seclusion, to escape the wiles and bewitching glances of his fair Kathleen.

“Almost within a stone's-throw of Cratcliff Tor is a

curious heap of rocks, tumbled confusedly together by the hand of nature in one mighty pile. The proper name of these rocks is Graned Tor, but from some unknown circumstance they have acquired the name of Robin Hood's Stride. Seen from the vale, this pile has a very singular aspect: at each extremity are huge stones standing upright, eighteen feet high, and about sixty-six feet asunder in a direct line; these stones, in the distance, resemble towers or chimneys, from which circumstance it is sometimes called Mock Beggar Hall. The base of the rocks is strewn with detached masses, that appear at some time or other to have fallen from above. In one of them is a hollow cavity of oval form, four feet in length, and two feet ten inches wide, which Major Rooke represents as having been a rock-basin. Small trees and ivy grow from the fissures overhead, and dwarf oaks and hazel bushes on the ledge, whilst the space between the dislocated fragments is covered with short thick herbage, on which a few sheep are fed and fattened.

"Contiguous to Robin Hood's Stride is Durwood Tor, another rocky ridge, forming a part of the same group as Graned Tor and Cratcliff Rock, on the top of which Major Rooke says there are three rock-basins artificially formed, and an impending crag or rock canopy, which overhangs what has been termed an 'augurial seat,' a statement we were content to take on trust, feeling little inclination, after our previous ascents, to clamber to the top to verify the truth of it.

"In Gough's additions to the 'Britannia,' mention is made of the discovery here, some years ago, on the removal of a large stone, of an urn half-full of burnt bones, and near it two ancient querns or hand-mill stones, flat at the top, and somewhat convex on the under side, about four and a half inches thick, and nearly a foot in diameter. The up-

per stone was so much less than the under one, that being placed on it, it could be turned round within its rim.

“From Durwood Tor we descended into the valley, and came again upon the highroad, at a point where the townships of Elton and Birchover join. Here the road begins to ascend, and some very pretty views are afforded; on the right a bold acclivity rises abruptly from the way, clothed to the summit with soft green turf, and above the edge of which we now and then get a peep of the little square tower of Elton Church; to the left the eye ranged over an open valley, through which runs Hartle Brook, and where are seen the several rocky heights and the village of Birchover.”

THE RAILWAY ROUTE RESUMED.

RESUMING our journey on the iron highway at the Bakewell Station, a run of a mile brings us to HASSOP—26 miles from Derby—where for more than three hundred and fifty years the Eyres, one of the oldest families of the Peak, who for eight centuries have lived among its romantic recesses, have had their residence. At HASSOP STATION, omnibuses for Chatsworth meet the trains, the distance thither being three miles. Two miles-and-a-half further, through varied and interesting scenery, and we halt at LONGSTONE STATION, a convenient spot from which to explore the lovely retreats of Monsal Dale and the adjacent country. Four miles more, and we reach the remarkably picturesque locality of MILLER'S DALE, where the Station, $31\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Derby, stands at a great elevation above the valley, and commands charming views of its sequestered loveliness. Rural scenes and rocky grandeur here combine to form a

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natural picture of singular beauty ; a series of crags rising one above another, terminated by the gigantic cliffs of the Raven Tor, the intermediate spaces filled up by the verdant outlines of the eternal hills ; and beneath, the sparkling river rushing over its pebbly bed through the pendant foliage ; and further on, the deep pellucid pool, where the waters of the Wye form a broad far-reaching "loch," at the lower end of which stands the Mill itself, waking up the echoes of this profound solitude with the busy hum of British industry, and illustrating the all-pervading energy of manufacturing enterprize. "When darkness pervades the Dale," says a fair tourist, "and the innumerable windows are lighted up, it might be thought to be an illuminated palace, raised by the power of magic." And the *Minstrel of the Peak* sings—

"The moon is up, love, and the Mill,
Lit with its hundred lights, is still ;
One might believe by Wye's fair stream,
Fairies had wove a magic dream
With floating threads of thought, as close
The cares of day in calm repose."

A short distance above Miller's Dale, are some springs from which the river Wye receives a considerable accession of force, as it emerges from one of the most remarkable glens in Britain, formed by the massive grandeur of CHEE TOR, a mighty limestone rock of inexpressible majesty, towering in one vast block to the height of 360 feet over the awful chasm which yawns below, in the form of a half-moon battery, with a circuit of about a quarter-of-a-mile. The magnificent rocky crescent opposite, takes a grand sweep answerable to the semi-circular curve of the Tor, and rises nearly to the same height, as if the mighty mass had been cleft asunder by the omnipotent agency of Divine Power,



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SCENE IN CHEE DALE.

when a great and strong wind rent the mountains as at the opening of Elijah's cave. The two extremes of this remarkable rock are of less elevation than the middle, and approach so closely to the step-like and richly wooded masses of the opposite side of the dell, as to leave but a narrow channel for the river. It is a sublime scene of stupendous beauty and awful majesty; far excelling any other similar object of interest along the course of the Wye, and unequalled by any other example of rock scenery in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a grandeur to be felt as well as seen. Pedestrians who enjoy a romantic walk, may be gratified in the highest degree by an excursion from Miller's Dale to Chee Tor and its adjacent hills and valleys.

At MILLER'S DALE STATION an omnibus meets the trains for TIDESWELL, a pleasant market-town with a noble and spacious Church, which contains many interesting tombs and other memorials of antiquity.

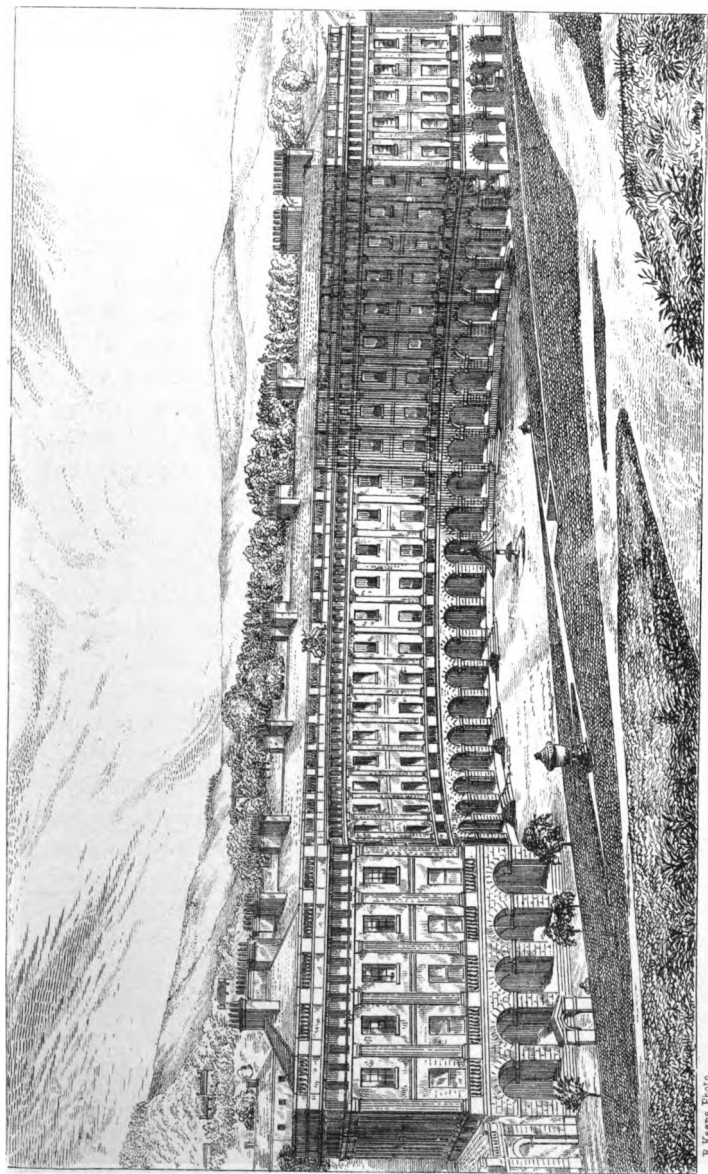
Continuing our journey by rail, a run of five miles and a half through the grand scenery of Monk's Dale, Chee Dale, Great Rock's Dale, Blackwell Dale, Topley Pike, and Sherbrook Dell—a succession of wonderfully picturesque views which scarcely any other railway in so short a distance commands—lands us in the popular town of Buxton, 37 miles distant from Derby.



BUXTON.



THE parochial Chapelry of BUXTON (anciently written Bawkestan), well known for its celebrated Baths, is situated by the high-road, about 34 miles from Derby, 12 from Bakewell, about 22 from Manchester, and about 160 from London. The manor of Buxton is parcel of the king's manor of the High Peak, on lease to the Duke of Devonshire. The Baths at Buxton are supposed to have been known to the Romans. It appears by Dr. Jones' treatise on the Buxton waters, published in 1572, that the waters were then in high repute, and that Buxton was a place of considerable resort. The great hall for the accommodation of visitors had been erected not long before by the Earl of Shrewsbury. By Queen Elizabeth's permission, reluctantly obtained, the Earl appears to have visited Buxton four times with his illustrious prisoner, Mary, Queen of Scots. We find the Queen's favourite ministers, Leicester and Burleigh, among the noble visitors at Buxton. About the year 1670, the old hall was taken down, and a more commodious edifice built on its site by William, third Earl of Devonshire. The Baths, five in number (two of which



R. Keene, Engrs.

THE CRESCENT, BUXTON.

W. F. Emrose & Sons 32.

are private), are enclosed within this building. The water is drank at a well called St. Ann's Well, where is a small pump-room. The Crescent, in which are three hotels, with the ball-room, &c., was built at the expense of the then Duke of Devonshire, in the years 1785 and 1786. Near it are extensive stables, enclosing a circular area of sixty yards diameter, and coach-houses capable of containing about three-score carriages.

A privilege, which Dr. Jones suggested more than two centuries ago as a great advantage to the place, was obtained in the year 1813, by the grant of a weekly market on Saturday, at Buxton, and four fairs, February 3, April 1, May 2, and September 8. The market is for corn and provisions, the fairs for cattle, &c.

There is a fund at Buxton, raised chiefly by a small subscription from the company, for the support of poor persons resorting thither for the benefit of the waters; such persons having brought with them certificates from their parish ministers and medical attendants, of their being proper objects of the charity. It is supported by the contribution of one shilling each, paid by all visitors on their arrival, the collections of two sermons, and casual donations. The funds of course vary, but £340 have been collected from these sources, and above 430 pauper patients have received the benefit of the waters during the season. It appears from Dr. Jones' "Buxton's Bathes Benefyte" already quoted, that in 1572, there was a fixed rate to be paid by all persons resorting to the waters towards a fund, one-half of which was for the physician, the other for the benefit of poor bathers. "Alway provyded the day of your coming thither bee noted before you enter into the bathes, and the day of your departure, with the country of your habitation, condition, or calling, with the infirmities or cause you

came for, in the regyster booke kept of the warden of the bath or the physition, that there shall be appointed, and the benefite you receyved ; paying four-pence for the recording, and every yeoman besides 12 pence, every gentleman 3 shillings, every esquior 3s. 4d., every knight 6s. 8d., every lord and baron 10s., every vicount 13s. 4d., every erle 20s., every marques 30s., every duke £3 10s., every archbishop £5, every bishop 40s., every judge 20s., every doctour and sergeant of law 10s., every chauncellor and utter-barrister 6s. 8d., every archdeacon, prebendary, and canon 5s., every minister 12d., every ducches 40s., every marquesses 20s., every countes 13s. 4d., every barones 10s., every lady 6s. 8d., every gentlewoman 2s., and al for the treasure of the bath ; to the use of the poor that only for help do come thither, the one halfe : the other to the physicion, for his residence."

It seems probable that Buxton was originally Badestanes, deriving the name from its stone baths, and that it has been corrupted in the same manner as Bakewell.

The great hall is thus described by Dr. Jones, "Joyninge to the chief springe betwene the river and the bathe, is a very goodlye house, foure stories hye, so well compacte with houses of office beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chambre and other goodly lodgings to the number of thirty ; that it is and will be a bewty to beholde, and very notable for the honorable and worshipfull that shall neede to repair thither, as also for other. Yea, the porest shall have lodgings and beds hard by for their uses only. The baths also so beautiful with seats round about ; defended from the ambyent ayre ; and chimneys for fyre, to ayre your garmentes in the bathes syde, and other necessaryes most decent. And truely I suppose that if these were for the sicke, a sanctuarii during their abode there, for

all causes saving sacriledge, treason, murther, burglary, rape, and robbing by the hyeway side, with also a lycense for the sicke to eat flesh at all tymes, and a Fryday market weekly, and two fayres yeerely, it should be to the posterities, not only commodiouse, but also to the Prince great honour and gayne." It seems that the hall and the baths had not long been constructed, and that other improvements were then in contemplation. Dr. Jones speaks of a "physicion," probably himself, to be "placed there continually, that might not only counsayle therein, how the better to use God's benefyte, but also adapt theire bodyes making artificial bathes, by usinge thereof as the case shall requyre, with many other profitable devyses, having all things for that use or any other, in a redinesse for all the degrees as before it bee longe it shall be seene of the noble Earle's own performing." To the gentlemen, Dr. Jones recommends as exercise, bowling, shooting at butts, and tossing the wind ball. "The ladyes, gentlewomen, wyves, and maydes, maye, in one of the galleries walke, and if the weather be not agreeable to theire expectation, they maye have in the ende of a bench eleven holes made, into the which to trowle pummetes or bowles of lead, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme Troule in Madame is termed. Likewise men feeble, the same may also practice in another gallery of the newe buyldinges."—*Buckstone's Bathes Benefyte.*

Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum is a letter from Lord Burleigh to the Earl of Sussex, Lord Chamberlain, who, appears, had recently been at Buxton, the letter being dated "From Buxton in your chamber," July, 1577. The following is an extract; "Your Lordship, I think, desyreth to heare of my estate, which is this; I

cum hither on Sunday last at night, took a small solutive on Monday; began on Tuesday, yesterday I drynk of the water to the quantity of 3 pynts at 6 draughts; this day I have added two draughts, and I drynk 4 pynts, and to-morrow am determyned to drink 5 pynts, and mixt with sugar I fynd it potable with plesure even as whey. I meane not to bath these 8 dayes, but will contynew drynking 10 dayes. Here are in company, Mr. Rogar Manners, for whose company I hartily thank your Lordship, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Thomas Cecill, my Lady Harrington, Mr. Edmunds, with Sondrye others. The wether is dry, but yet cold with wynds."

By a letter from the Earl of Sussex, dated Aug. 7, 1582, it appears that the Buxton water was by some drank in still greater quantities than Lord Burleigh used it. "The water," says he, "I have drunke liberally, begynning wth thre pynts, and so encreasyng dayley a pynt I come to 8 pynts, and from thens descendyng dayly a pint till I shall ageyne reterne to 3 pynts, w^{ch} wil be on Tuesdye next, and then I make an ende."

The principal benefactors were the Earl of Devonshire, (£50), Mr. Richard Holland, of Bristol, (£100), and Mr. Henry Wilshaw, £80. The lands purchased were then of the value of £15, out of which £12 was allotted for the master of a Grammar School. As the remainder was appropriated in specific sums, (50s. for repairing a highway, and 10s. for a dinner for the Trustees), the income of the school has risen in proportion to the value of the land.

We find that in 1576 the Queen of Scots so ordered her progress, that she might remain 21 days within sufficient distance of Buxton for the Earl of Leicester to have the Buxton waters brought to him daily, the physicians having resolved that wheresoever the Earl of Leicester was, "he

must drynke and use the Buxtons water 20 dayes together." In 1577, the Queen writes a letter of thanks to the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, for accommodating the Earl of Leicester with lodgings at Buxton, discharging his diet, and presenting him with a very rare present.

It appears that Lord Burleigh had been at Buxton (probably more than once) before 1573. He was there again in 1575, when Queen Elizabeth became jealous of him (though her favourite and trusty minister) as favouring the Queen of Scots, and supposed that the reason of his going thither was, that he might the more readily hold intelligence with her by means of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. In 1577, he went again to Buxton with the Queen's permission.

Mary's first journey to Buxton appears to have been in the year 1573: Lord Shrewsbury, speaking of his application for permission to repair to Buxton wells for his health, speaks thus, in a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, "Wheras she hath put her Ma^{te} in mynde of hur journey to Buxton well, and you referre to my consyderacion the convenyence and meteness therof, and what nede she hath of that bane: and if hur journey thedder be nedeful and fyttē, then howe it may be done convenyently; and thereof I to sertefy hur Ma^{te}, I can saye lyttell of the state of hur boddy: she semes more helthfull now, and all the last yere past, than before: she hath very mych used baning w^t yerbes nowe of late, as she hath done other ers: what nede she hath of Buxton well I knowe nott further than I have here wrytt; my L. Tresorar knowth Buxton and the contray theraboutē; therfor I referre the fytness of her journey theddar to his L's. considerac'on, and my L. L. and othars of the councell, as shall ples the Q's Ma^{te} to drect: I shall carry and kepe her safly here and there alyke."—*Lodge's Illustration of British History.*

The following instructions from Lord Burleigh to the Earl of Shrewsbury, will show how loth the Queen was to give her permission, and with what caution her first visit (and of course equal caution was observed in all subsequent visits) was conducted. "Her ^v is pleased, that if your L. shall think you may w^t out perill conduct the Q. of Scotts to ye well of Buckston, accordyng to her most earnest desyre your L. shall so doo, usyng such care and respect for her person, to contynew in your chardg, as hytherto your L. hath honorably, happely, and s^visably doone: and when your L. shall determyn to remove w^t the sayd Q. thythar, it wer good y^t as little forknolledg abrode as may conveniently be gyven; and nevertheless y^t for y^e tyme y^t she shall be ther, y^t all others, being strangers from your L. company, be forbydden to come thyther duryng y^e tyme of y^e sayd Queen's abode there. And this I wryte because her Ma^v was very unwyllyng y^t she shuld go thyther, imagening y^t hir desyre was ether to be the more sene of strangers resortyng thyther, or for y^e acheving of some furder enterp[']se to escape; but on the part I told hir Ma^v, if in very dede hir sickness wer to be releved therby, hir Ma^v cold not in honor deny hir to have y^e naturall remedy therof; and for hir savety, I knew your L. wold have sufficient care and regard; and so hir Ma^v com[']anded me to wryte to your L. y^t yow might co[']duct hir thyther, and also to have good respect to hir." August 10, 1573.—*Lodge's Illustrations.* The Queen of Scots was at Buxton again in the year 1576.

In a letter to Lord Burleigh without date, which was written after her second visit to Buxton, alluding to some false reports which had been made to the Queen, the Earl of Shrewsbury says, "Touching the doubtfullnes her Ma^{te} shuld have of me in gyvyng the Scotess Q. lyberte to be

sene and saluted ; suerly my L. the reportars thereof to her Ma^{te} hathe done me grete wronge : In dede at her fyrst beinge there, ther hapenyd a pore lame crepell to be in the lowar * * * * unknowne to all my pepell that garded the plase, and when she hard that there was women in the * * * * she desiered some good gentylwoman to gyve her a smoke ; wherupon they putt one of ther smokes out of a hole in the walle to her, and so soone as it came to my knolege, I was bothe offended w^t her, and my pepell for takeyng any lettarr unto her ; and after that tyme I toke such ordar as no pore pepell cam unto the house during that tyme ; nether at the seconde time was ther any strangar at Buxtons (but my one pepell) that sawe her, for that I gave such charge to the contrey about, none should come in to behold her."

In 1580, we find that the Earl of Shrewsbury went to Buxton a third time with his charge. The Earl, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, dated Aug. 9, 1580, says, "I cam heddar to Buxtons w^t my charge, the 28 of July. She hadde a harde begynnenge of her jorney ; for when she shuld have taken her horse, he started asyde, and therwith she fell and hurte hur bake, w^{ch} she still complaines off, notwithstanding she applyes the bathe ons or twyse a daye. I doo strictly obsarve hur Ma^{ties} com'andment, wrytten to me by yo^r L. in restreyninge all resorte to this plase ; nether dothe she see, norr is seene to any more than to hur owne pepell and suche as I appoynt to atende : she hath nott come forthe of the house synce her cumynge, nor shall nott before hur p-tynge." The remainder of this letter complains of an abatement of the allowance for the provision of the Queen of Scots, by which it seems that, besides the many inconveniences and distresses which attended his odious and burdensome office, he was incurring a considerable pecuniary

loss. It appears that the Earl of Shrewsbury was at Buxton again with his illustrious charge in 1582, and this seems to have been the last visit of the Queen of Scots to Buxton.

The house occupied by the unhappy Queen of Scots stood on the site of the hotel now known as the Old Hall ; and during her last visit she left the following memento of her departure, inscribed upon a pane of glass in her apartment—

Buxtona quæ calidæ celebrabere nomine lymbæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale.

An evident imitation of Cæsar's lines upon Filtria, which may be thus versified—

Buxton, whose fame thy thermal waters tell,
Whom I perhaps shall see no more—farewell.

The Hall was rebuilt and enlarged by the third Earl of Devonshire in 1670 ; it has since been improved, and continues to be one of the principal Hotels, having the advantage of access to the medicinal Baths within the premises.

From the olden time, when Emperors, Kings and Queens, and Prime Ministers resorted to Buxton for the benefits of its healing springs, the town has been gradually rising into importance and popularity as a place of public resort for health or recreation. An important stimulus was given to its rising prosperity towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the fifth Duke of Devonshire expended large sums on improvements, and on additions to its means of accommodation for the reception of visitors. In the year 1781, among other resolute and costly efforts to add to the attractions of the place, the CRESCENT, a magnificent pile of buildings—the pride and boast of Buxton—containing the principal hotel and a number of lodging-houses and

shops, was erected by the Duke of Devonshire at a cost of £120,000. The late John Carr, Esq., of York, was the architect. It consists of a curve of 200 feet, with wings 58 feet, and contains about 380 windows. The Crescent at Buxton has three storeys; in the lower one is a rusticated arcade, that forms an agreeable promenade; above the arches an elegant balustrade stretches along the whole front and the ends of the fabric; over the piers of the arcade arise fluted Doric pilasters, that support the architrave and cornice; the trygliphs of the former, and the rich planceer of the latter, have a beautiful appearance. The termination above the cornice is formed by another balustrade that extends along the whole building, in the centre of which are the Devonshire arms finely sculptured. In the space between the windows runs an enriched string course. The floor of the arcade is several feet higher than the gravelled area, between which communications are formed by several flights of steps. The rising ground in front of the Crescent is laid out in terraces, in which the classic taste of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, and, later, the genius of Sir Joseph Paxton have been effectively employed under the stimulative liberality of the Duke of Devonshire.

THE NATURAL TEPID BATHS OF BUXTON are its chief attractions, and justly are they celebrated on account of their medicinal efficacy. They are appropriated as private and public baths for ladies; private and public baths for gentlemen; and baths for the recipients of the "Buxton Bath Charity." The Mineral Waters, Baths, Wells, &c., are situated in what is called Lower Buxton, and adjoin the Crescent,—new, elegant, and spacious buildings having of late years been erected for that purpose—that at the eastern end of the Crescent being devoted to the Hot Baths, and that at the western end to the Natural Baths, and the

Wells for drinking the waters. Both these buildings are covered and lighted with roofs of glass, and are admirably ventilated. The western or Natural Bath department occupies a large space of ground between the Crescent and the Old Hall Hotel, the frontage being composed of a facade with niches, in which jets of water play, surmounted by an elegant balustrade. The architecture is assimilated to that of the Crescent. The elevation of the Hot Bath department, adjoining the east end of the Crescent, has frontages to the south and east, containing sixty compartments, the building being sixty yards in depth and thirty in width. It is built of iron and glass, in what is known as the Crystal Palace fashion, and is connected by a colonnade with the Crescent. At the south-west corner of the Crescent, entered from the colonnade, is the newly-erected St. Anne's Well, for the use of drinkers of the water; it is on the site of the oldest St. Anne's Well, and close to the spot on which the spring emerges. Adjoining this is the entrance to the gentlemen's department of the Natural Baths; next to it is the entrance to the ladies' department, and next again is the Well for the supply of the chalybeate waters for drinkers. The baths are all separately supplied, and the waters range naturally from 80° to 82°. All the baths are supplied with douches, which can be used at pleasure, and are of the most perfect and convenient arrangement; at no place, indeed, can the visitor find better accommodation than at Buxton. Many medical gentlemen of eminence have spoken favourably of these waters. Dr. Granville, well known for his admirable work on the "German Spas," compares them with the waters of Schlangenbad. "Here at Buxton," he writes, "we have a water at nearly the same degree of heat, with fewer ingredients, still producing not only similar but even more energetic effects." In another

part of his work on the Spas of England, he says, that "the efficacy of the Buxton waters used as baths at their natural temperature is more strikingly manifested in cases of general debility, partial paralysis, and that peculiar state of weakness which is the result of rheumatic affection and repeated attacks of gout. In the latter case, indeed, Buxton has acquired a well-known reputation."

Dr. W. R. Robertson, physician to the Bath Charity, in his "Buxton and its Waters," says—"The effects produced by these waters, when used internally, being similar to those produced by them when used as a bath, they are of service in most of the cases to which their external use is found to be beneficial. But they are to be regarded as being by no means equally efficient when taken internally, as they are found to be in the form of a bath; although the effect of the waters drunk, superadded to that of the bath, is often found to be greater than consists with the satisfactory treatment of the case, and renders it necessary to intermit, or wholly discontinue, the drinking of the waters. This should be duly attended to, as in cases where there is some tendency to excitement, although not to such a degree as to render the use of the bath inexpedient, it is better not to attempt the use of the waters internally, until the degree of effect that may be produced by the bath has been ascertained. At the same time, as these waters, when used internally, are much less active in their effects than when used as a bath, they may be taken advantageously in many cases in which the use of the bath would be improper. The degrees positive, comparative, and superlative, applied respectively to the internal use of the waters, the artificially heated baths, and the baths at the natural temperature, will perhaps explain their relative amount of effect sufficiently well." Mr. Page made the following remarks on the

diseases in treatment of which the waters are beneficial:—"In that state of weakness," wrote he, "and irritability which so generally attends on the subsidence of febrile and inflammatory affections, but more especially on the protracted stages of gout and rheumatism; in many nervous disorders, such as epilepsy, paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart, tic douloureux, &c., as in many anomalous complaints, originating in or complicated with a disordered state of the digestive organs, a judicious employment of the Buxton waters will frequently be attended with the happiest effects." The late Mr. Page, who was surgeon to the Bath Charity, makes the following remarks in his "Observations on the Buxton Waters." "The Buxton waters are fairly entitled to the appellation of a mild saline mineral, the temperature of which, at all seasons of the year, is pretty uniformly 82° on Fahrenheit's scale. They are perfectly pellucid and inodorous, and, owing most probably to the large proportion of nitrogen gas which they contain, devoid of that vapid taste so observable in ordinary water when heated to the same temperature. To their purity, to the mildness and uniformity of their temperature at all times and seasons, neither depressing the vital powers by cold, nor enervating them by heat, and to their impregnation with nitrogen gas, may be attributed in no inconsiderable degree their salutary effect." The analysis of a gallon of the waters, as determined by Sir Charles Scudamore, is as follows:—

GASEOUS CONTENTS IN CUBIC INCHES.

Carbonic Acid	..	..	..	..	..	..	1.50
Azote	..	..	..	..	..	..	4.64
							6.14

SOLID CONTENTS IN GRAINS.

Muriate of Magnesia	..	..	..	..	..	0.58
Muriate of Soda	..	..	..	..	..	2.40
Sulphate of Lime	..	..	..	..	..	0.60
Carbonate of Lime..	..	..	..	..	..	10.40
Extractive matter, with a minute quantity of vegetable fibre	..	..	..	..	..	0.50
Loss	..	..	..	..	..	0.52
						15.00

The latest analysis is that of Dr. Lyon Playfair, who, in a letter addressed in 1852 to the Duke's agent, in accordance with a request made by the Duke of Devonshire that he would analyse the waters, describes their qualities and medicinal properties, and gives the following analysis of its component parts in one gallon of the water at sixty degrees :—

Silica	..	..	..	..	0.666 grains.
Oxide of Iron and Alumina..	..	..	..	0.240	,,
Carbonate of Lime	..	..	..	7.773	,,
Sulphate of Lime	..	..	..	2.323	,,
Carbonate of Magnesia	..	..	..	4.543	,,
Chloride of Magnesium	..	..	..	0.114	,,
Chloride of Sodium	..	..	..	2.420	,,
Chloride of Potassium	..	..	..	2.500	,,
Fluorine (as Fluoride of Calcium) ..	..	..	Trace.		
Phosphoric Acid (Phosphate of Lime)	..	..	Trace.		

Besides these were gases in the proportion of 1.167 of carbonic acid gas to 98.833 of nitrogen, with a trace only of oxygen. Dr. Playfair judges from this that at the moment of issue of the water, it is charged with 206 cubic inches of nitrogen, and 15.66 cubic inches of carbonic acid. This important analysis of the Buxton waters is the last which seems to be accepted as a scientifically authoritative test of their sanative properties. But in 1860, Professor Muspratt made an analysis differing, though but

slightly, from that of Dr. Playfair. The efficacy of the waters in relieving the most obstinate cases of gout and rheumatism, and renovating the constitution after the ravages of disease, has been successfully demonstrated for centuries.

The Baths at the eastern end of the Crescent, fronting St. Anne's Cliff and the Manchester Road, comprise a public hot-bath for gentlemen, 25 feet by 16 feet ; another for ladies of the same dimensions ; both kept at a temperature of 93 degrees ; fitted with dressing rooms and all requisite appliances ; four private hot-baths for gentlemen, and four for ladies, lined throughout with marble ; four hot-baths for the use of the Charity patients, who have a separate entrance nearer the Hospital ; a Turkish Bath luxuriously fitted up ; and a cold plunging bath supplied with the pure water which percolates through the gritstone formation. The Natural or Tepid Baths at the western end of the Crescent are nine in number, two public and two private for gentlemen ; one public and two private for ladies ; and two for the use of the Charity.

In addition to its more important waters, Buxton possesses an excellent tonic chalybeate spring of high reputation, most beneficial in its effects to persons of weak digestion ; visitors may drink this water from an ornamental fountain in a pump-room on the north side of the corridors near St. Anne's Hotel.

Behind the Crescent, but connected by a colonnade, is a building called the SQUARE, chiefly occupied by boarding houses and private dwellings ; and further on is an extensive structure, formerly known as the Great Stables, but now appropriated in part to the use of the Devonshire Hospital Charity—a philanthropic institution which, by a judicious extension of the operations of the old Buxton

Bath Charity, dispenses relief and comfort to many hundreds of the sick and afflicted among the poorer classes. Near this latter building is another memorial of the liberality of the Devonshire family, the church of St. John, which was opened in 1812 ; it is of the Tuscan order of architecture, and as regards style and effect is scarcely likely to be imitated elsewhere in the present days of intelligent ecclesiology. The old Church is situated in Higher Buxton, and was formerly dedicated to St. Anne, whose statue was torn from the entrance during the reckless rage against "images" in the early days of the Reformation ; and to eradicate all "superstitious" honour to her memory, it was re-dedicated to St. John. A new Church, in the Norman style of architecture, has been erected at Burbage, a rising hamlet in the vicinity of the town. A Roman Catholic Chapel, and a place of worship in the Gothic style, with tower and spire, for the use of the Independents, are among the new buildings on Terrace Road. The Wesleyans and other religious denominations have likewise their Chapels here.

Buxton abounds in commodious hotels of every class, good boarding-houses, excellent shops, museums, libraries, and news-rooms. Two newspapers, containing lists of visitors and local information, are published ; and there is every convenience which the pleasure-seeking loungeur or the busy literary man may require. The promenades are pleasant and diversified, and during the season are enlivened by bands of music. The "Serpentine Walks," west of the Crescent, in front of the Old Hall Hotel, are exceedingly picturesque, and have been admirably laid out with every regard to the enjoyment of visitors and the pretty effects of landscape gardening. A spacious Park has been formed of 120 acres of land adjacent to St. John's

Church ; and the side of Corbar Hill, once an unsightly quarry, has been transformed into a charming woodland slope, clothed with verdant beauty, and overhung with trees of luxuriant loveliness.

Handsome houses for private occupation, or for the reception of occasional visitors, have rapidly multiplied ; a good market hall has been opened ; many pleasant villas have been erected on Hall Bank, overlooking the Crescent, and on Terrace Road, leading from the lower part of the town, by the side of St. Anne's Cliff (which fronts the Crescent), to Higher Buxton ; a range of substantial buildings occupies an admirable site to the south of Cavendish Terrace, which is a broad promenade overlooking the new gardens and plantations ; and in all respects the work of public improvement has been energetic, tasteful, and judicious, under the intelligent direction of the agents for the Devonshire estate, assisted by the practical efforts of a Board under the powers of the Local Government Act. Buxton, once a rude hamlet, has thus become one of England's most fashionable Spas.

Buxton, like Matlock (says Mr. Croston), has quite a trade in the manufacture and sale of marble and spar ornaments, and for these, as also for its fossils, it is dependent upon the limestone beds in the vicinity ; the material is worked into vases, tables, obelisks, chains, rings, brooches, and a variety of useful and ornamental articles.

The principal establishment belongs to Mr. Woodruff, of the Quadrant ; in the show-room of this museum there is, in addition to an extensive collection of the spar and fluor productions of Derbyshire, a choice variety of vases and statuettes exquisitely sculptured in marble and Italian alabaster ; the proprietor is also an inlayer of marble, a

branch of art manufacture which he has succeeded in bringing to a higher degree of excellence than has been previously attained, and for which he was awarded a medal at the Exhibition of 1851. He explained to us the process from beginning to end: the pattern or outline of the desired object, generally a circular wreath or bouquet of flowers, is traced upon a slab of marble, sawn to the required dimensions, when the parts to be inlaid are cut away by using various chisels, according to the delicacy of the design; the hollows are next filled in with naturally shaded stones and shells, representing the different colourings and gradations of tint of the leaves and flowers, and when the whole is completed, the slab is submitted to the polishing process, which imparts to it a high degree of brilliance. The operation appears simple, but it is one requiring great care and delicacy, each separate piece having to be cut so as to fit with the utmost nicety, for any deviation from the exact form would appear as a blemish in the work when finished.

In carrying out these improvements, Mr. Woodruff is indebted to the assistance rendered by the late Duke of Devonshire, especially for the introduction of the beautiful Florentine green, a material which, previous to the year 1850, had never been employed, and was in fact unknown to the inlayers of this country. This stone is found in the bed of the river Arno, and from its regularly graduated tints—exhibiting when cut in section every shade of colour, from the delicate green of the opening bud to the russet brown of the faded leaf—it is peculiarly adapted to the formation of the leaves and stalks in floral ornamentation. The Duke, with his characteristic fondness for art, and desire to aid in developing native industry, brought over a supply of the material from Italy, and commissioned Mr.

Woodruff to manufacture a table of the Derbyshire black marble, in which the "green" was to be employed in the inlaying; another table of similar character was subsequently ordered for the late Prince Consort, and gained the Exhibition medal of 1851.

By the introduction of this substance the English workers have been enabled not only to compete with, but to rival, the choicest productions of Florence.

POOLE'S HOLE, which has the honour of being classed among those wonders of Derbyshire whose praise has been celebrated by Hobbs in Latin Hexameters, and by Cotton, the poet of the Peak, in English Iambics, stands pre-eminent among the natural curiosities of Buxton, and well deserves the reputation it has acquired.

It is one of the principal caverns of the limestone formation which extend over so large a portion of the country, and though inferior in some respects to Peak's Hole and the Blue-John Mine at Castleton, it nevertheless merits a visit from those who take an interest in exploring such subterranean cavities. The name is said to be derived from a famous outlaw named Poole, who, in the reign of Henry IV., tradition asserts, made these recesses his retreat, and the depository of his plunder.

On leaving Mr. Woodruff's museum we passed through the shrubberies of the Serpentine Walks, and turning to the left entered a field path which soon brought us to the foot of Grin-low, a steep eminence covered with a thick plantation of firs.

Standing in a sheltered hollow, close by the mouth of the cavern, with a flower garden in front screened by trees, is the pretty little Swiss-like cottage of Mr. Redfern, the guide, in which is preserved an interesting collection of antiquities, that have been found at different times in the immediate locality.

On entering we pass through a low archway in the cliff, and proceed along a tortuous path that narrows as it recedes into the gloom ; the darkness, however, is not so apparent as in the other caverns of the Peak, the interior being lighted with gas, a modern innovation which but ill accords with the natural features of the place, and which detracts somewhat from the effect, for every hollow and recess being illuminated, there is no room for the imagination to wander, and we lose that idea of vastness and profundity which a shadowy obscurity is so calculated to convey. The path winds through narrow apertures and rocky fissures, the sides of which are covered with brown incrustations of calcareous matter ; then we come to a natural ledge, called Poole's Shelf, where the cavern widens, and a capacious opening high over head is pointed out by the guide as one of Poole's closets. A singularly striking scene here meets the eye : masses of rock are thrown about in every direction, and piled one upon another in a diversity of forms rugged as chaos. A few yards further on a crystalline stream is seen channelling its way through the gloomy chasm, twisting and twining among the rude blocks of limestone as it courses on ; the water is strongly impregnated with lime, and leaves a deposit upon the birds' nests and other objects which are placed in it to undergo the process of incrustation. Huge masses of stalactite adhere to the walls, their surfaces roughened with countless crystallized conformations where the moisture has trickled over them for successive ages ; curious growths of icicles hang pendant from the roof and from every jutting fragment and inequality, and you pause to witness the effect as the light flashes and glitters upon their snowy shapes. The damp trickles through in places, and falls to the ground with a continuous patter that awakens the sullen

echoes of the mountain, and adds to the impressiveness of the scene. Stalagmites grow upon the floor and the ledges of the rock, fashioning themselves into various grotesque and uncouth shapes, which fancy has endeavoured to liken to the several objects whose names they bear, though it must be confessed that the resemblance is oftentimes remote indeed. A curious mass of stalactite is pointed out on the right, called the Flitch of Bacon, and near to it is Poole's Chair; then we come to another formation, bearing the name of the Font, an extraordinary specimen, seven feet in height, which occasions food for wonder, when we remember that it is the fairy work of nature, produced by the constant dripping of the moisture through a fissure in the mighty bed of limestone overhead for hundreds, it may be for thousands, of years. Here the pathway has been raised and levelled for the convenience of explorers; masses of rock lie strewn about in the wildest confusion, and here and there a loose block is seen balanced on a mere point, so that you fancy it ready to tumble down at any moment into the stream that gurgles over the stony fragments in the gully beneath.

We next enter a spacious vaulted chamber, where the roof is lofty, and the dripping walls are in part adorned with beads and mouldings, and draped and festooned with crystallized incrustations of unsullied whiteness. Stalactites of various shapes and dimensions depend from the jutting rocks, each dignified by a particular name; some are clustering together in groups, others hang in spiral convolutions from the roof, and others again assume all sorts of fanciful and picturesque forms, their filmy sides resplendent with the brightness that gleams and sparkles upon every rippling curve and inequality. The guide calls each by name: the Rhinoceros, the Bee-hives, the Oyster-beds, and so on through the

entire catalogue ; then he explains the process of formation, and tells you that for variety and beauty of decoration there is no cavern in the kingdom can compare with this subterranean temple, in confirmation of which statement he points exultingly to what he calls "the lion couchant guarding the entrance to my lady's chamber," a crystallized mass in which the imagination would be sorely taxed to trace the faintest resemblance to the noble monarch of brute creation.

Onwards the cavern narrows, and we continue among gloomy passages, where the moisture oozes from above in a perpetual shower, forming little cup-like hollows in the ground, into which the water falls with a never-ceasing splash. In places, huge cracks and openings appear in the limestone, leading to cavities and ante-chambers that extend far into the inner part of the mountain ; rude masses of rock bulge out, and the farther we penetrate the more wild and rugged the scene becomes. A few yards beyond, we come to Mary, Queen of Scots' Pillar, a pendant column of stalactitic or calcareous matter, which, tradition says, marks the point to which that unhappy Princess ventured in one of her visits to Buxton.

The caverns may be explored for a distance of about two hundred yards further, beyond which visitors seldom venture. Here the passage seems to terminate in a *cul de sac* ; but, on looking round, a steep and rugged incline is seen leading up over disjointed rocks and slippery crags to a considerable altitude, and terminating in a narrow opening, through which a person may contrive to pass by crawling on his hands and knees. This opening forms the entrance to a range of caverns, which are believed to ramify and extend in various directions. The guide clammers up and puts his head through, but having

already satisfied our curiosity, we feel no inclination to follow his example. Retracing our steps, we pass by the Queen of Scots' Pillar, and continue along the path by which we came, pausing now and then to admire the brilliant and delicate incrustations, and the extraordinary stalactitic formations.

The length of the cavern, from the entrance to the furthest point usually visited, is estimated at 770 yards. Throughout the entire distance the pathways are smooth and firm to the tread, so that it may be explored without inconvenience, in fact there is nothing that need deter the most delicate female from witnessing the subterranean wonders of POOLE'S HOLE.

Among the many delightful walks and drives in the vicinity of Buxton, a ramble to "Diamond Hill," about two miles distant, is generally popular. Taking the London Road for about a quarter-of-a-mile, you follow a lane to the right leading to the "Cottage of Content," a quaint little dwelling with a fancy garden, where visitors who take their own refreshments are accommodated with the requisites for the enjoyment of a social cup of tea. A narrow path thence conducts to Fern House, a neighbouring farm, passing which, and turning to the right under the crags, you see if you may not enter the valley where are found those detached crystals known as "Buxton Diamonds." It is a ravine between the heights of Grinlow and Laidmanlow. The Tower on the hill, ridiculously called "Solomon's Temple," affords grand and extensive views of the surrounding country, in which the distant peaks of Kinderscout, the Lord's Seat, and Chelmorton Low, and the nearer mountains of Axe Edge form prominent objects. Grinlow is the wild scene of a series of excavations for lime-works, where miners and quarrymen are busily engaged

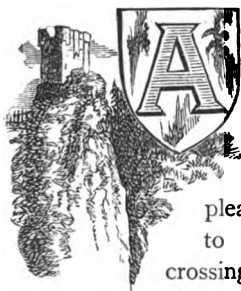
in the singular and exciting duties of their occupation, amidst the heavy sulphureous smoke of the kilns and furnaces, and the startling echoes of the blasts which break up the rocks into disrupted masses. Not far distant from the Quarries is the hamlet of Burbage, where neat and comfortable homes for the workmen have superseded the holes in the rocks which they formerly made their dwellings; and a new church and schools testify to the kind care now manifested for the moral and spiritual interests of the population. From Burbage, by the road towards Macclesfield, turning to the left after proceeding for some distance, the persevering tourist may climb the trackless steep which leads to the summit of Axe Edge, one of the highest spots in the Peak, at an elevation of 2,100 feet above the sea. The top is marked by a cairn, which was reared by a party of Royal Sappers and Miners, who had a station there in 1842, when taking observations for the Ordnance Map of England under the authority of the government. By means of powerful instruments they were in communication with signals from similar parties stationed on the top of Lincoln Cathedral, on Bardon Hill in Leicestershire, and on Snowdon in North Wales; the entire distance thus traversed would exceed one hundred and fifty miles. The view hence in favourable weather includes a wide expanse of country, comprising, at various points of this magnificent panorama, the mountains of North Wales, large districts of Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire to the north and west; the bleak peaks of Derbyshire to the east; and beneath the spectator's feet the vast variety of hill and dale stretched out like an illustrated map for admiring contemplation. From Axe Edge, which is three miles west of Buxton, issue springs that form the source of four rivers—the Dane, the Goyt,

the Dove, and the Wye—the two former tracking their course through the estuary of the Mersey to the Irish Sea; and the two latter through the Trent and the Humber into the German Ocean. About two miles beyond this commanding hill is the celebrated “Cat and Fiddle,” the highest public-house in Derbyshire, very popular with coachmen of former days, and said by jocose men of the road to be the house of the most elevated entertainment in the kingdom. Returning from this notable inn by the Macclesfield road to Buxton, the traveller passes the head of Goyt’s Clough, and Edge-Moor House, the residence of the late Right Reverend Bishop Spencer, who held the See of Madras, which he resigned for the purpose of returning to England on account of impaired health.

Another pleasant promenade or ride may be taken by what is known as “The Duke’s Drive,” which includes a circuit of four miles, through a succession of beautiful landscapes, by Ashwood Dale and on the crags over Wye Dale. A ramble by Topley Pike, down by the river side to Blackwall Mill, where there is a crossing of rustic stepping-stones, and so on over the cliffs to Chee Tor, forms a walk of remarkable interest and beauty. A stroll to Chelmorton and its antiquities, or a walk up to Fairfield, a mile from Buxton on a pleasant hill, will be found a source of rural enjoyment; at the latter village a guide may be found to the summit of Chee Tor, by those who prefer visiting that magnificent rock by way of Wormhill.

By the extension of the railway system Buxton is connected with London and the South, by the Midland Railway, and with Manchester by the Midland Railway, and by the Stockport, Disley, and Buxton line. The Railway Stations at Buxton are handsome and commodious, and are conveniently approached by a road from the Quadrant.

FROM BUXTON TO CASTLETON BY ROAD.



FEVERIL CASTLE.

AMONG the more popular and picturesque drives from Buxton, an excursion to Castleton must be regarded as one of the most interesting. Leaving Buxton by Spring Gardens, where are some pleasant and pretty walks, you diverge to the left at Wye Bridge, and after crossing Hogshaw Brook, ascend by a steep road to the quiet village of Fairfield, whence a good view of Buxton and the adjacent country is obtained. The Church, which has no pretensions to architectural beauty, occupies the site of a more ancient building, which was taken down in 1838. The village is a homely place, struggling from primitive plainness into an effort of modern gentility, by the introduction of lodging-houses for visitors.

On the summit of the hill beyond the village is a common, on which Buxton races were formerly held. A road following the old Roman itinerary continues thence to Chapel-en-le-Frith and Castleton, and another, branching off to the right, passes over the moors to Tideswell. On reaching the toll-bar at Barmoor Clough, five miles from Buxton, you take the road to the right, and a quarter of a

mile further on arrive at the EBBING AND FLOWING WELL, which used to be considered one of the Wonders of the Peak, but it is better understood now. It is, however, or rather was, one of the most remarkable intermitting springs in Derbyshire; it forms a small pool which is used as a watering-place for cattle.

It is protected by a wall, under which are nine openings, equidistant from each other, through which the water flows about five minutes, throwing out 120 hogsheads, and then gradually ebbs; the frequency of its action depending upon the rainfall. The greatest quantity of the water runs off under the road, part lapses back to its source, and the well speedily resumes its quiet appearance. The action of the syphon illustrates the mystery of the Well, which still remains a marvel to wondering rustics. Suppose a cavity in the rock where the rain collects, and a fissure to conduct it to the well, when the internal cavity becomes filled with water beyond the level of the upper bend of the fissure, the water begins to flow and will continue to do so till the cavity becomes empty, when there will be an ebb till the rain again fills it. About a century ago the Well was stupidly filled up with rubbish and the "phenomenon" ceased.

From this well the populous village of Tideswell, not far distant, most probably takes its name, and suggested a notion prevalent in the district, that the ebb and flow were in some secret and peculiar manner affected by the tides of the sea.

If the tourist should be disposed to diverge from the direct road to Castleton by way of Sparrow Pit towards Tideswell, he will reach the hamlet of Peak Forest, with its old chapel, a sort of Derbyshire Gretna Green, where elopements ended in marriage; and at the New Inn may

be learned the exact locality of ELDON HOLE, a remarkable chasm which the natives used to consider unfathomable, and respecting whose dread abyss tradition tells many exciting stories. Hobbes, in his Latin poem, "*De Mirabilibus Pecci*," Cotton in his *Journey through the Peak*, and Catcet in his *Treatise on the Deluge*, have all noticed this singular cavern, whose depths mystery has magnified; and among other tales of its terrors, it is said that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Earl of Leicester had a man let down into it, who when drawn up was speechless, and shortly afterwards died. Mr. John Lloyd, however, did much to dispel these romantic conjectures by exploring the chasm in the year 1770, and publishing an account of his descent in the "*Philosophical Transactions*;" he found a bottom at the depth of seventy-six yards. It is, in fact, a natural cavern, with a perpendicular opening ranging north-west and south-east, about ten yards wide and thirty long, but diminishing considerably in the lower part, which consists of several openings communicating with each other by small arched passages. Since Mr. Lloyd's time several other descents have been accomplished, and the ancient tales of wonder and horror associated with Eldon Hole have thereby been pretty generally dissipated. Parties who have no wish to visit this old chasm, will continue their route past the Ebbing and Flowing Well by Sparrow Pit and Perry Foot towards Castleton.

A few miles further, and the road, winding through scenery of a bold and rugged character, skirts the base of the majestic MAM TOR (the mother hill), or the "*Shivering Mountain*," so called from the vulgar notion that the crumbling of its face is owing to a perpetual convulsion which shakes off the peeling fragments, but never diminishes its bulk; the fact being, that immediately upon the

limestone is a bed of calcareous slate or shale, varying in thickness from three to six hundred feet. The compact strata are separated by coarse layers, which readily disintegrate, and these form the exposed face of Mam Tor. Storms, rain, and frosts break up and undermine these overlying masses, which come down with a crashing noise that frequently startles the inhabitants of Castleton in the stillness of the winter nights. The summit of Mam Tor, 1300 feet above the level of the plain, has been the site of a Roman fortification, traces of which are still discernible to the extent of sixteen acres, and within the lines of the encampment there is a perennial spring of clear water. There are also two barrows on the south-west side, from one of which several ancient relics have of late years been excavated. The views from the summit of Mam Tor are exceedingly grand and extensive, comprising on the north side a magnificent prospect of the vale of Edale, the finest, perhaps, of all the lovely valleys of Derbyshire; and on the east the picturesque district of Hope Dale, which bursts upon the view of the tourist in all its beauteous fertility, as you round the base of the hill, and proceed by a winding road down a steep descent towards Castleton, passing on the left the ODIN MINE, the most ancient in Derbyshire, worked by our Saxon forefathers, who applied to it the appellation of one of their Scandinavian divinities, and apparently inexhaustible, as although it has been in operation for so many ages, it is still productive, yielding an ore which contains about three ounces of silver in a ton of lead. It may be explored by the entrance near the road without much inconvenience. A short distance further, by a pleasant approach, takes us into the interesting village of Castleton, which stands at the head of a charming valley, distant from Buxton 12 miles, from Chatsworth 14, from Chesterfield 21, from Matlock 24, and from Tideswell 5.



Carlisle and the Firth of Forth

CASTLETON.

THIS clean and respectable village, which, no doubt, derives its name from the ancient fortress that overlooks its vale, is rich in natural objects of interest and in historic remains. It is not merely a place of other times, around whose annals and scenery Sir Walter Scott has thrown a witching charm, in his popular romance of "Peveril of the Peak;" but it is in these days of practical research and philosophical investigation, one of the most attractive spots in Derbyshire for the study of mineralogy, geology, and botany.

In his romance of "Peveril of the Peak," Sir Walter Scott writes with quaint pleasantry:—"William, the conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charters the veritable title of Gulielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favour, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village. From this feudal baron, who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyrie, and built it in such a fashion as if he intended it—as an Irishman said of the martello towers—for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived themselves to be, descended (for

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their pedigree was rather hypothetical), an opulent family of knightly rank, in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and all the wonders which they contain, had been forfeited, in King John's stormy days, by one William Peveril, and had been granted anew to the Lord Ferrers of that day. Yet this William's descendants, though no longer possessed of what they alleged to have been their original property, were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent and lofty pretensions."

The manor of Castleton is described in the Domesday survey as "Terra Castelli Wⁱ Peverel, in Peche fers." This estate belonged, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, to Gundeborne and Hundine. The expression in the survey seems to import that the castle, which gives the name to the parish, was built by William Peverel, to whom William the Conqueror had given the manor, amongst other estates. The castle afterwards acquired the name of the Castle of Pec, or Peke, or Peak Castle. It was forfeited, with the manor, by William Peverel the younger. King Henry II. gave them to his son John, afterwards King. During the absence of King Richard, this castle, pursuant to the agreement between Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and John, then Earl of Morteyne, was placed in the hands of Hugh Nonant, Bishop of Coventry. Hugh Neville was appointed governor of this castle in 1204. In 1215, Peak Castle was in the hands of the rebellious barons. William, Earl of Derby, took it by assault, and was made governor by the king; and was succeeded by the following governors or castellans:—In the seventeenth year of the reign of King John, Ranulph de Blundeville, Earl of Chester; Henry III., Brian de Lisle delivered it up to William, Earl of Derby;

Henry III., Brian de Lisle again ; Henry III., William, Earl of Derby, a second time ; Henry III., William de Horsden ; Henry III., Prince Edward ; Henry III., Simon de Montfort ; Edward I., William, Earl of Warren ; Edward II., Piers Gaveston ; Edward II., John, Earl Warren, who had a grant of the castle, honor, and forest of the Peak, for life. In the year 1374 it was granted, with the honor and forest of Peak, by Edward III. to John of Gaunt, and became parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster. Sir Ralph Shirley, who died in 1466, was constable of Peak Castle. In the reign of Henry VII. the castle was held, under the Duchy, by Robert Eyre, Esq., of Padley ; in that of Henry VIII., successively by Robert Thornhill and William Gallins ; in the reign of Edward VI. by Godfrey Somersall ; and in that of Elizabeth, successively by John Eyre, Esq., and Godfrey Foljambe, Esq. The Duke of Devonshire has the nominal appointment of the Constable of the Castle, and is lessee of the honor, or manor, and forest of the Peak, of which Castleton was, till of late years, regarded as a member. Courts are now held for Castleton as a distinct manor, extending over many of the townships of the Peak.

The CASTLE, which was once the scene of feudal pomp and power, is now a ruin, crowning the summit of what appears, at a little distance, to be the slope of a green hill, but is in reality an isolated rock, about 300 feet high, accessible only, in the days of its strength, by a bridge thrown across the natural fosse ; and now, in its decay, by the grassy acclivity on which it stands ; and up which the visitor must vandyke his toilsome way to attain the eminence ; but when there, the glorious panorama of the adjacent country, which has been unfolded by the hand of the Omnipotent, well repays the labour of the ascent. The ruins themselves are interesting, and are evidently the re-

mains of a Norman fortress, which archæologists will take much pleasure in examining. The ballium occupies nearly the entire summit, and is enclosed by a wall partially destroyed and covered with ivy. The entrance was at the north-east corner, as indicated by the ruins of an archway. The plan was an irregular parallelogram, with a donjon at the angle, immediately over the entrance to the Peak Cavern, upon which you may look down from a protected corner of this elevation. There were two square towers, now dilapidated, at the eastern and western angles of the north side. The keep is quadrangular, about twenty-one feet by nineteen feet, with walls eight feet thick and fifty-five feet high. The masonry is massive, and enough remains to give a general idea of the building. The interior consisted of two chambers, the floors having long since disappeared; the ground-floor room, about fourteen feet high, was lighted by semi-circular windows in the north and east sides; the second storey, sixteen feet high, was lighted by three windows, and approached by a flight of steps on the north side, the door of which has a double archway. From the castle rock a ditch and vallum, vestiges of which may yet be traced, formerly extended round the town.

It is probable that this was rather a place of defence and refuge than a palatial residence of the proud Peverils of the Peak. That it was a prison may be gathered from ancient records, which tell of the confinement and barbarous punishment within its walls of several persons of some importance. The North of Derbyshire, in Saxon times, was a penal settlement; the criminals being doomed to work in the mines.

Descending the grassy slope to the wicket-gate at its foot, a short distance to the right leads to the entrance of

CAVE DALE, which has peculiar attractions of its own. It is a wild, rocky glen, approached by a cleft in the hill, about six feet wide, which forms a natural portal to the picturesque ravine, extending for a mile between steep and inaccessible rocks, which resemble a range of ramparts for the defence of the village. For about half-a-mile beyond the entrance, the dale gradually expands, and then becomes contracted. Near the southern extremity, on the side of the low cliff to the left, after passing the gate, there is a basaltic column about three feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, hexagonal in form, part of a vast basaltic mass which ranges about fifty yards from north to south. Similar pillars exist at Staffa in the Hebrides, and at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Beyond the dale a bridle-road of about eight miles leads to Buxton. Returning to Castleton down Cave Dale, it is impossible not to be impressed with the remarkably romantic situation of the castle in relation to the surrounding scene.

The Church of Castleton (formerly called the Church of Peak Castle) was, in 1269, given by Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) to the convent of Vale-Royal, in Cheshire. After the dissolution, King Henry VIII. gave the great tithes and the advowson of the vicarage to the Bishop of Chester and his successors. There are meeting-houses of the Wesleyan Methodists at Castleton and at Edale.

There was formerly near Castleton an hospital, called the "Hospital of the Castle of Peak," of royal foundation, endowed with lands, valued, in 1377, at £3 per annum, and four bushels of oatmeal. It was situated about half-way between Castleton and Hope. Mr. Richard Bagshaw, in 1750, gave, by will, a school-house, garden, and lands in Edale, of the yearly value of £6, for teaching twelve poor children to read and write. The endowment of the school,

including some subsequent benefactions, is now about £30 per annum. There are also good parochial schools.

The Church exhibits traces of almost every style of architecture, from Norman to debased Gothic. Churchwardens' "improvements," which too often mar the beauty and proportions of the original edifice, are also observable. It is dedicated to St. Edmund, and consists of a nave, chancel, and south porch, with an embattled tower. The interior is allotted in pews of dark oak, many of them curiously carved with the names of their former occupants, and the dates of their appropriation: principally of the latter part of the seventeenth century. There is an ancient octagonal stone font. The nave is separated from the chancel by a Norman archway. Over the altar is a small cabinet picture of the adoration of the Magi, attributed to Vandyke; and the east window, of stained glass, is an obituary memorial of a late vicar; the subject of which is the Saviour's charge to St. Peter. Underneath it is the following inscription:—"Dedicated by the grateful affection of the parishioners of Castleton, to the memory of the Rev. Charles Cecil Bates, M.A., for thirty-five years the faithful Vicar. Lost to them 4th January, 1853."

The monuments consist of a brass to the memory of the Rev. Edward Bagshawe, M.A., for forty-six years Vicar of Castleton, who died the 12th of April, 1769, at the age of 79; a marble tablet, which records the death of Mr. Mawe, the celebrated mineralogist, at whose request this memorial was placed in the church of the village where he first acquired a taste for those pursuits which afterwards obtained for him a national reputation; and a mural monument to the memory of Micah Hall, attorney, of Castleton, whose epitaph, written by himself, runs thus:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
MICAHA HALL, GENTLEMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WHO DIED ON THE 14TH OF MAY, 1804,
AGED 79 YEARS.
QUID ERAM, NESCITIS ;
QUID SUM, NESCITIS ;
UBI ABII, NESCITIS ;
VALETE.

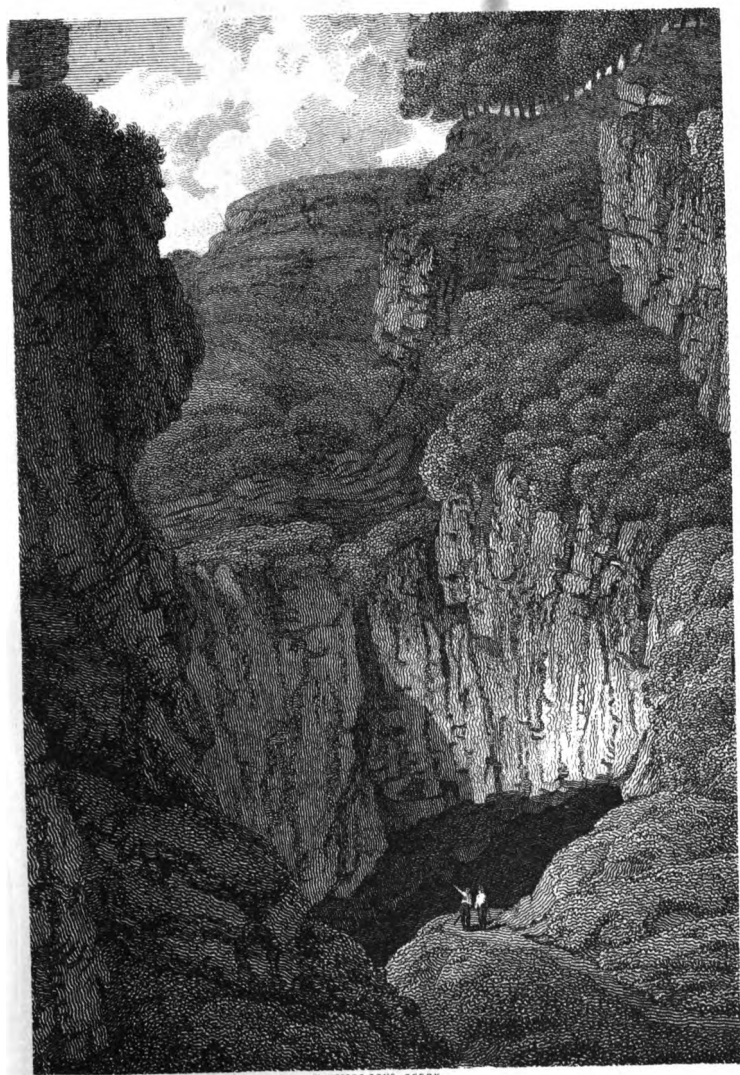
The vestry of the church contains an excellent Library, the gift of the Rev. Frederic Farran, a former Vicar (who died in 1819), to which additions were afterwards made by his daughter and Captain Hamilton. It constitutes a Lending Library for the use of the parishioners, under the direction of the Vicar ; and principally consists of works of divinity, history, and biography ; among which are many book-rarities, including a copy of what is known as Cranmer's or the "Great Bible," in black letter, of the date of 1539 ; and the Genevan translation of the Holy Scriptures, known as the "Breeches Bible," from the peculiar rendering of Genesis iii. 7—"They sewed figge-tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."

In the churchyard is the grave of Elias Hall, a very clever self-taught fossilist and mineralogist, who, as a practical geologist may fairly be regarded as the father of that science in Derbyshire ; although, like many others, he received no adequate recompense for his important labours. He died at Castleton (where he was born) December 30, 1853, in the ninetieth year of his age, retaining his mental faculties to the last.

The principal objects of interest in Castleton are its extraordinary CAVERNS. A five minutes' walk from the Castle Hotel, by the side of a stream, conducts to the

GREAT PEAK CAVERN (commonly called the Devil's Hole), the vestibule of which, as a learned writer remarks, is itself worth a long journey. Vast masses of rock rise perpendicularly upon either side, clothed thinly with sycamores and mountain-ash trees, amidst which daws fly in and out of holes as far above our heads as the minarets of a cathedral tower. A stream rolls out from the darkness, shallow, yet quiet, its floor green with silky algæ. On the face of the rock are ferns, and beside us are great beds of enchanters' nightshade. Sunshine scarcely reaches the depths of the abyss, yet, even down in this awful chasm, in proper season, may be heard the sprightly voice of the cuckoo. The interior of the Cavern, which can only be seen by artificial light, overpowers all previous imagination; and it can scarcely be entered without a feeling of dismay. The height of the loftiest portion is estimated at 840 feet, and the extreme length at 2300 feet. To explore the whole, and to witness the effects produced by various arrangements of lights, requires more than an hour.

Entering by a magnificent natural archway, about 120 feet in width and 42 feet in height, to the left of which rise the perpendicular rocks crowned with the ivy-clad keep of Peveril's Castle, you pass into a vast subterranean cavity, near the mouth of which is a small hut, the station of the guide, where the party is provided with candles, and, under the direction of the conductor, proceeds to explore the gloomy labyrinth. A narrow descending path, which requires a stooping posture, leads to a spacious opening, called the "Bell House." A stream of water flows through the cavern, and forms a pool to the extent of fourteen yards, formerly crossed in a small flat-bottomed boat, the voyager lying upon the back, while being propelled beneath a massive rock, that would strike the head, were it raised



H. ROSE & SONS, DERBY.

Entrance to Peak Cavern.

above the edge of the boat. Lord Byron, with his lady-love; Queen Victoria (when Princess); Lord John Manners, and other celebrities have crossed this dreary pool, and spoken of its awful sensations; and there lies the veritable boat in which they passed. A path has more recently been blasted through the rock, by which access to the deeper recesses of the cavern is now comfortably secured. Beyond this "first water," as it is called, opens a vast expanse of rocks, 220 feet long, 200 feet broad, and 120 feet high; but the glimmering candles fail to show its extent, as you traverse the rugged pathway by a number of roughly-hewn steps; you then reach the "second water," rushing with a sullen splash along its subterranean channels, and adding to the feeling of awe which the sublimity of the scene induces. Near the end of this passage is a projecting pile of rocks, denominated "Roger Rain's House," from the continual dropping of water through its crevices. Beyond this expands the "Chancel," a naturally-formed gallery, to which access is obtained by a steep path, the sides of which are encrusted with numerous stalactites. From hence the path leads to the "Devil's Cellar," where a rumbling sound, caused by the rush of water in the unexplored depths of the mountain, breaks upon the oppressive stillness. Thence by a toilsome descent of one hundred and fifty feet, we reach the "Half-way House," crossing and recrossing the stream that intercepts the path; and then proceeding by a passage, beneath three arches formed by the hand of nature in the solid rock, we arrive at another spacious chasm, with a vast concavity of roof in the shape of a bell, and hence designated "Great Tom of Lincoln." When illuminated by a strong light, this part has a singularly pleasing effect; the sombre grandeur of the lofty and projecting rocks, with the stream at their feet,

and the stalactites hanging from the roof, combine to form an interesting and impressive picture. From this point to the termination of the cavern, the vault gradually lowers, the passage contracts, and at length nearly closes, leaving room only for the course of the water, which flows through a subterraneous channel of some miles, as is clearly proved by the small stones brought into the cavern after great rains, from the distant mines of the Peak Forest. The river Nowe or Nough rises several miles above Castleton, and near the road leading to Buxton, is a place called the "Swallow Holes," in the vicinity of Perry-foot, where its waters are swallowed up by some little cavities. They disappear from human observation until they form a deep cascade in the Speedwell Mine; after which they are again lost, until they emerge from the Great Peak Cavern, at the foot of the rock on which stand the ruins of Peveril Castle; the identity of the stream having been proved by throwing floating materials into the water at the Swallow Holes and the Speedwell Mine, which have found their way out at Castleton. Returning from the darkness of the cavern to the light of day, the effect is singularly beautiful. From a point in the deepest gloom, the mouth of the cave looks as if lighted by the first streaks of the morning; the rocks then glow, as if covered with molten silver; and as the visitor advances to the full blaze of day and the freshness of the breeze, the most lively emotions of pleasure and admiration are excited.

This remarkable cavern is the product of volcanic action, much modified by the force of floods passing through it. It is wholly formed by nature in the limestone strata, which abound with marine *exuvia*, and occasionally display an intermixture of chert. From different parts of the cavern some communications open with other fissures, but none

of these equal it either in grandeur or extent. Many of the caverns in Derbyshire are exhausted mines ; this is an exception.

Another Cavern, called THE SPEEDWELL MINE, is distant about half-a-mile from Castleton, on the left of the old Buxton road, close to the entrance of the Winnats, in the mountainous range called the Long Cliff. It was originally opened about the year 1770, by a company of Staffordshire proprietors, in search of lead ore ; but the speculation was a failure. For eleven years three sets of workmen—five to each set—were employed, night and day, in the work of excavation ; 51,645 pounds of gunpowder were used in blasting ; the sum of £14,000 was expended without any profitable result ; and the mine was finally abandoned. It is now an object of attraction to the curious, and a memorial of unrequited labour. The entrance is by a low white-washed cottage, where a flight of 106 steps beneath an arched vault descends to the “level,” or subterranean canal, on which is a boat capable of seating twenty persons. Visitors are impelled along the water by the guide, whose mode of navigation consists of pushing against wooden pegs driven into the sides of the rock at intervals of about six feet. During the voyage, this singular canal is lighted with candles ; and after traversing six hundred and fifty yards in this romantic fashion, the level opens into a tremendously magnificent cavern, whose roof and bottom are completely invisible, and whose sides are intersected by fissures, formed or enlarged by the action of water. Across this fearful gulf the navigation has been carried, by throwing a strong arch over the narrowest part of the fissure. Leaving the boat, the visitors ascend this platform, the better to survey the abyss beneath their feet. At the depth of ninety feet is a dismal pool of water, called by miners the “Bottomless

Pit," from the fact of its having engulfed 40,000 tons of rubbish, made in driving the level, without any apparent diminution of its depth or extent. It is often spoken of as fathomless, but an intelligent writer, in the "Beauties of England and Wales," states its actual depth in standing water at 320 feet. It is probable, however, that this abyss has communication with others still lower down in the bowels of the earth, into which the refuse found a passage, for the guides at the Peak Cavern state that, after heavy rains, fragments of rock and miners' rubbish have been brought down thither by the water. The superfluous water of the canal at the Speedwell Mine falls through a water-gate into the profound cauldron we have mentioned, with the sound of a mighty torrent; thus adding tremendous emphasis to the extraordinary effects produced in this subterranean seclusion. The height of the roof has never been determined, but the distance to the surface of the mountain has been computed at 280 yards. Rockets, of sufficient strength to ascend 150 yards, have been fired without rendering the roof visible; while Bengal lights, though revealing a scene of extraordinary magnificence, fail to reveal the full extent of its hidden recesses. A blast of gunpowder, discharged within the mine, awakens its echoes with almost appalling reverberations. The level has been driven to a great length beyond the cavern; but all attempts to find a sufficiency of lead ore to repay the cost of working have failed.

THE TRE-CLIFF or BLUE JOHN CAVERN is distant by the carriage-road about a mile and a half from Castleton, though pedestrians will find a shorter route on a narrow track across the edge of the cliff, at the foot of which it is situated, opposite the shivering front of Mam Tor. This cavern is the grand depository of the amethystine or topaz-

ine fluor of mineralogists, locally called "Blue John," to distinguish it from "Black Jack," a species of zinc ore found in the neighbourhood. This "Blue John" spar is found in different parts of Derbyshire and in Saxony; but only in this insulated cliff is it obtained in abundance. It is much less plentiful than formerly, the price being about £40 per ton, "in the rough." The richness and variety of colour in this beautiful material have recommended it to lapidaries, for the construction of articles for personal adornment and domestic ornaments; the largest Blue John vase ever made being in the Duke of Devonshire's sculpture gallery at Chatsworth. The Romans, who had a camp upon the summit of Mam Tor, were acquainted with this material, and it would seem that their famous *vasæ murrinæ*, described by Pliny, were made of this brilliant mineral.

The Blue John Mine, geologically considered, is perhaps the most interesting in the Peak; and, as it may be explored without inconvenience, the merely curious, as well as the studiously scientific visitor, find it an object of attraction. A flight of steps and a narrow passage winding between stupendous rocks, lead to a spacious opening, one hundred and fifty feet in height and sixty in diameter, called "Lord Mulgrave's Dining Room," from having been used by his Lordship as a place of repast for the miners who accompanied him during a three days' exploration of the mine, in the vain endeavour to discover another outlet. It is asserted, however, that Eldon Hole, Peak Cavern, the Blue John Mine, the Speedwell Mine, and the Bradwell Cavern form one connected range of subterranean chasms, extending through an area of many square miles; as demonstrated by the continuous streams of water which flow through them. Passing along a vaulted and circuitous pathway, through cavities whose extent has never been

discovered, although they have been explored to a distance of three miles, the "Variegated Cavern" is reached—a grand expanse of rocks, one hundred feet high, begemmed with brilliant crystallizations, which a Bengal light develops in marvellous beauty. The mine throughout is resplendent with stalactitic encrustations, conspicuous among which is a group of slender white columns, called the "Organ," from a supposed resemblance to the pipes of that instrument. The "Crystallized Cavern," one hundred feet high, and about fifty feet in area, is gorgeous with glittering stalactites of many colours, which almost realize our imaginary notions of fairy palaces. Mr. Bakewell, in his "Introduction to Geology," says:—"The crystallizations and mineral incrustations on the roof and sides of the natural caverns, which are passed through in this mine, far exceed in beauty those of any other cavern in England; and were the descriptions of the Grotto of Antiparos translated into the simple language of truth, I am inclined to believe it would be found inferior in magnitude and splendour of mineral decoration to the natural caverns in the Fluor Mine."

Of the Castleton Caverns it may perhaps be said, that the "Peak Hole" most excites the sensations of impressive solemnity; the "Speedwell Mine" the feelings of oppressive awe; and the "Blue John Mine" the feelings of admiring wonder. They are all well worthy of inspection by tourists, who are not afraid of a little labour and nervous excitement; and, as a useful "mem.," it may be added, that an inquiry about the fees of admission and gratuities to guides, may occasionally save some discussion on departure.

THE VALE OF THE WINNATS, or Winyates (wind-gates or portals of the wind), so named from the storms which sweep through its rocky ravine, is one of the most remark-

able mountain passes in Derbyshire. It is about a mile in length, and was once the only road from Castleton to Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith. A pathway more romantic and striking can scarcely be conceived ; stupendous piles of grey rocks, towering to the height of three hundred feet in fantastic forms, amidst scenes of savage magnificence ; "natural tors and steeples, bastions and turrets, and wild mimicry of castle and cathedral ruins," constituting a wide-stretching vista, unrelieved by verdure or foliage, but revealing charming glimpses of a cotted vale, whose pastoral beauty presents a lovely contrast to the rugged barrenness of the Winnats. The admirers of the picturesque and the romantic will derive pleasure from traversing this notable pass, which, like many other scenes of a similar character, has its tale of terror. It is said that in the month of April, 1758, a lady and gentleman were waylaid and murdered in this ravine. Tradition states how the unfortunate couple, on their elopement from the south, were journeying on horseback from Stoney Middleton to the chapel of Peak Forest, for the celebration of the matrimonial rites, when they were plundered and assassinated by a gang of miners. Poems and romances have been written upon this tragical occurrence ; and, although there is an absence of positive evidence as to the facts of the melancholy narrative, a saddle, said to have been that of the murdered lady, Clara, is now in the Bateman Museum at Lomerdale House ; it is of red morocco, with a stirrup-shoe, and was purchased from Mrs. Willis, of Grindleford Bridge, one of whose ancestors obtained it at Chatsworth, where he was a groom at the time of the murder.

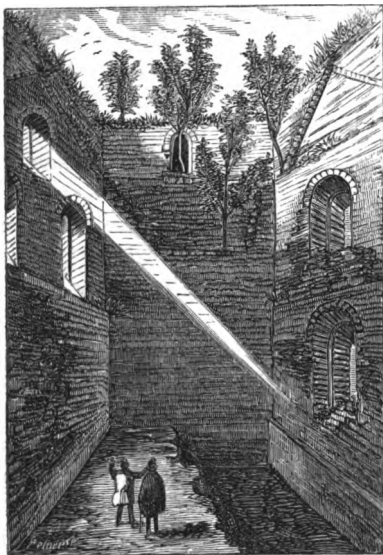
Parties, going from Buxton to Castleton, may descend the Vale of the Winnats by passing through a gate from the road, near Mam Tor ; and, if driving, can send round their carriages to meet them at Castleton.

A remarkable negative feature in all this grand scenery is the comparative absence of water, as usual in limestone districts. Elsewhere, a pass like the Winnats would have had a splashing and plentiful stream, crowded with little waterfalls; here all is dry. It is further remarkable that among these hills there is no heather, nor is there a single plant of bracken or of whortleberry. Another feature of its natural history is, that eagles were formerly common in the Peak. The last known nest was found in the year 1668, near the river Derwent; it was about two yards square, containing one black eaglet, about the weight of a goose, one addled egg, a lamb, a hare, and three heath poult. Red deer abounded till the reign of Queen Elizabeth or King James, about which time they all perished in a severe storm. Antlers and horns are found in many parts of the Peak.

Castleton is sufficiently supplied with shops, and has several "museums" for the sale of Derbyshire productions and curiosities. There are also good houses of public entertainment—the Castle Hotel, a commodious and well-managed house of sojourn or residence for families; and there are also two comfortable Inns, the "Bull's Head" and the "Nag's Head." Furnished apartments and cottages may also be had in the village, as temporary or permanent residences. Carriages and horses may be had at the Castle Hotel.

As we are now in the heart of the county, it may amuse our readers to remind them that Kinder, in the preface to his intended "History of Derbyshire," written about the middle of the seventeenth century, has some quaint remarks on the habits of the common people, who are described as exhibiting "a genuine reverence for those of larger fortunes;" a fondness for games, exercises, and cards; persons

of large appetite, "preferring oates for delight and strength above any other graine." "The countrie women" are commended as chaste and sober; "very diligent in their huswifery; they hate idleness, love and obey their husbands; only in some of the great townes, they follow the seeming sanctificators on a lecture day, when they putt on their best rayment, and hereby take occasion to goo a gossiping." Speaking of eminent men connected with the county, the same author grows quite enthusiastic, and exultingly calls Derbyshire "the amphitheatre of renowned persons."



INTERIOR OF PEVERIL CASTLE.

FROM CASTLETON TO THE MOORS.



THE drive from Castleton through the fertile valley of Hope Dale to Hathersage, is remarkably beautiful and interesting. About two miles east of Castleton is HOPE, a pleasant and pastoral village, which was a portion of the ancient demesne of the crown, and at the Domesday survey had seven hamlets annexed to it, but was afterwards considered as part of the great manor of the High Peak; on the division of which it became a parcel of the manor of Castleton, held under the Duchy of Lancaster by the Duke of Devonshire. Hope Hall, now an Inn, was the seat of the old Derbyshire family of the Balguys; and the family of Eyre, ancestors of the Earl of Newborough, had lands and a residence so far back as the reign of Edward the First. The Church, which is an ancient structure, stands on a gentle elevation, close to the road, belted with tall wide-spreading trees, and forming an interesting object in a lovely landscape. The Church of Hope and the Chapel of Tideswell were granted by King John, in 1205, to the Bishop of Lichfield; subsequently the Rectory manor was granted by the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, who now retain the patronage, to Ralph Gell,

Esq., of Hopton, in the reign of Edward VI. The parish is very extensive, including the parochial chapelry of Fairfield; the townships of Abney, Aston, Bradwell, Brough, Fernilee, Grindlow, Hazlebadge, Highlow, Great Hucklow, Little Hucklow, Offerton, Shatton, Stoke Thornhill, Thergaston, Wardlow, Woodland, Eyam, and Woodlands; the villages of Alport, Coolow-dale, and Small-dale; and part of Buxton. The present Church, which appears to be of the early part of the fifteenth century, with later additions, occupies the site of an older structure (for there was a Church with a priest here in the time of Edward the Confessor); it consists of a nave with clerestory, aisles, and chancel, a south porch, and a western tower, supporting an octagonal broach-spire. The roof is surmounted by an embattled parapet, with pinnacles. The east window is of four lights, trefoiled, the head filled with perpendicular tracery of good design; near to which is an almost obliterated inscription:—"Reparet by THE D. C. COFL—1620." There are several indications of great antiquity in the characteristics of the building, although there are but few old memorials of the dead. There is a brass to the memory of Henry Balguy, of Rowbe, in Hope parish, who died March 17, 1685.

Hope has its local charities, and a free school, of ancient foundation. On the Master's oak chair is carved the inscription:—"Ex torto ligno non fit Mercurius—1664." The village itself is of small dimensions; the houses of the large parish being widely scattered, literally "few and far between;" but there is a blacksmith's shop adjoining the road, where the rustics learn the news of the day, after the fashion which has long prevailed in those outlying districts, which railways have not disturbed. The country here is exceedingly pleasant and fertile, and the scenery beautiful.

Leaving Hope, the river Now is crossed on its picturesque course from the hills of Edale to its junction with the Derwent at Shatton, midway between Hope and Hathersage. At Brough it is joined by Bradwell brook, a name that reminds us of a remarkably interesting mine or grotto, about two miles from Castleton, which is designated by enthusiastic geologists as a beautiful stalactitic gem. This BRADWELL CAVERN consists of a series of grottoes, called by most fantastic names, as the Music Chamber, the Grotto of Paradise, the Grotto of Calypso, the Hall of State, all glittering with the stalactitic jewels of nature, beautiful in their combinations, and endless in their varieties. Its exploration is a work of labour and trouble, but also of novel enjoyment. There was a Castle at Hope in the time of Edward the First; during the twentieth year of whose reign, John, Earl of Surrey, is said to have been appointed the governor.

Gough, in his additions to the "Britannia, as quoted from the "Philosophical Transactions," writes:—"The moors of Hope parish afford an extraordinary instance of the preservation of human bodies interred in them. One Barber, a grazier, and his maid-servant, going to Ireland in the year 1674, were lost in the snow, and remained covered with it from January to May, when they were so offensive, that the coroner ordered them to be buried upon the spot. About twenty-nine years afterwards, some countrymen, probably having observed the extraordinary property of this soil in preserving dead bodies, had the curiosity to open the ground, and found them no way altered; the colour of the skin being fair and natural, and their flesh as soft as that of persons newly dead. They were exposed for a sight during the course of twenty years following; though they were much changed in that time by being so often un-

covered. In 1716, Dr. Henry Bourn, M.B., of Chesterfield, saw the man perfect, his beard strong, and about a quarter of an inch long; the hair of his head short; his skin hard, and of a tanned leather color, pretty much the same as the liquor and earth they lay in; he had on a broad cloth, of which the doctor in vain tried to tear off a skirt. The woman was more decayed, having been taken out of the ground and rudely handled; her flesh particularly decayed; her hair long and spongy, like that of a living person. Mr. Barber, of Rotherham, the man's grandson, had both bodies buried in Hope Church; and, upon looking into the grave some time afterwards, it was found they were entirely consumed. Mr. Wermald, the minister of Hope, was present at their removal; he observed that they lay about a yard deep, in moist soil, or moss, but no water stood in the place. He saw their stockings drawn off, and the man's legs, which had never been uncovered before, were quite fair; the flesh, when pressed by his finger, pitted a little; and the joints played freely, and without the least stiffness; the other parts were much decayed. What was left of their cloaths, not cut off for curiosity, was firm and good; and the woman had on a piece of new serge, which seemed never the worse."

BROUGH, a small hamlet, in the parish of Hope, was, in ancient days, a Roman station, which occupied an elevated site, now known as the Halsteads, near the junction of the river Now and the Bradwell brook; and which inclosed an area, measuring 310 feet from south to north, and 270 from east to west. Foundations of buildings have been frequently turned up by the plough in this spot, and many Roman remains discovered; including weapons of war, urns, and articles of domestic use, tiles, coins, a bust of Apollo, and other sculptures, which leave no doubt as to

the possession of a settlement here by those early invaders of England, under the command of the Cæsars. A gold coin of Vespasian has also been found, in good preservation, at Brough Mill, which belonged to the family of Strelley in the reign of Edward III. ; who held it by the singular service of attending the king on horseback, whenever he should come into Derbyshire, carrying a heron-falcon. If the horse should die on the journey, the king was to purchase another, and provide two robes and *bouche* of court. There were two Roman roads from Brough ; one to Buxton, the other to Melandra Castle, near Glossop. The Peverils are said to have had a residence at Brough.

From Brough, a pleasant walk of a mile by the river-side, leads to Mytham Bridge, spanning with three arches the sparkling stream of the Derwent, which there, as in other districts of its rejoicing course, gives life and loveliness to a landscape of ever-varying and remarkable beauty.

In the neighbourhood of Hope and Castleton, on the range of hills which terminate at Mam Tor, are two conspicuous heights, called Whin-Hill and Loose-Hill ; so named, according to traditional fancy, on account of a battle fought by two armies who had previously encamped on these eminences. Roman relics were discovered under a heap of stones to the east of Whin-Hill, in the year 1778. The legend of the battle lacks historical confirmation ; and the greater probability is that the names are derived from local products and appellations.

On approaching HATHERSAGE, the aspect of the country gradually loses its pastoral character of rural fertility, and assumes a bolder and wilder appearance, although interesting and picturesque. The town itself occupies the rocky front of a commanding eminence, which forms a part of the great ridge of hills that skirt the eastern boundary of

Derbyshire, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Derwent. Although charmingly situated in a rural district, it is a seat of manufacturing industry, where the inhabitants are chiefly employed in making needles and buttons, in weaving calico, and in working steel wire. The town and its neighbourhood are notable for interesting relics of the Ancient Britons and of their Roman conquerors.

On a dreary moor, named Millstone Edge, between Castleton and Hathersage, is a fortification, called "The Carl's Work," which Mr. Bray, F.S.A., in his "Sketch of a Tour through Derbyshire," has thus described, with some other antiquities. To what age or people it may be referred is not known. "It may seem to have some resemblance to the huge and shapeless structure of stones mentioned by Tacitus to have been raised by Caractacus, when he headed the Silures against the Romans. On its first appearance, a stone wall, of eight or nine feet high, seeming to be pretty regularly made, is seen crossing a neck of land, lying higher than the adjoining part of the moor, and which is full of loose stones. On coming to it, the stones which compose the wall are found to be very large, but regularly piled, and covered at the back with a sloping bank of earth. Keeping to the right hand, the ground is of an irregular shape, inclosed by a fence of stones, rudely placed. Sometimes a great stone, in its natural position, forms the defence; in other places, smaller ones are piled between, or on large ones. In the side which looks towards Chatsworth, is an entrance, or gateway, opening inwards into two flanks."

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the able author of "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," has contributed the following particulars to "The Reliquary," a Derby publication of great merit:—"Of antiquities, Hathersage pos-

sesses its full share—in the camp called ‘The Carl’s Work,’ and the less important one near the Church; in the rocking-stones, and numerous rock-basins; in the circles near Longshaw and Eyam; and in the rocks above Derwent, known as ‘The Cakes of Bread,’ and ‘The Salt-cellar,’ with others named from their peculiar forms.

“The drive from Hathersage to Derwent is highly picturesque, and derives an additional charm from the contrast of its wood and water with the moorland heights above the valley; aptly illustrating the name Derwent (Dergwent), ‘fair water,’ and fulfilling the expectation raised by an appellation of such high promise. The hope, however, of finding Druidical remains, which some might entertain from the name of the so-called ‘Cakes of Bread,’ and other objects, indicated in the ordnance survey of the hill above Derwent, is not so well repaid; these being simply natural rocks of fantastic shape, the first of which, consisting of layers of gritstone, lying one upon the other, have the same character as the masses of granite that compose the Cheesewring in Cornwall, and similar irregular pillars of rock on Mistor, and other heights of Dartmoor. Neither these ‘Cakes of Bread,’ nor the other works of whimsical shape upon the Derwent hills, in Cornwall, or on Dartmoor, are attributable to the Druids; and it must be admitted, that if, from being in the neighbourhood of old British remains, any superstitious feeling was attached to them, this could only have arisen from the strangeness of their shape, as they are evidently not formed by human agency.

“The small earthwork, called ‘Camp Green,’ near the Church of Hathersage, once surrounded by a ditch, is said to be Danish; but its position and entourage argue in favour of its being British, connected as it is, in a strategical point of the view, with ‘Carl’s Work,’ and the command of

the approaches from the eastward ; for the one would be ineffectual without the other, and the earthwork was necessary to watch the southern approach on that side, at the same time that it guarded the western valley, and communicated with the heights of Eyam Moor ; all of which were masked from the ' Carl's Work.'

" The Church, with the vallum of earth enclosing the camp, the churchyard, famed as the burial-place of Little John, the companion of Robin Hood, and the surrounding scenery, present many pleasing views ; but as little remains of the camp itself, I proceed to notice the more striking peculiarities of the ' Carl's Work.'

" This bears the marked characteristics of an Ancient British fort. It occupies one end of an isolated hill, rising above the plain below, and is a site admirably chosen, from its position and the nature of the ground.

" The vallum is here 17 or 18 feet in thickness ; its outer face, or scarp, fronted with a well-built wall of masonry, of which some of the stones are 50 inches in length ; and it extends nearly in a straight line across the gorge of the hill, which is here about 150 feet in breadth. One of the most remarkable features in this fort is the gateway on its south side ; it is 7 feet 2 inches in breadth ; and as the road ascending from the valley below passed between the two curvilinear faces of the wall, which formed the entrance passage, an enemy advancing to force the gate, was exposed to the missiles of the besieged on both sides ; while the portion of it to the west, projecting like a round tower, raked the face of the wall to the right and left, and formed an advanced work over the ascent."

HATHERSAGE

Is distant about six miles from Castleton, eight from Tideswell, five from Stoney Middleton, and seven from Hassop Station. It is an extensive parish, containing the townships of Hathersage, Bamford, Outseats, and Nether Padley; and the chapelries of Derwent and Stoney Middleton. The manor, at the Domesday survey, was the property of Ralph Fitzherbert; in the reign of Henry III. it belonged to the family of De Hathersage, whose co-heiresses brought it to Goushill and Longford. In the reign of Henry VI. Goushill's moiety passed to the family of Thorp, with remainder to Robert Eyre and his heirs; Sir Nicholas Longford died, seized of the other moiety, in 1481; it is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire, whose ancestor bought it of the Pegge family in 1705. In the year 1808 an Act of Parliament passed for inclosing the open fields and wastes, to the extent of ten thousand acres. The Church was given to the Priory of Launde, in Leicestershire, by Richard Bassett, its founder, in the twelfth century. The chapelry of Derwent is seven miles from Hathersage; and adjoining to the boundaries of the parish on the eastern side is the extra-parochial chapelry of Peak Forest; the Chapel of which is dedicated to King Charles the Martyr.

The Church of Hathersage, dedicated to St. Michael, stands at the upper end of the town, and is undoubtedly one of the most handsome examples of ecclesiastical architecture in Derbyshire. It is built in the decorated Gothic style, having a nave, aisles, chancel, clerestory, and south porch; and flanking the western end is an embattled tower of three stages, supported by rectangular buttresses, and surmounted by a noble octagon spire, beautifully enriched

with crocket work at the angles. In the year 1852, the church was thoroughly restored at a considerable cost; the external masonry, where necessary, was repaired and renewed. The interior presents a very handsome and effective example of ecclesiastical architecture, carried out in all its details with great beauty and propriety; and contains several stained-glass windows, "richly dight," which shed throughout the sacred edifice the "dim religious light" that Milton describes as a desired characteristic of the house of prayer. The chancel window, contributed by public subscription, consists of three lights, transomed, illustrative of the Nativity and Crucifixion of our Lord. At the west end is a handsome obituary window of three lights, dedicated "To the glory of God, and to the memory of William Eyre, of North Lees; of Mary, his wife; and of John, his son; A.D. 1856." The centre compartment is a representation of Daniel interpreting the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, artistically treated by Warrington, of London; and in the other two lights are scriptural illustrations from the biography of the patriarchs Noah and Job. In the south aisle are windows containing figures of the Evangelists; and at the east end of the same aisle is a window of similar design, with figures of the Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul—the latter window being the gift of the working people of Hathersage; and there is also another stained-glass window on the south side of the chancel, which was presented by a former vicar, the Rev. H. Cottingham. The church likewise contains several ancient monuments, the principal of which is the altar-tomb of Robert Eyre and of his wife, Joanna, daughter and sole heiress of Robert Padley, lord of the manor of Hathersage. On the tomb are brass plates, on which are engraven the effigies of a knight and his lady; the warrior in plate armour, with his

sword by his side, and the wife in the costume of the reign of Edward IV., with a long robe and veiled head-dress. At the head is a shield, charged with the arms of Padley; and at the feet a Latin label in black letter characters, to the memory of the departed, with an aspiration for their souls. Beneath the legend are the effigies of eleven sons and four daughters. By marriage with the heiress of Padley, Robert Eyre acquired large possessions here. His ancestors had been settled in this neighbourhood from a remote period; one of them, it is said, having saved the life of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and been rewarded with a gift of lands, when the successful invader carved out the property of the subjugated Saxons among his own chieftains and vassals. There are several other monuments of local interest and considerable antiquity in the church.

Extraordinary instances of the property of the soil in preserving dead bodies, are related in Gough's additions to "Camden's Britannia," one of which runs thus:—"On opening a grave for the interment of a female, on the thirty-first of May, 1781, the body of a Mr. Benjamin Ashton, who was buried on the twenty-ninth of December, 1725, was taken up, 'congealed as hard as flint. His breast, belly, and face were swarthy, but when turned over, his back, and all the parts that lay under, were nearly the same color as when put in the coffin.' The coffin was of oak boards, inch and half thick, and as sound as when first deposited in the grave, which was so extremely wet, that men were employed to lade out the water, that the coffin might be kept from floating, till the body was returned to it. The face was partly decayed, conveying the idea that the putrefactive process had commenced previously to that which had hardened the flesh into stone. The head was broke off in removing the body from the coffin, but was replaced in

its first position when again interred. Mr. Ashton was a very corpulent man, and died in the forty-second year of his age.

"Above the church, at a place called 'Camp Green,' is a circular area, 144 feet in diameter, encompassed with a high and pretty large mound of earth, round which is a deep ditch. A road has been carried across the area from west to east; and an outlet with a path has also been formed on the south side. In the churchyard, on the south side, opposite the porch, are two stones, which, according to tradition, mark the spot where 'Little John,' the famous companion of Robin Hood, was buried. The distance of these stones from each other is thirteen feet four inches; and this, you are asked to believe, was the height of this bold adventurer. A thigh-bone, measuring twenty-nine inches and a half, is asserted by Mr. Pilkington (1789) to have been met with in this grave, at the depth of two yards."

Statements upon this point vary considerably. Little John was born in Derbyshire; he fought at the battle of Evesham, in A.D. 1265, in the ranks of Simon de Montfort's rebellious barons; and after all the toils and adventures of his romantic life, the stalwart henchman of Robin Hood returned to die in the quiet village of his childhood's days. In the year 1652, Little John's bow was hanging in Hathersage Church; his green cap was there too; "the oldest inhabitant" well remembers seeing it there, suspended by a chain; but about 1800 it was carried away to Cannon Hall, near Barnsley. The widow who occupied the cottage at Hathersage* where the renowned outlaw was born and died, told a recent tourist that she remembered his grave being opened by order of Captain

* The cottage is now pulled down.

Shuttleworth, when a thigh bone, measuring thirty-two inches in length, was dug up; and Mr. Croston (1862) measured the distance between the stones at each end of the grave, and found it to be ten feet; so that in process of time the reputed length of the bone increased, while that of the grave diminished.

In Vol. VIII. of the "Archæologia," is an account, by Mr. Hayman Rooke, of some ancient remains on Hathersage Moor, particularly of a Rocking-stone, twenty-nine feet in circumference; and near it, a large stone, with a rock-basin; and many tumuli, in which urns, beads, and rings have been found. At a little distance he mentions observing another remarkable stone, thirteen feet six inches in length, which appears to have been placed by art on the brow of a precipice, and supported by two small stones. On the top is a large rock-basin, four feet three inches in diameter; and close to this, on the south side, a hollow, cut like a chair, with a step to rest the feet upon. This, in the traditions of the country, is called Cair's Chair. Not far from this spot are also some Rocking-stones, "and of such a kind as seems plainly to indicate, that the first idea of forming Rocking-stones at all, was the appearance of certain stupendous masses, left by natural causes in such a singular situation, as to be even prepared, as it were, by the hand of Nature, to exhibit such a curious kind of equipoise."

There is a neat Roman Catholic Chapel at the end of the village; and a pleasant walk through Brookfield Vale leads to the quaint old manor house of North Lees Hall (an ancient seat of the Eyres), and a picturesque ruin of a little chapel, overshadowed by trees, forming a pretty vignette for the sketching tourist.

Good accommodation is to be obtained in Hathersage at the "Ordnance Arms," or at the "George Inn," a comfortable but unpretending road-side hostelry.

At Hathersage we reach the edge of the moors, which formerly intersected almost every parish, but the progress of cultivation has so much altered the face of the country, that what are now known as "the Derbyshire Moors," lie chiefly on the east side of the river Derwent, and about its sources, "culminating between Hathersage and Sheffield, where the dark rocks of Caelswark and Higgar give a picturesque coronal to the landscape;" and near which is the Duke of Rutland's shooting lodge of Longshaw.

As the author of "Days in Derbyshire" well remarks, "One of the most remarkable accompaniments of the savage wildness of the moors, is the loveliness of the country which everywhere forms their selvedge. From no quarter can they be approached but through lands of the richest beauty. Trace any of the rivulets converging at Sheffield to its source—from 'the sheaf that mourns in Eden' to the 'trilling Yewden'—and by the time you get to 'the stream's mother-house,' as the Germans call a mountain-well, looking back occasionally in the ascent, not a little will be your amazement at the luxuriance of the landscapes around and below you. And yet even more luxuriant still is much of the country bordering their western side: Stanton and Darley Dale; Chatsworth in all its ducal pride; Haddon in its more venerable grandeur; and further up, beyond Stoke into Hathersage (*i.e.*, the edge of the heather), and Hope Dale and Edale, Brookfield and North Lees, with their wooded slopes and terraces, meadow-farms, and winding streams, England scarcely boasts anywhere richer or sunnier scenes of verdure or fruitfulness. Yet are these the places from which you may gain, by a ten minutes' ride or ramble the shores of those waving seas of heather, that swell and sink before the eye to its remotest ken; specked occasionally, as we have already said, by some pastoral isle; bea-

coned here and there by some lonely watch-tower of a keeper's dwelling, or cromlech-like tor ; or, just once and away, an ancient, storm-bowed tree, solitary and distant as an ocean sail. Sometimes, it is true, but very seldom, you catch sight of a modern plantation of pines and larches ; more frequently of a strange and unaccountable scattering or assemblage of hoary rocks, perhaps, in the distance, not unlike a caravan of the desert at halt ; and near to these again, another, not unlike the city to which they might be bound, with its ruined bastions and towers, its pinnacles and its turrets, its altars and shrines. And, indeed, judging by the druidical circles, the barrows and other relics near, it is not improbable that some of them were actually for purposes of defence, or worship, or both ; the familiar haunts of our aboriginal forefathers and their druid-teachers.

"One can well imagine the motives such primitive people had for gathering in such localities at certain times of the year. If the bilberry and cranberry abounded then, as now, and the black-game came, as now, to batten on them ; while hares had their runs, and conies their little dens below ; and the rivers in the valleys furnished fish in plenty ; a variety of edibles could be thus obtained, which even a modern gourmand might smack his lips at and covet. Nor was this all ; there are many proofs that, bleak though these moorlands are at present, there was a time when they abounded, in places, with valuable timber for shelter, and with underwood for fuel. And then, the sweet natural fountains and brooks, for water ! All things considered, it needs no great stretch of credulity to suppose a time when these now wide solitudes were peopled by a free and happy race, ere the Romans encamped on Mam Tor and Riber, or at Brough and Chesterfield, to hold them in subjection and awe."

TIDESWELL,

In the hundred and deanery of the High-Peak, is a small market-town, distant thirty-three miles from Derby, sixteen from Chesterfield, five from Castleton, six from Buxton, and two and a half from Miller's Dale Station. The parish comprises the townships of Litton and Whetstone or Weston; the chapelry of Wormhill; and the villages of Tunstead and Hargate-wall. The market at Tideswell was granted to Paulinus Bampton, in the year 1250, to be held on Wednesdays; together with a fair for two days, at the festival of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist. There was a confirmation of this grant to Richard Stafford, about the year 1392, and to Sampson Meverell in 1432. The manor of Tideswell was in the Crown when the survey of Domesday was taken. It afterwards belonged to the Peverils. King John granted it, in 1205, to Thomas Armiger and his heirs. It is probable that it passed, by female descent, to the Bamptons, who had the grant of a market in 1250. The Daniells, to whom the manor was confirmed by King Edward I. in 1304, are stated to have been representatives of Thomas Armiger, above-mentioned. In 1330 it was vested in the co-heiresses of Daniell. In 1337, Elizabeth Meverell, one of the co-heiresses, died, seised of a third of it. The other co-heiresses married Marchinton and Turvill. It is probable that Richard Stafford, to whom the market was confirmed in 1392, was descended from one of these. The whole appears to have centered, by gift or purchase, in the Meverells. The heiress of Meverell brought this manor to the Cromwell family. In 1654, Winfield, Lord Cromwell, sold it to Robert Eyre, Esq., of Highlow. William Eyre, his grandson, took the name of Archer, and was father of

John Archer, Esq., who died in 1800. It was purchased, in 1802, of his heirs, under a decree of Chancery, by the then Duke of Devonshire, and is now the property of the present Duke.

The Parish Church is a large and handsome Gothic structure, of the fourteenth century, in the form of a cross. The nave and aisles are separated by clustered pillars and pointed arches; the altar-piece, which occupies its proper position at the eastern end of a spacious chancel, is of stone, enriched with two tabernacles, and is placed about six feet from the eastern wall, thus leaving room for the sacristy or vestry behind the reredos; and on each side of the large east window is an ornamented niche. Some modern disfigurements about the chancel, it is hoped, will soon be removed, and a real restoration effected. At the west end of the church is a tower, with four embattled turrets, terminating in pinnacles ornamented with crockets. In the church are the monuments of John, son of Thomas Foljambe, 1358, a principal donor to the erection of the church; Sir Sampson Meverell, 1462; Robert Pursglove, Bishop of Hull, 1579, who was born and died at Tideswell, having been deprived of his See by Queen Elizabeth; Thomas Statham, no date; Samuel Eccles, gent., who married one of his daughters, 1731; Robert Freeman, Esq., of Whiston Hall, 1763; Robert Charlton, Esq., who married his niece and heiress, 1787. Tideswell, being at first a chapel of Hope, was given to the cathedral of Lichfield in the reign of Richard I., by John, Earl Moreton, afterwards King of England. A vicarage having been subsequently endowed, Tideswell became a separate parish. The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield are appropriators of the great tithes, and patrons. Queen Anne's Bounty was procured for the vicarage by subscription, in 1739. There was a

chantry at Tideswell, founded by John Foljambe, who died in 1358; the endowment was valued at £9 9s. 4d. per annum in 1547. There is a Chapel at Tideswell belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists. Near the Church is "The Grammar-School of Jesus," founded by Robert Pursglove above-mentioned. The rent of the estates belonging to Pursglove's Charity was, in 1815, £222 6s. per annum; they are now nearly £300. Three-fourths of this rent is received by the Schoolmaster; the remainder is for the repairs of the school, and for doles to the infirm and needy. The hospital mentioned in the Bishop's epitaph is not at Tideswell.

In the chancel of the church is an ancient altar-tomb, the sides of which being open show a carved effigy of an emaciated corpse, lying on a winding-sheet; on the top is a slab of Purbeck marble, inlaid with brasses, on which are engraved symbolical representations of the Holy Trinity and the Evangelists, together with four shields of arms (three only now remain) and an inscription in Latin; round the verge of the stone is the following inscription on a fillet of brass, to the memory of a warrior of renown, who died in 1462:—

"Under thys stone lyeth Sampson Meverill, whych was borne in Stone in the feaste of St. Michael the Archangell, and there christened by the Pryor of the same hous, and Sampson, of Clifton, Esq., and Margaret, the daughter of Phillip Stapley, in the yere of our Lord ^{xx}MCCCIII^xIVIII., and so lived and endured under the service of Nicholl, Lord Audley and Dame Elizabeth his wife, the space of xviii years and more; and after, by the assent of John Meverill, his fader, he was wedded in Helfer, the King's manor, to Isabel, the daughter of the worpfull knight, Sir Roger Lech, the xvii day of Pasch, and after that he came to the Service of the noble Lord, John Mountegu, Earl of Salisbury, the ordeyned the said Sampson to bee a Capitayne of Diverse worpfull places in france; and after the death of the said Earl, he came to the service of John Duc of Bedford, and soe being in his service, he was

at xi grate Battayles in France within the space of two yeares, and at Saint Luce, the Said Duc gave him the order of Kthood; after that the said Duc made K^t Constable, and by his commaundement he kept th Constable Court of this Land till the death of the said Duc; and after hee aboade under the service of John Stafford, Arch Byshop of Canterbury, and soe endureing in great wor^p, departed from all worldly service, unto the mercy of our Lord Jesu Christ, the which d^{ed}ed his soul from his body in the feast of St. Macut, in the yeare of our Lord MCCCCLXII, and soe his worde may be prooved, that grace paseth Cunning. Amen. Devoutly of y^r Charity sayth a Pater Noster with an Ave for all Xpian soules, a especiall for the soule whse bons resten under this stone."

On the Tomb of Bishop Pursglove is the following inscription:—

Under this stone as here doth ly, A corps sometime of fame
in Tiddeswall bred and born truly ROBERT PURSGLOVE by name
and there brought up by parents care at Schoole & learning trad
till afterwards by UNCLE dear to London he was had
who WILLIAM BRADSHAW hight by name in gauls toch did him
place

and y^r at Schoole did him maintain, full thrice 3 whole years space
and then into the Abberne was placed as I wisse
in Southwark call'd where it doth ly Saint MARY OVERIS
to OXFORD then who did him Send into that Colledge right
And there 14 years did him find, to Corpus Christi hight
From thence at length away he went, A Clerke of learning great
to GIBURN ABBEY streight was sent, and plac'd in PRIORS seat
BISHOP of HULL he was also, ARCHDEACON of NOTTINGHAM,
PROVOST of ROTHERAM COLLEDGE too, of YORK eak

SUFFRAGAN

two GRAMER Schooles he did ordain with LAND for to indure
one HOSPITAL for to maintain twelbe impotent and poor.
O, GIBURNE thou with TIDDES WALL TOWN lement & mourne
you may
for this said CLERK of great renown Igeth here compact in clay

though cruell DEATH hath now dow- brought this BODY we here
 doth ly
 yet trump of FAME stay can he nought to sound his praise on high.

*Qui legis hunc verbum crebro reliquum memoreris
 bile cadaver sum tuque cadaver eris.*

Round the slab :—

Crist is to me as life on earth, and death to me is gaine,
 Because I trust through Him alone, Salvation to obtain.
 So brittle is the state of man, so soon it doth decay,
 So all the glory of this world must pass and fade away.

This Robert Hursglobe, sometymme Bishoppe of Hull, deceased
 this 2 daye of Maii, the yeare of our Lord God, 1579.

The last resting-place of a loyal Cavalier is marked by
 the following inscription to his memory :—

“THOMAS STATHAM, son and heir of the loyal gentleman Statham, Edenstall and Tansley, captain of a troop of horse, which he raised at his own charge, for the royal King Charles I., and was afterwards a patient sufferer of the tyrannies and sequestrations of those impious regicides ; lineally descended from the ancient and loyal family of Statham, lords of Morley in this county, and of Statham and Barton in Cheshire. Three of his ancestors, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, and Sir Robert, were Judges. He married three wives : 1. Barbara, daughter and heir of Cromwell Meverell, of Tidswell, near kinsman of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass, lineally descended from Francis Meverell, of Throwsley, by Anne, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Denham, who had by the said Barbara three sons—Sir John Statham, his heir, Thomas, a captain, and Charles, a merchant ; and one daughter, Barbara. His second wife was Mary, relict of Nicholas Ssirtcliffe, M.D., by whom he had one son, William, and three daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, and Frances.”

The descent from the Stathams of Morley, spoken of here, cannot be ascertained.

In the south transept is a tomb, with effigies of a man and a woman, of whom nothing is with certainty known ; but tradition mentions them as Thurstan de Bower and his wife, who are said to have built that transept. The date is supposed to be about 1350.

Tideswell, it may therefore be inferred from these antique records of mortality, was in former days a place of some importance. It is now a pleasant and healthy Derbyshire town, the inhabitants of which are principally engaged in weaving and mining. The George Inn is a comfortable house of public entertainment.

Litton, in this parish, was the property and seat of the ancient family of that name. Rowland Litton, Esq., sold it to John Alsop, in 1597 ; it passed from Alsop to Bagshaw in 1606 ; to Bradshaw in 1620 ; to Upton in 1686 ; and to Statham in 1707. It is now the property of the Right Honourable Lord Scarsdale, whose ancestor purchased it of Sir John Statham. William Bagshaw, an eminent non-conformist, called "The Apostle of the Peak," author of a work called "*De Spiritualibus Pecci, or Notes concerning the Work of God, &c., in the High-Peak,*" and some devotional tracts, was born at Litton in 1628 ; he was ejected from the Vicarage of Glossop in 1662 ; and died at Great-Hucklow, in the parish of Hope, where he was minister of a congregation of dissenters, in 1702.

Tunstead, in the parish of Tideswell, was the birth-place of Brindley, the celebrated promoter and engineer of canals. Newton, the "Minstrel of the Peak," was born in a cottage on the moors, three miles from Tideswell. John Howe, the poet, was born at Litton ; and the ancestors of Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Bulwer) formerly resided there.

FROM HATHERSAGE TO GLOSSOP AND CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.



STANEDGE POLE.

N the immediate neighbourhood of Hathersage are the principal MOORS of Derbyshire, where game is abundant and sport most enjoyable. A good turnpike road for Cheshire and Manchester leads through a wide expanse of rock and heather along the old hills, which present a succession of picturesque aspects; and passes by the ancient town of Glossop, on the northern boundary of the county, at a distance of fifty miles from Derby.

GLOSSOP is a seat of manufacturing industry, which is principally engaged in print works and cotton factories. In the days of the Norman dynasty it was an appanage of the Crown; in 1157 it was given by Henry II. to the Abbey of Basingwerk, the ruins of which now form an attractive memorial of the olden time, in Flintshire; by Henry VIII. it was presented to the Earl of Shrewsbury, from whom it has descended to Lord Edward Howard. The town possesses all necessary means of accommodation for a commercial community; with churches, chapels, and

schools, suited to the religious and educational requirements of the inhabitants; and has convenient railway communication with the great lines of traffic. Glossop Hall, the seat of the lord of the manor, is a picturesque edifice of the olden time.

This locality is remarkable for the grand views it affords of the mountainous districts of the High Peak, Kinder Scout, and other commanding hills; and in its immediate vicinity are the Roman remains of Melandra Castle; the manufacturing village of Charlesworth; the print works and railway construction of Dinting Vale; the factories, cotton works, and calico manufactories of Hadfield, Waterside, Padfield, Marple Bridge, and Whitfield. A drive of ten miles passes through the romantic village of HAYFIELD, where there is a good Church, with interesting monuments, to the neat little town of CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, which is distant six miles from Buxton, and fourteen from Bakewell, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, rising from a fertile valley, and sheltered by lofty eminences. Parties desirous of exploring the mountainous ridge of remarkable rocks running northward and eastward from Hayfield, at the highest elevation in Derbyshire, and developing the charming tract of country which spreads along Edale, the Woodlands, Hope Dale, and the Valley of the Derwent, may obtain carriages, which will convey them into the Kinder Scout passes as far as three miles from Hayfield; but the ascent to the summit must be made on foot, and occupies about an hour. The prospect, in favourable weather, is worth the labour; combining, as it does, all the distinguishing attributes of the sublime and beautiful. A mountain stream, rising in certain conditions of the weather to the importance of a cataract, descends from the head of Kinder, and, leaping from ledge to ledge of the granite

rocks, by successive plunges of four hundred feet, rushes down the face of the precipice, like the torrents poetically eulogized by *William Tell*, and "ploughs the valleys without asking leave." Romantic caves and gigantic stones also add to the wild grandeur of the scene, which, in many of its aspects and remains, bears traces of druidical characteristics; and, like many a similar spot in Derbyshire, verifies and illustrates the contemplation of William Howitt, who thus translates his thoughts into the poetry of fact and fancy:—

" The Druid-stones are standing still
On the green top of many a hill ;
The fruitful plough, with mining share,
At times, lays some old relic bare :
The Danish mell, the bolt of stone,
To a yet ruder people known.
And oft, as on some point which lies
In the deep hush of earth and skies,
In twilight, silence, and alone,
I've sate upon the Druid-stone,
The visions of those distant times,
Their barbarous manners, creeds, and crimes,
Have come, Joy's brightest thrill to raise,
For life's blest boon in happier days. •
But not of them—rude race—I sing ;
Nor yet of war, whose fiery wing,
From age to age, with waste and wail,
Drove from wide champaign and low vale,
Warrior and woman, child and flock,
Here, to the fastness of the rock.
The husbandman has ceased to hear,
Amidst his fields, the cry of fear ;
Waves the green corn ; green pastures rise
Around ; the lark is in the skies.
The song a later tune must trace,
When faith here found a dwelling-place.

The tale is tinged with grief and scath,
But not in which man's cruel wrath
Like fire of fiendish spirits shows ;
But where, through terrors, tears, and woes,
He rises dauntless, pure, refined ;
Not chilled by self, nor fired by hate,
Love in his life, and even his fate
A blessing on his kind."

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH is a market-town of some importance in the Peak, with a Church of no great interest as an architectural example ; dissenting chapels ; schools for various denominations ; a Mechanics' Institution ; Town Hall, and other public buildings. A Chapel was founded in the thirteenth century, which, in the year 1317, was deemed a Parish Church ; in the register of which is an entry, recording the preservation of a girl, thirteen years old, after having been exposed without food to the inclemency of storms of snow, in March, 1716—1717. The town has railway communication with the Stockport and Whaley Bridge line.

There is a Roman camp near Chapel-en-le-Frith, on the summit of a hill known as Chinley Churn, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. In the parish also stands the old patrimonial seat of the Bradshaws ; one of whom was the notorious judge who took part in the trial and condemnation of King Charles the First. The Hall was rebuilt by his brother Francis Bradshaw, in the year 1620. It is a good specimen of the domestic architecture of the period ; and is well situated on the southern slope of Eccles Pike, in front of which lies Comb's Valley, with the noble sheet of water that forms the reservoir of the Peak Forest Canal, and covers an extent of eighty acres. On one of the staircases in the mansion is an inscription,

which the regicides of the' Commonwealth might have studied with advantage :—

“ Love God and not Gould.”

“ He that loves not mercy
Of mercy shall miss ;
But he shall have mercy
That merciful is.”



ARMS FROM THE TOMB OF SAMPSON MEVERILL,
TIDESWELL CHURCH.

EXCURSION TO DOVE-DALE.



FROM Buxton or Bakewell a most delightful excursion may be taken, by way of diversifying the route, to Dove-Dale, the entrance to which is distant from the former place seventeen miles, and from the latter sixteen. From Buxton, the road runs through a picturesque district, by Great Low, the Duke of York Inn, and Newhaven.

In this neighbourhood is the famous circle of ancient stones, called ARBOR LOW, one of the most remarkable remains of the druidical age in this country; and not far distant is the rural town of HARTINGTON, from which the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire takes his title. It has a history of considerable interest, dating back to the eleventh century. The Church is an ancient structure in the form of a cross, kept in excellent order, and possessing notable architectural features, with several old monuments, incised slabs, and other antiquarian relics; with a modern stained-glass window, to the memory of John Sleigh, April 5, 1858. A few yew trees give a sombre and venerable appearance to the churchyard; and the old tower, rising above the adjacent buildings, imparts an air of importance

to the place. There is a quiet old-fashioned Inn, known as "The Sleigh Arms." Hartington Hall, a fine old mansion, has lately been restored, at considerable cost, by the present proprietor, Thomas Osborne Bateman, Esq., lineally descended from the Bateman family, who, in the time of Richard the Second, lived at Wingfield, and whose successors were settled here in the early part of the sixteenth century. Hartington is mentioned as the place where an engagement took place between the Romans, under Agricola, and the Ancient Britons. It is also memorable for a fight, in 1651, between the Puritans and the Royalists; when the latter were defeated, and William de Rossington, a loyal Cavalier, fell in the fray. His lady-love resolved to rescue his corpse from indignity; she therefore visited the battle-field, found the body, carried it to Hedburn Wood, near Cressbrook, ten miles distant, procured a light and an instrument of husbandry at a solitary hut, and buried the gallant soldier. The identical spot remained unknown to the troops of the Commonwealth, who offered a reward for his body. Thirty years ago, a farmer at the Hoff, near the wood, in putting down a gate-post, found the remains, with the warrior's helmet, sword, buttons of his dress, and armour, which came into the possession of an antiquary at Eyam. The chapelry of Sterndale, in this parish, which is a Deanery of itself, is a pleasantly situated village, amidst scenery combining beauty and wildness, and studded with Celtic remains.

From Newhaven the road leads past Alsop Dale and Newton Grange to TISSINGTON, a rural village of secluded beauty, celebrated for its continuance of the interesting and suggestive custom of "Well Dressing," on the festival of our Lord's Ascension; on the annual recurrence of which, the five wells or springs are tastefully decorated with floral

devices, interwoven with scriptural texts and emblems ; and the day is observed with religious services and social festivities. Tissington is often spoken of as a model village ; and there is certainly a charm about its tranquillity and prettiness, which realizes all that poets have sung of the loveliness and contentment of the country, where we can "nearer see our God." The Church is an ancient edifice, and has a picturesque appearance, as it stands upon an elevated site, surrounded by beech trees, and approached through an avenue of aged yews, which gives an air of undisturbed repose and sanctity to the hallowed spot. The interior has traces of very ancient architecture, and some notable memorials of the dead. Opposite the Church is Tissington Hall, a Gothic mansion, the seat of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, Bart., nearly hidden by its "ancestral trees ;" and a short distance from this old family residence is a brick edifice in the Elizabethan style, bearing the Fitzherbert arms and the date, 1837 ; the building being occupied as a school and the post-office of the village. The park in which the Hall stands has a noble avenue of limes, about half-a-mile in length, terminating at a triple gateway near the keeper's lodge, which corresponds in style with the mansion itself. Opposite to this lodge a bye-way branches off, leading through Thorp to Ilam and Dove-Dale, the entrance to which is two miles distant.

A mile from Tissington Lodge is FENNY BENTLEY, with its pretty little Church and a School, standing upon gentle slopes on opposite sides. The northern entrance to Dove-Dale may be effected on foot, by passing over a few fields from the Buxton road, near to a farm-house called Hanson Grange ; and then descending into the ravine above the Dove Holes, the party may proceed along the Dale to Ilam, where the carriage may be ordered to meet the tourists.

But the better mode of enjoying the excursion when driving from Buxton, would be to proceed to the "Izaak Walton Hotel," near Ilam, before taking the walk through the Dale; or, if preferred, Ashborne might be made the resting-place, and from that pleasant town Dove-Dale may be conveniently visited by way of Thorp or Ilam; the routes varying in distance, but in no case exceeding four miles.

DOVE - DALE .

As we have stated that the descent of this secluded and wildly-beautiful glen can be made by following, for the most part, the windings of the river from the northern entrance, although travellers generally prefer the upward route, we think it may be interesting to quote the narrative of the late Mr. Hobson, who traversed the former course, from his excellent "History of Ashborne."

On entering the Dale where the valley contracts, and the river takes an abrupt turn, forming a scene of surpassing beauty, he says:—

"The first remarkable object that presents itself is a tall rocky precipice, on the left or Derbyshire side, perforated at its base by two caverns, of inconsiderable depth. The largest has a span of between fifty and sixty, and a perpendicular height of about thirty feet. These caverns have obtained the local appellation of the 'Dove Holes;,' beyond which point tourists who ascend the stream rarely proceed. Seated on the turfy declivity that gently slopes to the margin of the river, we see on its banks, directly opposite, several large masses of isolated rock, which seem to have been hurled thither by some effort of nature; downwards, to the south-west, the eye wanders over a lengthened and winding range of mountains, profusely and thickly covered from their summit to their base, with various plants, shrubs, and trees, of mountain growth. The vale now enlarges, the river assumes a wider and deeper aspect, and the footpaths wind through a rich and verdant plot of ground, skirted on the left by a grove of hazels. Lower down,

on the right side, is another curious detached rock, rising to a considerable height from the very edge of the river, so closely, that at a distance one would imagine that it stood in the middle of the stream. The cliff forms a kind of portal, which is considered as a distinct entrance into another division of the dale. In consequence of its projection, the stream is much contracted, and appears to force its way onward with difficulty. On the opposite side there is a cluster of several remarkable rocks, one of which bears the appearance of a lofty cone, having a small cavernous aperture at its base. On a slope near the summit of one of the largest and most elevated of these, is a large detached piece of stone, of oblong-square form, apparently suspended by so frail a thread, that a blast of wind might precipitate it into the bed of the river, or over the head of the spectator below. This rock has frequently been described and painted; and its parasite portion has received the fanciful designation of the 'Watch-box.'

"From the middle of this ravine, which is in itself one of the most beautiful spots in the vale, we obtain views on all sides, uniting nearly every object that can compose perfect landscape scenery. Entering now a thickly-wooded glen, we perceive the hills on the right to rear their heads to a greater elevation, and to be more plentifully clothed with trees, than those on the opposite side; still preserving that sylvan character which has hitherto distinguished them. A little further down we arrive at two stupendous cliffs, that rise abruptly on each side of the river. The chasm here is so narrow, that, when by heavy rains the stream is swollen, the passage through it becomes impracticable. The defile is appropriately styled 'Dove-Dale Straits.' Advancing a few paces, we see the naked cliffs on the left, bearing a singular resemblance to portions of ruined towers, take an expansive sweep round the mountain, to the verge of the river, forming a wide natural amphitheatre. The Dove here loses her general character of a swift-running stream, flowing smoothly and placidly for several hundred yards. Just beyond this amphitheatre of cliffs, and, as it were, in the base of one of its wings, rises a vast and finely-formed natural arch, pierced through the solid rock. We pass through this arch, by a very steep ascent over loose sand and shale, to 'Reynard's Hall,' a large cavern, about thirty feet in height, and fifteen in breadth. For the space of about forty feet this cave may be explored, but beyond it contracts to a narrow opening, supposed by some persons to communicate with other caverns, and to terminate near Parwich, between two and three miles distant. To the



The Hudson River Lake

left, a little above, is another cavern, of smaller dimensions, called 'Reynard's Kitchen.' Descending to the arch, and looking through it, we have views of the wildest and most splendidly-picturesque description.

"Retracing with the eye, as far as practicable, those divisions of the dale already passed, they form a deep winding ravine, in which the circular hill of the background—its outlines being softened by the distance—contrasts strongly with the rugged crested cliffs beneath and around. Far below is the Dove, running placidly along through the 'woody wilderness,' and sending aloft, on the 'wings of the wind,' her chastened murmurings. A little verdant island divides the stream; and beyond, on the opposite hills, rises a lofty pile of rocks, with tall towering spires and pointed arches: a group which has been likened to 'a magnificent abbey in a beautiful wood.'

"It is supposed that it was in attempting to scale an acclivity near 'Reynard's Hall,' that Dean Langton (whose obituary memorial is in Ashborne Church) met with the accident that occasioned his end. The circumstances of the fearful catastrophe, as detailed in the journals of the time, are briefly these:—In July, 1761, Mr. Langton (then Dean of Clogher) being on a visit at Longford Hall, the seat of Wenman Coke, Esq., formed one of a party to visit Dove-Dale. After viewing the scenery, and partaking of refreshment in a spot near 'Reynard's Cave,' they prepared to return, by way of Tissington, it is supposed, for the Dean proposed to ascend on horseback a steep hill, over which a path led to that village; and Miss La Roche, a young lady of the party, agreed to accompany him on the same horse. Mistaking the road, the Dean unfortunately followed a sheep-track on the right of the eminence, which he found too steep to ascend; in attempting to turn about, the horse, overpowered by the burden imposed upon him, fell backward down the hill. The Dean being precipitated to the bottom, was taken up so dreadfully bruised, that he died within a few days, and was buried in Ashborne Church. Miss La Roche, whose fall was broken by her hair becoming entangled in a thorn bush, escaped with some severe contusions, though for two days she continued insensible. The horse, more fortunate than his riders, was slightly injured. Dean Langton was of an ancient family in Lincolnshire. He was chaplain to the third Duke of Devonshire, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and by him was presented with the Deanery of Clogher.

"The Dove is now, for some distance, a varied succession of almost

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still waters, rapid streams, and small cascades ; occasionally intersected with little islands, and studded with fragments of limestone-rock, torn, apparently, from the cliffs above. Further onward, we pass (on the Derbyshire side) a hill, almost separated from the mountain-range, the sides of which are surrounded by several divisions of rock, curiously rising one above another, obtaining, from their form and locality, the appellation of 'Tissington Spires.' The Staffordshire side of the dale continues to preserve a sylvan character ; its acclivities being shaded with the rich foliage of the mountain-ash, the hazel, and the hawthorn ; its rugged cliffs clothed with lichens, the creeping ivy, and an innumerable variety of odoriferous flowering shrubs. To the botanist the whole valley teems with attractions ; and he may here enrich his collection by specimens of many rare and indigenous plants and flowers with which it abounds. The fickle and whimsical ROUSSEAU, who resided for a time at Wootton Hall, and in his occasional rambles visited Dove-Dale, is said to have sown the seeds of some curious foreign flowers in the neighbourhood. Whether any of these are yet in existence is a matter of uncertainty.

"The path now winds upwards through a thick grove of trees, by the ruins of a hovel, which, with the exception of a fishing-house on the other side the river, are the only traces of the innovating hand of man to be met with in the dale ; all else is nature, wild and unbroken ; and long may it so continue ! The path just mentioned leads to a round elevation, covered with smooth and flowery turf, and which overhangs, at an immense height, the river. Here, again, is a spot that is often chosen as the rendezvous and resting-place of visitors ; and many a merry rural repast has been enjoyed beneath the shade of the clumps of trees by which the hill is crowned. The view from this point is perhaps the most extensive and imposing in the dale, possessing, it has been said, some of the bold and peculiar features characteristic of Continental scenery. As the southern entrance of the glen is approached, the precipices which form its boundaries are perceived to lose their luxuriant aspect ; they are no longer covered with trees, and but scantily clothed with verdure. The Dove, however, widens in her course, and taking a sudden turn to the right, at the base of Thorpe-cloud, escapes from her confinement. Traversing several fertile meadows, she then forms a junction with the Manifold."

Mr. Hobson rightly considers that romantic beauty amidst unbroken wildness is the great charm of this far-famed dale,

which has elicited, among many other admiring tributes of cultivated minds, the following testimony to its picturesque attributes :—Lord Byron, than whom, all must admit, few men were more capable of appreciating natural scenery, when writing to the poet Moore, who was then rustivating at Mayfield, says, with an obvious reference to Dove-Dale, “There are things in Derbyshire as noble as in Greece or Switzerland.” Sir Richard Phillips calls Dove-Dale “one of the natural wonders of the nation. Nothing (he adds) can be conceived more picturesque, astonishing, and even sublime ; and a visit will repay every traveller and lover of nature, in its rude and grand features.” “It is, perhaps, (observes Mr. Gilpin, in his ‘Northern Tour’) one of the most pleasing pieces of scenery of the kind we anywhere meet with. It has something peculiarly characteristic. Its detached perpendicular rocks stamp it with an image entirely its own ; and for that reason it affords the greatest pleasure. For it is in scenery as in life ; we are most struck with the peculiarity of an original character, provided there is nothing offensive in it.” Mr. Edward Dayes, recapitulating the merits of Dove-Dale, says that “it possesses an union of grandeur and beauty, not to be equalled by anything I ever beheld. It is of that high cast of character which Pallas holds among the females in poetry. Borrowdale, in Cumberland, is sublime from its magnitude ; yet being destitute of wood, it wants the power to please. All there is barren and desolate ; but here beauty reigns triumphant. Happy is the man who, divested of care, finds himself enabled to retire to such scenes as these, and who, at the same time, possesses sensibility to enjoy their excellence.”

Mr. Croston, the intelligent and eloquent tourist to whom we have before alluded, took the route generally followed

from Ashborne. Leaving that town, he passed by Mappleton, near which, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, stands Okeover Hall, a mansion of substantial plainness, the seat of Haughton Charles Okeover, Esq., a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Derby, who has also filled the office of high-sheriff with honour and credit. The ancient and respectable family, of which the present squire is a worthy descendant, has held the estate and manor of Okeover for upwards of seven centuries; and its members have occupied positions of high responsibility in Derby, Stafford, and Nottingham, from a very early period. Among the many honourable alliances which this family has formed, may be mentioned those of Bassett, of Blore; Bradburne; Aston, of Tixall; Leech, of Chatsworth; Longford; Dunham; Cheney; Cokayne; Ashley (ancestors of the Earls of Shaftsbury); Bagot; Shirley; Hurt; Walhouse; Littleton; Adderley; Anson; and, more recently, Cavendish, by the marriage of the present lord of the manor with the daughter of the late Lord Waterpark. The hall is a substantial structure of the last century, containing several excellent pictures, chief amongst which is the celebrated picture, ascribed to Raffaele, "The Holy Family." "The group consists of five figures: the infant Jesus on His mother's lap; St. Anne standing near, her eyes intently fixed upon the holy child; St. John behind; and Joseph still further in the background. The value of this gem of art has been variously estimated at from 1000 to 2000 guineas. It is said to have formerly belonged to King Charles I., and was discovered in an old lumber-room, where it is conjectured to have been hidden during the civil wars. The dining-room contains several other good pictures, among which are the well-known pieces by Vandervelde, 'The Calm,' and 'The Storm;' 'St. Veronica with the sacred handkerchief,' by Titien; 'Christ

meeting the women in the garden,' by Rubens; and others of less note." *

The Church, an unpretending structure with a low square tower, is situated close to the hall, and contains a few family monuments, including a fine brass; in the chancel window are some remains of stained glass.

MAPPLETON, on the Derbyshire side of the river, about a mile and a half from Ashborne, is a pleasant village, the manorial rights of which are vested in the Okeover family. The Church is dedicated to St. Mary, and has a curious design in painted glass in one of the windows. Here is an almshouse for clergymen's widows, founded by Rowland Okeover, Esq., in the year 1727. The village is a favourite fishing station for those who are fortunate enough to obtain angling in the Dove, which is well stocked with trout and grayling in this locality. Proceeding thence to Spend Lane, which commands fine views of sylvan scenery and the valley of the Dove, the road leads to Thorpe, which wears an old-world look, and has a quaint little Church of ancient date, with an adjoining parsonage of formal rusticity. To the right rises the conical hill called Thorpe-cloud, guarding the south-eastern entrance to the dale; opposite to which, on the left of the road, is an unostentatious but comfortable way-side Inn, assuming the title of the "Dove-dale Hotel," where picnic parties and visitors to its attractive locality find convenient accommodation. A walk of a few minutes by a field-path, across the base of the hill, leads to the Derbyshire side of the dale, whence the ascent can be comfortably made. Some tourists, however, especially when driving, prefer to go on to the "Izaak Walton Hotel," an excellent house of accommodation near Ilam, on the Staf-

* Hobson's History of Ashborne, p. 198.

fordshire side ; a short path from which conducts to a rustic foot-bridge, affording access across the stream to the opposite Derbyshire bank, the same into which the walk by Thorpe-cloud opens, and the only one by which the intricate windings of the dale can with safety be explored. Mr. Croston, whose description we now proceed to quote, says :—

“ The entrance to Dove-Dale is an introduction quite in character with the marvels beyond ; and the spectator becomes almost startled by the wild and savage grandeur of the prospect to which a few steps have so suddenly introduced him, so striking in contrast with the calm and placid beauty of the lovely valley through which he has just passed. The green pastures, the sunny glades, the fine and fertile meadows, the slopes mantled with waving woods, the gentle flowing river, and the warm rich landscape, have hardly faded from the sight, ere he finds himself in the midst of a scene where nature exhibits some of her most striking and majestic features, and where, instead of the sweet melodies of the birds, the bleating of flocks, and the gladsome hum of sunny music, he has to listen to the angry brawling of the tortuous stream, as it frets and chafes round the little islets, or dashes with impetuosity over the rocky barriers which here and there impede its course.

“ Bunster Hill, on the one side, and Thorpe-cloud on the other—two abrupt and lofty eminences, the former 1200 feet in height, and the latter attaining to an almost equal elevation—stand, like mighty sentinels, guarding the approach to this narrow and gloomy ravine. Passing between these rocky portals, we are admitted into a secluded valley or glen, through which flows a clear and rapid stream, with green banks and shelving slopes ; hemmed in by bold and lofty hills, mantled with thick scrub and brushwood, through which frequently protrude grey weather-beaten crags and walls of naked limestone rock. Half-a-mile from the entrance we come to a sudden bend, where the dale expands ; and pausing to look around, we find ourselves in a vast amphitheatre of rock and foliage, where crags and screes, and wood and water blend together in varied and picturesque combination. On the opposite side of the dale rises a steep mountain ridge, clothed with a dense forest of larch and pine, which sweeps down almost to the brink of the river. The near side, though not so well wooded, presents a greater diversity of form ; and being less bold and precipitous, there is a happier com-

mingling of lines. Pacing slowly on the rugged path leads us up and down, over little knolls and across patches of sward ; now it narrows into a mere track ; anon it winds through rank grass and trailing weeds, and among beds of nettles and broad-leaved butter-docks ; and the river, as it ripples merrily on, delights the ear with the sound of its babbling waters, revealing fresh beauties at every curve and sinuosity ; here it glides smoothly and tranquilly along, there it dashes tumultuously over the rocky fragments and moss-begrown stones that lie across its channel, and now and then it spreads out into lakes and shallow pools, some of which, from the long drought, have become little else than marshy ponds, overgrown with sedge and rushes, and the rich greenery of aquatic vegetation.

“ By-and-bye the scenery becomes more boldly featured, and assumes a wilder and more savage character ; beyond, the view is shut out by a lofty beetling cliff, that protrudes its unwieldy form far out into the stream, threatening a barrier to all further progress. Here the road quits the margin of the river, and mounts up to the top of the precipice, from the verge of which the unfortunate Dean of Clogher, Mr. Langton, lost his life some years ago, when attempting to ascend on horseback.

“ From the summit of this eminence the views are very fine ; and the combination of scenery included within the limits is at once strikingly impressive, and rich and beautifully varied. On the Staffordshire side of the river the rocks rise in abrupt and imposing masses, their bleached and hoary fronts seamed and channeled in innumerable rents and fissures ; here riven, jagged, and shattered, there roughened with furze and green with moss and trailing ivy. The lower acclivities are overgrown with hawthorn, wild-briar, and brushwood ; and above, the evergreen holly, the mournful yew, and the drooping birch mingle their foliage, and cast a verdurous shade on all below. The nearer foreground is broken into picturesque inequalities, and the rocky nature of the soil is strangely and fantastically displayed. Here and there huge isolated cliffs and columnar crags of the most uncouth forms, standing singly and in groups, thrust themselves out through the turf and spreading thicket ; some pinnacled and castellated, others grim and spectral like, springing up abruptly, like the spire of a church ; others, again, broken, rugged, and shelving, bedecked and fringed with moss and ferns, and adorned with graceful foliage, which hangs like wreaths from every ledge and cleft. Each particular rock has been named by the neighbouring peasantry or guides ; and one group, more striking than

the others, has received the appellation of Tissington spires, or the Twelve Apostles.

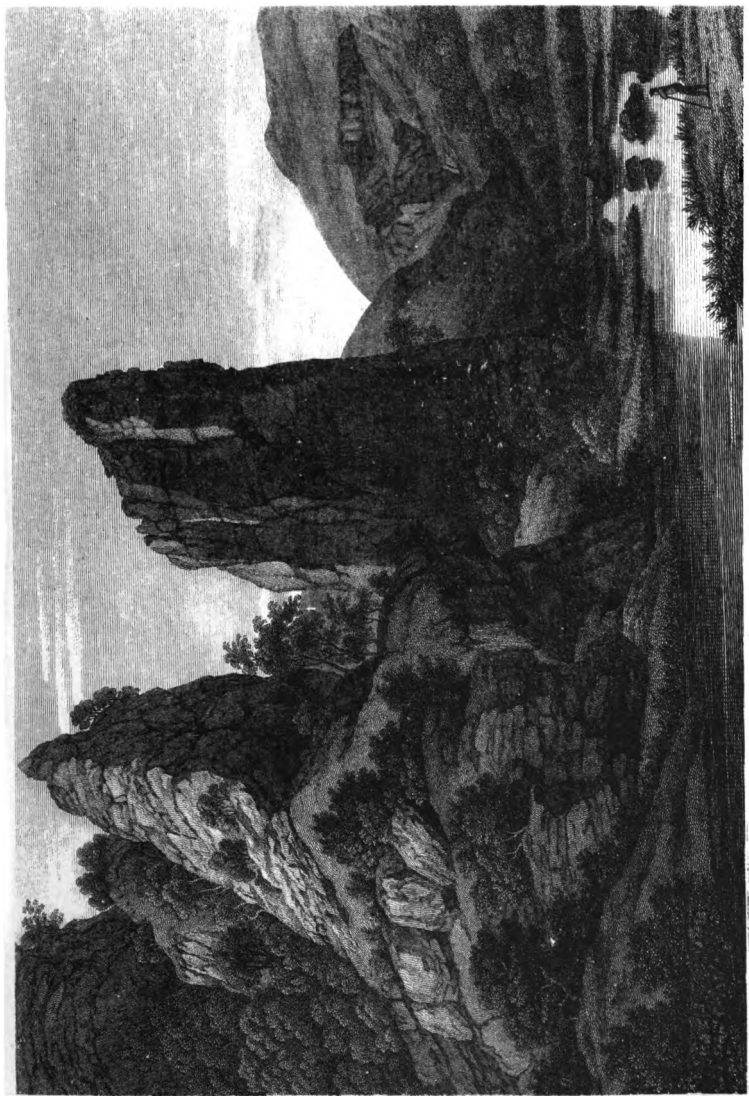
"Descending again to the bottom of the dale, we come presently to a singular insulated pile of limestone, which rises with massive grandeur from the opposite banks of the river; the lower portion is compact, but above, the rock is perforated and indented with innumerable cavities and fissures, and crested with riven and serrated crags and pinnacles, which, from their supposed resemblance to the battlemented parapets of an ecclesiastical building, have acquired for this curious mass the name of Dove-Dale Church.

"A few paces higher up the dale, on the Derbyshire side, is Reynard's Hall, a cavernous chamber or opening, formed by the shrinking of the strata during the cooling of the great limestone bubble. The ascent to this is by a steep and rugged path, strewn with loose stones and crumbling rock, where you have to tread with caution, for fear of being precipitated over the slippery crags into the stream below. A broad mass of naked perpendicular rock shoots out boldly from the mountain side until it attains an elevation of 200 or 300 feet; near the top it is perforated by a naturally-formed archway, 40 feet high, and about 20 feet wide, giving admission to an open space or court, and thence by an opening in the parent rock to an inner chamber or recess, called the Hall. There is a smaller opening a little lower down, which bears the name of Reynard's Kitchen. Reynard's hall is a favourite resort of the numerous pleasure-seekers and picnic parties during the summer months; and the broken glass, orange peel, and other fragmentary remains we find scattered about, are so many evidences which tell of frolic, feast, and fun.

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"Onward we go, past wood and rock, and scree and sward, through brake and thicket, over patches of soft spongy turf, and around cliffs and promontories, where grey and rugged crags thrust themselves up like rude rock towers, from clumps of hazel and thorn, or peer out from amid the matted foliage of oak and ash. Every turn reveals a change of scene, each equally beautiful, though different in character; then we come to the Dove Holes, two cavernous openings, within a singularly-formed archway, high up in the face of the rock.

"We have now reached the termination of that portion of Dove-Dale usually visited by tourists; the upper division being but rarely traversed.



Brainerd & Sons

North View of Picketing's over in Dove Dale

The scenery beyond, though not so boldly featured, possesses a character peculiarly its own, and is scarcely less beautiful and romantic than that which we have already endeavoured to describe. Apart from its natural charms, this portion of the dale derives an especial interest from its being so intimately associated with the name of that genial-hearted angler, Izaak Walton, and his 'dear son,' Charles Cotton; associations which have rendered it dear to every lover of the 'gentle art.' In this stream those well-known lessons on the art of fly-fishing and angling for trout and grayling were obtained; and, under the inspirations of the surrounding scenery, those thoughts and maxims, which Cotton has embodied in such quaint and simple phraseology, were called forth.

"After passing Dove Holes, the changing aspect of the scenery becomes manifest. Following the devious course of the river, a walk of a few minutes brings the pedestrian tourist to the gloomy ravine of Narrow Dale, from two to three miles in extent; leaving which he arrives at a wild-looking gorge, that runs up between an opening in the cliffs to Woscote or Wolfscote Hill; crossing this by a little bridge, we enter a barren reach, and then pass to the Staffordshire side, over stepping-stones conveniently placed across the channel. Another bend or two, and Pike Pool is reached—a romantic-looking spot, with a rock, as Cotton describes it, 'in the fashion of a spire steeple, and almost as big,' standing in the midst; which caused *Viator* (in 'The Complete Angler') to exclaim, 'What have we got there? A rock springing up in the middle of the river! This is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.' And *Piscator* answers, 'Why, sir, from that pike, that you see standing up there from the rock, this is called Pike Pool; and young Mr. Isaac Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour.'

"Beyond Pike Pool the rocks rise, for the most part, in perpendicular cliffs, finely diversified by a regular alternation of wood and crag, and displaying here and there a broad front of limestone, relieved with trailing creepers and a variety of indigenous plants, with shrubs and trees, sometimes thickly grouped; among which, the mountain ash, with its scarlet berries makes quite a gay appearance, when contrasted with the mournful shade of the pendant birch.

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"A few yards further, and we come to a place, rendered famous from its Waltonian associations—the 'little fishing-house,' which Cotton erected as a memento of the elder Isaak's friendship, and dedicated, as the inscription still shows, to the brotherhood of the angle. It is a neat little stone structure, standing upon a narrow neck or tongue of land, formed by a sudden bend of the river, and is nearly hidden by surrounding foliage. Its position and appearance have been well described by *Viator*. 'I am the most pleased,' he says, 'with this little house, of anything I ever saw. It stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but by your leave I'll try. Why, this is better and better! fine lights, finely wainscotted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle.' Externally, at least, it presents much the same appearance now, that it did two hundred years ago, when the two anglers sat and smoked their pipes, which Cotton tells us 'was commonly their breakfast.' In form it is square, with an overhanging pyramidal roof, surmounted at the apex by an ornamental pinnacle or hip-knob.' Over the doorway is a square panel, bearing the inscription:—

PISCATORIBUS

SACRUM,

1674.

And beneath this a stone, forming the key of the arch, on which is carved a monogram, displaying the initials I. W. and C. C.; 'the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher,' which Walton saw 'cut in the stone before it was set up.'"

Within sight of the Fishing-House was the noble mansion of the Beresford family, in a position of extreme beauty. The old hall has been pulled down, and a new building is in process of erection, by A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, Esq., who has planted an avenue of trees for a drive of considerable length. The angler, who is also an antiquary, will not be sorry to hear that Mr. Warwick secured a few photographs of this retreat of Charles Cotton before its destruction. Beyond the picturesque glen the valley is continued through a succession of diversified scenery, by Longnor and

Glutton Dale to the foot of Axe Edge, near Buxton, whence the river Dove takes its rise.

ILAM.

FOUR miles distant from Ashborne, and within an easy walk from the southern entrance to Dove-Dale, is the model village of ILAM, which presents a charming picture of rural seclusion and beauty. The Hall, which is the seat of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., is a handsome mansion in the Tudor style of architecture, admirably situated on a gentle acclivity, gradually sloping through picturesque gardens and grounds towards the glistening stream of the river Manifold, which is here joined by the waters of the Hamps, as they rush into the sunlight from their subterraneous passage under the cliffs and woods. The River Manifold becomes an underground river just below Wetton Mill, about one and a quarter miles above Ilam. In very dry weather the whole of the stream runs underground; during the winter and heavy rains, the overflow runs down the top water-course. The river Dove joins the Manifold about a quarter of a mile south-east of Ilam Hall. The exterior aspect of the Hall is remarkably fine, and the interior is arranged with every regard to elegant effect and domestic comfort. It contains many splendid pictures and articles of *vertu*, which may be justly denominated art-treasures. The scenery adjoining the Hall is singularly beautiful, and has the reputation of having suggested to Dr. Johnson his graphic description of the happy valley, in "Rasselas." Another literary association with the pleasant spot is the grotto, just above the outlet of the river Manifold, where Congreve

wrote his comedy of "The Old Bachelor," and part of his "Mourning Bride."

The Church, which stands at the foot of the lawn in front of the mansion, is a good example of architecture of the early English character ; recently restored with appropriate taste and judgment, admirably fitted up, and kept in excellent order. There is a porch near the south-west end, and a chapel on the same side, over the doorway of which are the letters R.M. R.P. N.H., and the date, 1618. At the east end is a stained-glass window, illustrative of the Saviour's cross and passion. On the north side of the chancel is the family vault of the Russells, over which is an octagon mortuary chapel, containing a beautifully-sculptured monument by Chantrey, representing the venerable David Pike Watts on the bed of death, in the act of pronouncing his dying benediction on his only daughter and her children, who surround the couch. It is an affecting and impressive delineation of a family group in the hour of their affliction and sorrow ; and as an exceedingly effective work of art, excites sympathy and admiration. In the churchyard, which has an appropriately solemn aspect, are the remains of a Runic cross. At the foot of the bridge leading to the village, stands a decorated Gothic cross of remarkably good design and execution, after what is known as the Queen Eleanor pattern, erected by Mr. Watts Russell to the memory of his wife, whose many virtues endeared her to all classes of society. It is not only an object of architectural beauty, but of sanitary utility, since it forms a well and drinking fountain, after the manner of those ancient structures which studded the country in the olden time, as noted in Sir Walter Scott's poem of *Marmion*. The form of the Ilam cross is hexagonal, and one of the panels bears the following inscription in Old English characters :—

This Cross and Fountain,
erected by her Husband,
perpetuate the memory of
one who lives in the hearts
of many in this Village and
Neighbourhood,

MARY WATTS RUSSELL,

1840.

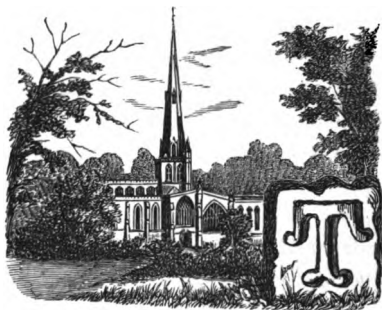
Free for all these crystal waters flow ;
Her gentle eyes would weep for others' woe ;
Dried is that fount ; but long may this endure,
To be a Well of Comfort to the Poor.

An excursion to Ilam, or a passing call, is one of those enjoyments which every intelligent tourist will appreciate ; and the return thence to Ashborne, or a ramble to Dove-Dale, will enhance the pleasure of a trip which is most interesting and attractive.

At Wetton, a few miles from Ilam, is Thor's Cave, situated on a steep and lofty ascent above the river Manifold. The entrance to the cave, which is in the face of a fine and bold limestone rock, is in the form of an arch ; and whether it is viewed at a distance or from the rising ground in the immediate neighbourhood, it presents an attractive appearance. The cave has lately been cleared from much of the mud and *debris* deposited therein in ages long gone by. The views of the surrounding scenery obtained from the cave and the cave itself, are well worthy of a visit from the tourist and geologist.



ASHBORNE.



ASHBORNE CHURCH.

THE town of Ashborne, distant thirteen miles from Derby, twelve from Matlock, nine from Alton Towers, and twenty from Buxton, possesses historic interest, occupies a pleasant site, and is a popular resort of ang-

lers and artists. In Domesday Book, A.D. 1080, it is designated Esseburne, and is therein mentioned as a royal demesne, which it continued to be till the reign of King John. Its early records are traced with great precision and intelligence by Mr. Hobson, in his "History and Topography of Ashborne and the Valley of the Dove."

During the civil wars of the Great Rebellion, and the subsequent commotions of the Stuarts in favour of the claims of Prince Charles Edward ("The Pretender") to the British Crown, Ashborne was the scene of many memorable events, and was the head-quarters of the Scottish army on the march of the troops from Carlisle to Derby, in December, 1745; the Hall of the Boothby family (lately the

property of the Hon. Captain Holland) being the residence of the officers, whose names were written on the respective doors of their apartments; one of them having been carefully preserved to the present period. The *Derby Mercury* of December 12, 1745, says—"During their stay in Ashborne, the rebels plundered some gentlemen's houses to a great value. Two of them went to Clifton, near Ashborne, and demanded a horse of one Humphrey Brown; upon his refusal they shot him dead upon the spot, and then took to their heels. They also shot an inkeeper at Hanging Bridge, and plundered and robbed all round the country."

Ashborne is situated in a deep, luxuriant, and wooded valley, forming part of the most fertile division of the county; and the view which it presents on descending the hill from Derby is remarkably picturesque. The Schoo, or Henmore, a small tributary stream of the river Dove, flows through the valley, dividing the town into two parts. The chief support of the town is derived from its well-frequented markets and fairs; from the agriculturists whom its convenient facilities for business attract; from the patronage of the many genteel families who reside in its immediate vicinity; and from the numerous parties of tourists, who find there excellent accommodation in their excursions to the objects of interest with which the neighbourhood abounds. It has a respectable, well-to-do appearance; the air is salubrious, and the water good; and it possesses all desirable public buildings for commercial, social, and literary purposes. The Church is a noble and handsome edifice, whose lofty spire, "like Wisdom's finger pointing up to heaven," is a prominent object in the landscape. The present building, erected on the site of a more ancient structure, was completed in the early part of the thirteenth century, as an old brass plate, that was discovered during

repairs some years ago, and is now affixed to one of the piers, records. It has a Latin inscription, which, being translated, reads thus :—"In the year, from the incarnation of our Lord, 1241, in the eighth of the kalends of May, this Church was dedicated, and this altar consecrated, in honour of S. Oswald, king and martyr, by the venerable father, Hugh de Patishul, Lord Bishop of Coventry." The Church, however, exhibits the architectural characteristics of different periods, from the date above indicated to the more florid perpendicular style which prevailed in the reign of Henry VII. The Church is cruciform, with nave, aisles, transepts, and chancel. From the central intersection rises a fine tower, surmounted by an elegant octagonal spire, 212 feet high. The interior is spacious and handsome, the extent from west to east being 179 feet; and recent restorations under the able direction of Mr. L. N. Cottingham, have had the effect of developing many of the peculiar beauties of the sacred edifice, which had been marred and mutilated by the perverseness or ignorance of a previous century. The chancel has a magnificent east window of seven lights, in the perpendicular style, and windows of an earlier period in the north and south walls; the windows of the north transept are in the decorated style; and those of the south transept are of the later florid character. Stone stalls and a canopied arch resembling a tomb, usually known as the *Holy Sepulchre*, are among the architectural antiquities which will attract attention in the chancel. The font is a good specimen of the early English period. The tower contains a peal of eight fine-toned bells, the sweet melodies of which are said to have inspired the poet Moore (Ireland's favourite bard) with his charming verses, "Those Evening Bells," during his residence at Mayfield Cottage, a rural dwelling, about two miles from Ashborne, where he composed his

"Lalla Rookh," and whence he addressed many of his letters to Lord Byron.

The Church of Ashborne is also remarkable for a great variety of ancient and notable monuments, in memory of the deceased worthies of eminent families; many of whose armorial bearings, as those of the Ferrers, the Cokaynes, and the Boothbys, are emblazoned in the stained-glass windows. Among the more remarkable memorials of the dead, is a fine altar-tomb (A.D. 1581) in the south transept, on which are recumbent effigies of Sir Humphrey Bradbourne, of Lea, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Turvill, of Newhall, Warwickshire; the knight in plate armour, and the lady in a close-fitting gown and kirtle, with a ruff and head-dress of the Elizabethan period. There are other monuments of the Bradbournes in the same part of the Church; and the north transept appears to have been appropriated as a mortuary chapel for the Cokayne and Boothby families, whose obituary memorials are numerous and interesting. One of the most curious, in an arched niche of the wall, represents a knight and lady in antique costume, kneeling opposite to each other in the attitude of prayer; on a lower compartment are ten sculptured figures, representing the three sons and seven daughters of the deceased, whom the inscriptions on the monument thus record:—" *Hic jacent sepulta corpora Thomæ Cokaini, Militis, et Dom. Dorothea, uxoris ejus. Nomina liberorum Thomæ Cokaini, Mil., et Dom. Dorothea, uxoris ejus, Franciscus, Thomas, Edward, Florentia, Dorothea, Ha. Johannes, Johanna, Jane, Maud.*" There is also in the north transept a large embattled altar-tomb, on which are recumbent figures of a knight in armour and a palmer; the warrior probably representing John Cokayne, who was for a time knight of the shire, and died in the year 1373. Another altar-tomb,

with effigies of a knight and his lady, perpetuates the memory of Sir John Cokayne, who was slain at the battle of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Henry IV. ; and near this latter monument is a marble tombstone, with a quaintly written eulogistic epitaph, in commemoration of a Sir Thomas Cockaine,

“ Made knight at Turney and Turwyne ;
Who builded here fayre houses twayne,
With many profettes that remayne ;
And three fayre parks impaled he,
For his successors here to be ;
And did his house and name restore,
Which others had decay'd before.”

Near the door of the transept is an exceedingly ancient tomb, whose mouldering decay has obliterated the record of the dead. There are several monuments of the Boothby family, the most celebrated being an exquisitely-sculptured figure by T. Banks, R.A., in memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., whose literary talent and refined sensibility found expression in a published volume of poems, suggested by the death of his daughter, at the early age of six years, under the title of “ Sorrows sacred to Penelope.” The monument is of white statuary marble, representing the deceased in a sleeping attitude, reclining upon a mattress, with the arms resting upon a pillow, patiently and slowly sinking under the insidious progress of a fatal disease. The face and figure of the dying child are imaged with easy grace and fidelity to nature ; the drapery appears to lie softly on the slumberer ; and in his delineation of the mattress and the pillow, the sculptor has communicated to the marble the apparent texture of the softest down. In form, feature, and expression, delicacy and power, it is a remarkably beautiful production of artistic genius ; and is said to have suggested to Sir F. Chantrey the execution of that

master-piece of the sculptor's art, the "Sleeping Children," in Lichfield Cathedral. It is impossible to contemplate monuments of this class, without catching the pathetic sympathy which works so lovely and touching are calculated to inspire ; and which must be deepened by reading the various English, Latin, French, and Italian inscriptions recorded on this admired memorial in Ashborne Church, although but faintly relieved by the consoling faith that teaches us not to sorrow as those without hope. The following are the inscriptions :—

On the left hand of the slab, intended as an utterance of the dying child's feelings—

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

Beneath, on the pedestal—

"To Penelope, only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby, born April 11th, 1785 ; died March 13th, 1791. She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total."

Latin side, at her head on the slab—

"*Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.*"

["All our joys are perished with thee alone."]

Beneath, on the pedestal—

"*Tu vero felix et beata Penelope mea, Quæ tot tantisque miseriis una morte perfuncta es.*"

["But thou art happy and blessed, my dear Penelope, who, by one touch of death, hast escaped so many and so great miseries."]

French side, end of the slab—

"*Beaute, c'est donc ici ton dernier asyle.*"

["Beauty ! this, then, is thy last asylum."]

Beneath, on the pedestal—

"*Son cercueil, ne la contient pas toute entiere ; Il attend le reste de sa proie : Il ne l'attendra pas longtemps.*"

["Her tomb does not yet contain all ; it waits for the rest of its prey : it will not wait long."]

Italian side—

“Lei che'l ciel ne mostra terra n'asconde.”

“Le cresse chiome d'or puro lucente,
E'l lampeggiar dell Angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un Paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente.”

[“Those that descend into the grave are not concealed from Heaven.”]

[“Thy curling locks of pure shining gold, the lightning of thy angelic smile, which used to make a paradise on earth, are now become only a little senseless dust.”]



MISS BOOTHBY'S MONUMENT.

There are other monuments of the Boothby family, bearing poetical epitaphs written with much grace and religious fervour by Miss Seward and Sir Brooke Boothby. Near Miss Boothby's monument there is a plain flagstone in memory of the Rev. Mr. Langton, Dean of Clogher, who was killed by his horse falling over a precipice in Dove Dale, July 28, 1761, as mentioned in our description of that romantic valley. No Christian name is given, nor any record of the burial in the parish register. In the chancel

is a cenotaph to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Bainbrigg, who was killed on October 6, 1799, while commanding the 20th Regiment of infantry in the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, which terminated the expedition to Holland. These are the principal monuments; but there are also others of local or family interest; and for those who desire to indulge a meditation among the tombs, Ashborne Church and its adjacent grave-yard afford many subjects to interest and instruct the thoughtful mind.

Ashborne is fortunate in possessing a Free Grammar School, founded under letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, in July, 1585; there are also other schools for the education of the middle and poorer classes; almshouses, and various charitable institutions. The Nonconformists have places of worship; and St. John's Hall is a convenient and commodious edifice for public meetings. Within a short distance of the almshouses is the former residence of Dr. John Taylor, the intimate friend of the great lexicographer Dr. Johnson, who was very frequent in his visits here.

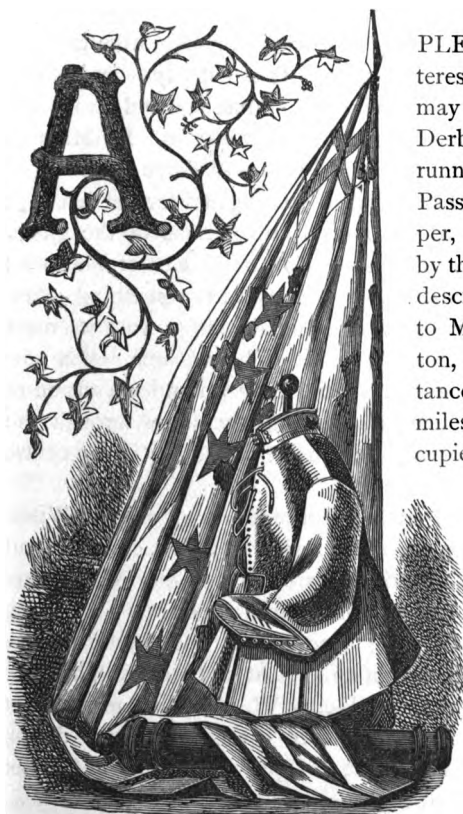
Ashborne has many good Inns; the principal being the "Green Man," kept by Mr. Robert Wallis, the "Wheat Sheaf," the "White Hart," the "George and Dragon," and others, where comfortable accommodation may be had, and conveyances for excursions obtained. It has also a Station (near the Church) on the North Staffordshire Railway, where carriages are regularly in attendance for the convenience of tourists.

Alton Towers, the splendid seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, is within an easy distance of Ashborne by road or rail. Its magnificent gardens, extensive grounds, and picturesque terraces have long been regarded as constituting one of the most romantic panoramas of horticultural beauty in England. The North Staffordshire Railway Company

usually run excursion trains at a low fare from Derby, on Saturday afternoons during the summer ; the railway tickets admitting tourists to the grounds on payment of a nominal fee.

The drive from Ashborne to Derby, thirteen miles by the turnpike road, runs through a pastoral country prettily diversified, passing Osmaston Manor, the modern mansion of Francis Wright, Esq., the rural villages of Brailsford, Kirk Langley, and Mackworth, where are the fragmentary remains of a castellated mansion, once held by the ancient family of De Mackworth, now extinct ; and Markeaton Park, the pleasant seat of William Mundy, Esq. The ride by rail to Derby, although circuitous, to the extent of thirty-two miles, is both interesting and picturesque, running through a charming valley along the course of the river Dove, by Rocester, the town of Uttoxeter, Sudbury, the seat of Lord Vernon, and Tutbury, the ruins of whose ancient castle crown a commanding hill, and invite a near inspection from all whose antiquarian taste induces a desire to examine a renowned spot, which has been the scene of so many important transactions in the history of England. There is likewise an exceedingly fine specimen of early Norman architecture to be found in the ancient priory Church at Tutbury, which has lately been restored and beautified. The west doorway, in particular, is one of the finest ornamented arches in the kingdom ; and within the church, the Norman arches bisect one another, so as to give an indication of the origin of the Gothic style. Leaving Tutbury, the line runs by Egginton to the busy station of the Midland Railway Company at Derby.

FROM DERBY NORTHWARDS.



BANNER, DOUBLET, AND A DRAKE, USED BY SIR. J. GELL
AT THE BATTLE OF HOPTON HEATH, ETC.

PLEASANT and interesting excursion may be taken from Derby by the railway running northwards. Passing Duffield, Belper, and Ambergate, by the road previously described on the way to Matlock and Buxton, CRICH, at a distance of about twelve miles from Derby, occupies a lofty and bleak position to the western side of the line on the slopes of a cliff, which is surmounted by a round tower at an elevation of 955 feet above the level of the sea, whence most extensive

and picturesque prospects of the surrounding country may be obtained.

"Crich Stand," as the tower is called, appears to have been erected in 1788, and was rebuilt in 1851 by Mr. Hurt of Alderwasley, to whom it belongs. The town is of considerable antiquity, and has long been famous for its mines and lime quarries. The cliff on which it stands is a spot of considerable interest to geologists, not merely from the rich veins of ore it contains, but from its singularity as an isolated mass of carboniferous limestone, thrust up and protruded through all the sandstone and shale measures. Dr. Mantell, in his "Wonders of Geology," says:—"There is one spot which perhaps is not equalled in England for the lesson it teaches of some of the ancient revolutions of the globe. It is called Crich Hill, about five miles east of Matlock; and even from a distance you see there is something extraordinary concealed in that mountain range from its mere outline. The proof of its upheaval by volcanic action now remains. The melted lava, the eruption and expansion of which forced the elevation of the limestone through the overlying strata, occupies the heart of the hill in the centre of which it has been found."

About two miles further northwards we reach the WINGFIELD STATION, on the western side of which, distant about half a mile, the romantic ruins of WINGFIELD MANOR are situated, on the brow of a hill which commands a charming view of the surrounding landscape. The Manor House was erected on the site of an ancient castle by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VI., and like many other seats of feudal pomp and power, it was dismantled during the wars which disturbed the unhappy sovereignty of Charles the First.

It has been the scene of many important events, and its

historical associations are highly interesting. It was one of the English mansions in which Mary, Queen of Scots, spent so many years of dreary captivity, under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was then the owner of



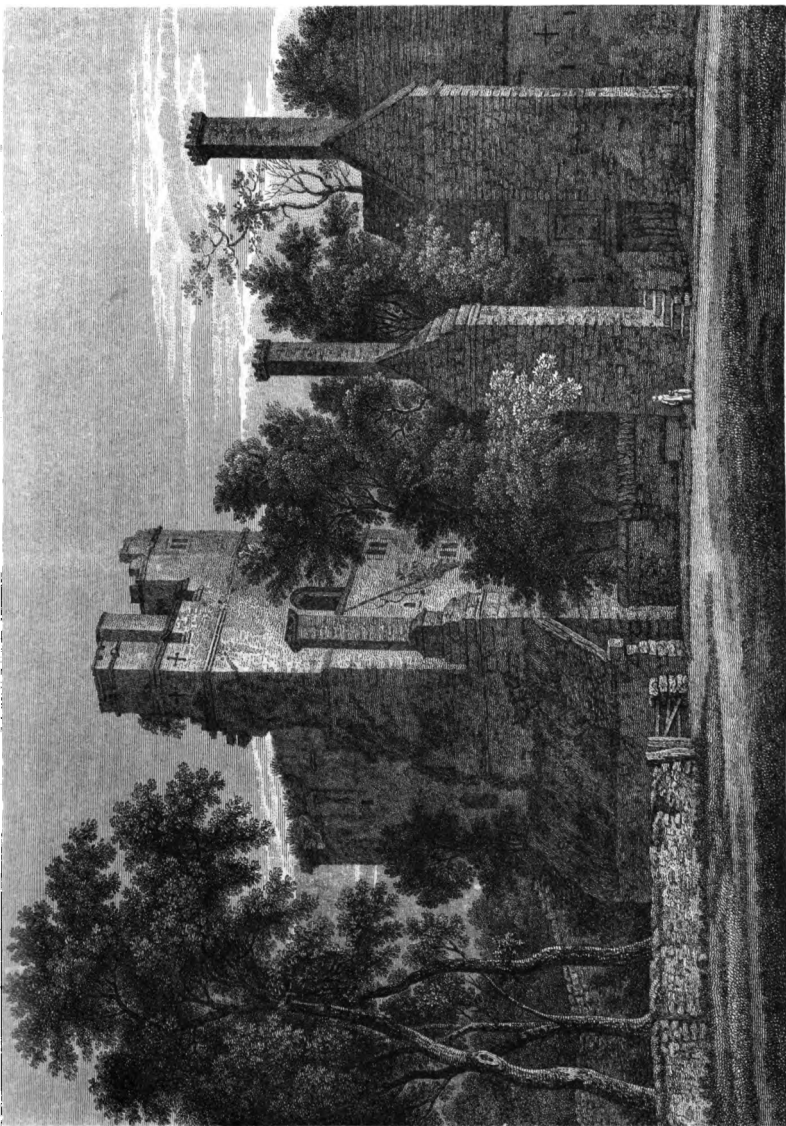
WINGFIELD MANOR.

Wingfield. Here one of the abortive conspiracies for the liberation of the royal lady was ripened, only to be discovered ; and hence she was removed to Tutbury Castle,

as a safer prison, in the year 1585. During the civil wars it was garrisoned by Oliver Cromwell's forces, but in 1643 it was assaulted and captured by the Royalists, under the command of the Marquis of Newcastle, and subsequently re-taken for the Parliament by a storming party under Sir John Gell, of Hopton, who shattered the walls with artillery from the neighbouring heights; Colonel Dalby, the governor of Wingfield, being slain in the conflict. It was afterwards a scene of occasional fights, with fluctuating fortunes, till ordered to be dismantled in 1646; since which time it has fallen into decay, hastened by modern dilapidations. It now remains a picturesque ruin of its former grandeur. The estate was purchased in the reign of Charles the Second by the ancestors of Wingfield Halton, Esq., the monuments of whose family are among the memorials of the dead in Wingfield Church, which stands in the plain below the hill.

The ancient Manor House must have been a very stately edifice in the days of its original magnificence. It is said to have been one of the earliest examples of those noble quadrangular mansions which succeeded the irregular piles of mixed construction that were the first deviations from the gloomy castles of a former age. The building consisted of two main courts, with a fine gateway. The great hall, seventy-two feet by thirty-six feet, must have been a remarkably grand room of state, and the lofty tower gives significant indication of its importance in the olden time. The groined roof of the apartment beneath the great hall, supported by a double row of massy pillars, is also a notable feature of architectural interest. Within the ruins is a farm-house, where the visitor may obtain access to these historic remains, and gain much local information concerning a spot which pleasantly repays the time and trouble of inspection.

About a mile to the eastward of South Wingfield Station



SOUTH VIEW OF WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE

is the market town of ALFRETON, fourteen miles from Derby and ten from Chesterfield. It is a place of considerable antiquity, its first settlement being ascribed by tradition to King Alfred. From the days of the Domesday Survey, in which it is called Elstretune, the Manor has passed through a succession of many influential families of ancient and modern times to its present possessor, Mr. Morewood, whose handsome seat is near the town, in a pleasant park commanding extensive views of a picturesque district. The Church is an old structure, containing many monumental brasses and tablets in memory of the principal families of the parish, which comprises the townships of Green Hill Lane, Pye Bridge, Ironville, Riddings, Swanwick, and Somercotes. The inhabitants chiefly find employment at the numerous ironworks and collieries of the neighbourhood. Alfreton has also places of worship for Nonconformists of various denominations; schools, banks, a mechanics' institution, an excellent town hall, many good shops and inns, and other facilities for business, pleasure, and instruction required by a thriving and intelligent community.

In the immediate neighbourhood is the busy village of RIDDINGS, which has a Church, built in 1845, with a separate ecclesiastical district, and other indications of advancing prosperity. The ironworks of Messrs. Oakes and Company are here; and further on is IRONVILLE, another rising town, with a handsome Church of recent erection, market, library, and schools. In close proximity are the immense ironworks of the Butterley Company, which afford employment to many thousands of "hands" throughout the district, and were considered of sufficient national interest to attract a visit from the British Association during the congress of that scientific body at Nottingham, in the year 1866. The Codnor Park Ironworks of the Company rank

among the most extensive and important in England. On the summit of a lofty hill is a monument in honour of the late Mr. Jessop, a former proprietor of the works, whence a fine prospect of the surrounding country may be enjoyed. A circuit of five miles swarms with the busy operatives of the Company, and is a striking characteristic of the commercial energy which has raised so profitable a means of employment from the mineral products of a district whose prosperous activity has been stimulated by the facilities afforded by the Erewash Valley Railway for transmission and communication with all parts of the kingdom. In the vicinity of the iron-works are the ruins of Codnor (anciently Continour) Castle, whose history revives the recollection of many important personages and transactions, from its erection by Richard de Grey in the thirteenth century to the year 1712, when it ceased to be a baronial residence. Its extensive remains, and the grounds they occupy, are attractive objects of interest to archæologists and artists. The situation originally chosen for the erection of this castle was rather elevated, commanding, towards the east, extensive prospects. The ground-plan, judging from the remains now in existence, must have been very irregular. On the south side, in a large square court, were two gates; part of the wall on the west was entire in 1807, and presented two singular recesses, which are conjectured to have been vestiges of a watch-house; whilst on the east is still to be seen the castle ditch, deep and broad. Beyond it, formerly, opened a large park of about 3200 acres of land; now cut into farms, the buildings of which were erected out of the materials of this venerable fortress. Sir Streynsham Masters resided here in the year 1712.

SWANWICK is another thriving town of the great midland coal-field.

HARDWICK HALL.



EMBROIDERY FROM THE DUKE'S
ROOM; SAID TO BE BY THE
COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

THE tourist who, to a just appreciation of the picturesque, unites a love for historical reminiscences, and a certain indescribable delight which the true antiquary feels in connecting the glories of a past age with the more prosaic life of the present, must by no means omit a visit to HARDWICK HALL, in the course of his rambles in Derbyshire. A more thoroughly interesting mansion exists not in the county; remaining, as it does, in nearly the same condition as when the ancestors of the ducal house of Devonshire occupied its stately apartments in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and exhibiting in the ruins, which still mark the site of an earlier building, domestic architecture of various previous periods. Not so well known to strangers as the more imposing palace of Chatsworth, this ancient seat of the Duke of Devonshire is, nevertheless, the shrine of hallowed memories; and a pilgrimage to its old grey walls will amply repay the artist,

or archæologist, who ventures away from the beaten track of sight-seers.

The mansion of Hardwick is situated upon the borders of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, and is nearly equi-distant from Chesterfield, Mansfield, and Alfreton, about seven miles ; and about five miles through the fields from Clay Cross Station. It is readily attainable from the former town, by taking a conveyance from any of the principal inns, and going through Heath village ; a pleasant drive, past a succession of varied country scenes, which brings the tourist through the old park, with its noble oak trees and well-kept drives, to the front of the principal entrance to the hall, where he may stay whilst his carriage is taken to the quiet little country inn at the foot of the hill. The building stands upon a commanding elevation upon the right of the road from Chesterfield to Mansfield ; the stone which composes it having been dug out of the hill-side. It is of oblong form, with tall square towers, surmounted with beautiful carved stone-work, in which the letters " E. S." (the initials of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury) occur underneath a coronet. The principal front is two hundred and eighty feet in length, having a colonnade between the two centre towers.* In front is a spacious quadrangle, now laid out, in the Dutch style, as a garden, having a flagged walk up the centre. This is enclosed with high walls of hewn stone, pierced with large, and richly ornamented, gateways. Upon entering the hall, the eye of the visitor is at once attracted by the very fine modern tapestry which decorates the walls, right and left, the subjects of which are taken from Rubens, Snyders, and other eminent masters. Facing the entrance is a beautiful statue, by Westmacott, of Mary, Queen

* A similar colonnade also occurs upon the opposite side of the house.

of Scots, the size of life, which is placed upon a pedestal of variegated stone, in front of which is inscribed—

MARIA, REGINA SCOTORUM,

NATA 1542,

A SUIS IN EXILIUM ACTA, 1568,

AB HOSPITA NECI DATA, 1587.

The west end of the hall is crossed by a gallery, supported by four pillars, which connects the dining and drawing rooms upon the second floor. The capacious fireplace is furnished with massive fire-dogs, in perpendicular brass-work, and the hall is lighted by antique brass chandeliers dependant from the roof. Here is deposited the original sketch of the famous portrait of Henry VIII., by Hans Holbein, in the well-known attitude which is so thoroughly identified with the bluff monarch's personal appearance. From hence the visitors are usually conducted by the north staircase, which is hung with tapestry of varied colour and design, to

THE CHAPEL. This is also hung with tapestry, or rather painted cloth, and contains some very curious chairs and cushions of cloth, wrought in needlework. Here are preserved the original quarto Prayer Books and folio Bible of the reign of Charles I., bearing the Cavendish arms upon the covers.

THE DINING ROOM is a large and spacious apartment, containing portraits of many noble and notable personages. It is wainscoted in dark oak, and in the recess formed by a fine embayed window is a billiard-table. Over the fireplace is the following motto, above a mantelpiece of rich work, bearing an earl's coronet, the initials E. S., and the date 1597.

THE CONCLVSION OF ALL THINGES IS TO
FEARE GOD AND TO KEEPE
HIS COMMAVNDMENTES.

The adjoining Bed-room is now hung with Flemish tapestry, illustrating rural sports, which has replaced very fine old silk tapestry, representing Lucretia, Artemisia, and Penelope, and the virtues, Chastity, Constancy, Piety, Perseverance, and Patience.*

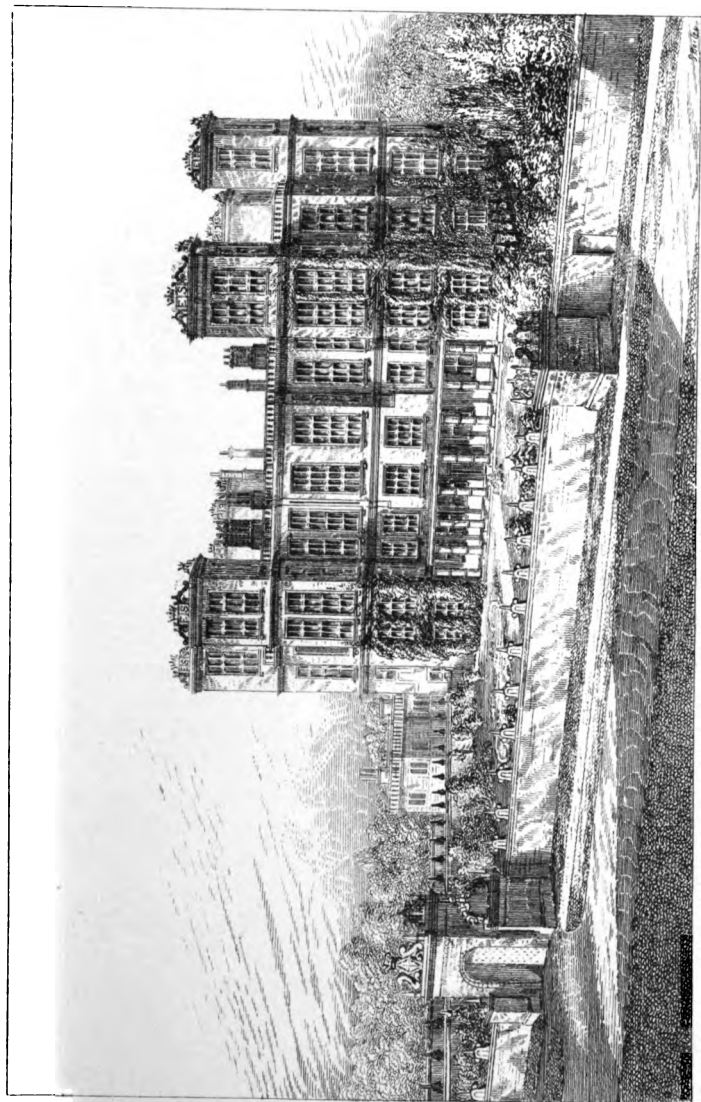
Returning across the gallery which crosses the entrance hall, we arrive at the DRAWING ROOM. This apartment contains much that is worthy of examination. Above its wainscoted panels is hung tapestry which narrates the story of Esther and Ahasuerus ; but this is now covered with portraits. Over the fireplace are the Hardwicke arms, supported by two stags, and surmounted by an earl's coronet, with this quaint motto—

SANGVINE, CORNV, CORDE, OCVLO, PEDE, CERVUS ET AVRE,
NOBILIS ET CLARO ; PONDERE NOBILIOR.

A variety of portraits from Holbein's facile pencil adorn these walls ; conspicuous among them being those of Edward VI., Henry VII., Henry VIII., &c. Two beautiful examples of Elizabethan needlework, in frames about a yard and a half long, by two feet high, are shown as the work of the Countess of Shrewsbury herself, and her attendants. They severally represent the attempted sacrifice of Isaac and the judgment of Solomon, and are deserving of the closest attention, on account of the costumes, which are undoubtedly those of the Elizabethan period. The furniture in this apartment is comfortable and elegant ; the needle-worked chairs being of great beauty and delicacy of design.

A plainly furnished room adjoining, which is generally occupied by his Grace, when visiting this charming seat,

* These are now mounted as screens in the Entrance Hall.



HARDWICK HALL.

B. West & Sons London & Derby

contains a curious piece of old tapestry, representing Cupids playing the modern game of croquet, with balls and rudely-constructed mallets. Returning through the Drawing Room, the principal staircase (which is hung with tapestry narrating the story of Hero and Leander, a Spanish wedding, &c.) and a landing, where stand several ancient carved and inlaid tables, conduct us to the

STATE ROOM OR PRESENCE CHAMBER. Above the door of which are two pieces of splendid tapestry, of gorgeous colour and rich design, representing Juno and her peacocks, &c. The door itself is a fine example of carved wood, and is closed by an ancient lock of wrought-iron work—probably the hammering of some German artist. Upon entering the room, one is delighted with the aspect of the ancient furniture, some of which remains in precisely the same state as when it was used by the courtiers of a by-gone age. In this room it is said that William III. held a court, in honour of the Duke of Devonshire, who was mainly instrumental in bringing about the glorious Revolution which placed His Majesty upon the Throne.* (Our readers will note a further description of this interesting event in our remarks upon the "Revolution House" at Whittington.) The furniture is Elizabethan, and is of the most elaborately ornamented character, consisting of embroidered gold and silver thread upon crimson and black velvet, much of which has been artistically restored by a modern hand. The walls are covered with tapestry, which depicts the principal scenes in the Odyssey, and above this is the usual stucco, or plaster, ornamentation, which was pe-

* This is disputed by a very competent authority, who thinks that William III. was never in Derbyshire, and that the house was not finished at that time; but see Dr. Dibdin, *Library Companion*, "Breeches" edition, page 590 (partly quoted page 277).

cular to the Elizabethan period, and is rather more curious than beautiful. At the north end are a lofty canopy and chairs of state, emblazoned with heraldic devices worked in silk upon black velvet, carefully restored; and in front of these is a table, which we must be forgiven for describing with some minuteness. It is, without exception, one of the most interesting pieces of ancient furniture we have ever seen, being inlaid with representations of various old-fashioned musical instruments—the flageolet, flute, cittern, lute, violin, &c.—with playing cards; with snatches of song and psalmody, the music being marked upon scrolls with the square, or diamond-headed, notes familiar to collectors of black-letter editions of Sternhold and Hopkins; with chess and back-gammon boards, and other quaint apparatus for exercising games of skill. In the centre the Cavendish arms, supported by the usual stags, surmount this curious motto, in odd compound letters—

THE. REDOLENT. SMLE.

OF ÆGLENTYNE

WE. STAGGES. EXAVLT

TO. THE. DEVEYNE.

This odd old relic is well worth careful inspection, and we believe that in its way it is perfectly unique. In this noble apartment is also a very beautiful old carved cabinet of elegant design and ornamentation. In a spacious recess, nearly twenty feet square, is a variety of old Elizabethan furniture, curiously carved and upholstered, which remains in precisely its original condition, and cannot fail to gratify the curiosity of those to whom the habits and customs of our forefathers are themes of pleasant speculation.

THE LIBRARY, which may be entered from the preceding room, is a most comfortable apartment, from the windows of which a charming view of the ruins is gained by the in-

section of four large panes of plate-glass, instead of the diamond-shaped quarrels, which, with this exception, constitute the windows of the entire building. A large plate-glass mirror, which has been placed at right angles with the window, assists in producing a curious optical delusion, by which, from one point of view, the old ruins appear on each hand of the spectator. A massive table, with highly-wrought and carved underworks of meritorious design, well deserves a passing glance. Over the fireplace is a fine alabaster carving in high relief, representing, it is said, Mount Parnassus, with Apollo and the Muses.* The bookshelves at the present time are but scantily furnished, but many of the volumes, which are mostly duplicates from Chatsworth, are of rarity and value. A number of fine portraits adorn the walls; and the fire-screens, of gorgeous embroidery, fringed with gold, and bearing the never-wanting initials, E. S., cannot fail to attract the attention of lady visitors.

THE RED DRESSING ROOM† contains some very interesting and valuable tapestry, which probably once decorated the walls of the old hall. It bears the usual monogram, and the date 1579; and the needlework in silk and worsted is of the very finest possible description. In this room is, as is usual throughout the house, a richly-carved and ornamented chimneypiece with allegorical pannelling in the centre.

THE GREEN BEDROOM is also remarkable for the beauty of its tapestry and for the rich carved work which adorns the chimneypieces and doors.

* It bears the royal arms, and was probably a gift from Queen Elizabeth.

† This room and the Red Bedroom are visited after leaving the Drawing Room.

MARIE STUART'S ROOM.—The vivid imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe has done much to perpetuate the erroneous impression that the beautiful and gifted Queen of Scots was imprisoned at Hardwick, and this room, which is full of objects of interest, has been described by her as the private apartment of this unfortunate lady when under the guardianship of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It has, however, been proved that Mary was never confined in either of the mansions known as Hardwick Hall, and it is by no means certain that she was ever present there. The many articles with which her name is identified (some of which are undoubtedly authentic) were conveyed hither from the old hall at Chatsworth. The bed is draped with curtains of velvet, beautifully embroidered with flowers in coloured silk ; * and is covered with a needle-work counterpane of the most painfully minute workmanship. The whole of this furniture is said to have been wrought by the Queen and her ladies. Over the door is a carving in wood bearing the Arms of Scotland, with the initials, M.R., and the inscription—

MARIE STEWART PAR LA GRACE DE DIEU

ROYNE DE SCOSSE DOVARIERE DE FRANCE.

The crest is a lion ; the motto, IN MY DEFENS. Over the chimney-piece is an alabaster carving.

THE BLUE BEDROOM, which is cheerfully fitted up, and hung with tapestry, now contains some very beautiful needle-work, chairs, and hangings, of elaborate embroidery, and bearing the date of 1629. The running-line of the pattern, if attentively observed, will be seen to contain the initials M. S. These very pleasing relics of the taste and skill of bygone days have recently been remounted and inlaid upon blue silk, which exhibits them to the best advantage, and

* The unfortunate Queen's initials appear upon the bed-hangings.

tends greatly to their future preservation. Here is a magnificent carved chest, of jewel-casket form—a perfect gem of antique design. The ornament over the chimney-piece is a carving in alabaster, “The marriage of Tobit.”

From this room the visitor proceeds to the PICTURE GALLERY, beyond compare one of the noblest rooms in existence. It occupies the entire length of the eastern front with the exception of the towers, and is nearly one hundred and seventy feet in length, twenty-three feet wide, and twenty-six feet high. It is lighted from windows in deep square recesses which project from the wall. These windows are eighteen in number, each of which is believed to contain one thousand five hundred panes of glass ; hence the distich,—

Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall.

The walls are covered with a profusion of portraits consisting chiefly of family portraits and those of various historical personages of high rank. The Rev. T. F. Dibdin has well described, in a note to his “Library Companion,” the sensations caused by a nocturnal peregrination in search of books in these vast apartments. He says :—

“It was in mid-winter when the visit to this old mansion took place, as a sort of episodal variety from the festivities of Chatsworth, where I was spending a few days with his Grace. Hardwick lies about fourteen miles beyond towards Chesterfield. What a contrast it was to all I had left behind me ! Silence, Gothic gloom, uninhabited chambers, corridors, and galleries ! The vast bay and auriol windows of the larger apartments, without a curtain drawn across them since the days of the famous Countess of Shrewsbury (1598), the founder of the mansion. The moon appeared at her full ; and her light, more than the wax flambeau I held in my hand, served to help me in my peregrinations (towards midnight) across those spacious and very characteristic chambers. Here King William III. held a court, out of compliment to the first Duke of Devonshire—the handsomest man of his time, who had

been the most active of William's partisans in placing him on the Throne. A magnificent portrait of the Duke on horseback, as large as life, is seen over the chimney-piece of one of these apartments; and in the court-room stand the very chairs whereon the courtiers and attendants on King William sat. A piece of tapestry covers the doorway which connects this room with the great gallery—160 feet in length. You draw this tapestry aside, and stand amazed, as you look to the right, down this very gallery of which the sides are covered with most curious and ancient portraits. And give me leave to add that, at such a season, in such a place, and at such an hour, it requires something beyond mortal courage to proceed—especially if the moon chance to stoop her head 'neath a succession of black o'er-spreading clouds."

In this fascinating gallery the eye is constantly wandering over choice and beautiful gems of art; for, indeed, the longest stay at the disposal of a tourist will not suffice for more than a cursory examination of its rare and varied contents. The "counterfeit presentments" of many a noble form arrest attention at every step. Here is a painting of "the beautiful Duchess," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, unfinished, but clearly showing the charm of countenance which few could resist. The same pretty face looks out from a mass of clouds in one of the great window-recesses, as "Diana;" probably the charming result of Mrs. Cosway's pencil. There is the famous life-size equestrian portrait of William, first Duke of Devonshire, in all the bravery of costume which beseemeth a gallant gentleman and a king-maker. Poor Mary Stuart and her unfeminine and relentless cousin Queen Elizabeth meet here in stately amity, the former in a robe of black velvet, plainly cut, and the white cap of the shape which bears her name to this day. This portrait is dated 1578, being in the tenth year of her captivity and the thirty-sixth of her age; the expression of the face is sad, and the whole wears the aspect of melancholy. Queen Bess, on the contrary, is arrayed in marvellously em-

broidered robes upon which snakes and lizards are depicted. The other equally famous Elizabeth—"Bess of Hardwick," or "building Bess" (as the very irreverent tongue of tradition delights to call her), the foundress of this stately mansion itself, and of the princely state and condition of the house of Cavendish, is also here, surrounded with the effigies of her four husbands. She wears the famous string of pearls, and her face is suggestive of the undoubted diplomatic and business-like talents which the aforesaid tradition and history attribute to her. She was the sister and co-heiress of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, and was married at fourteen years of age, to Robert Barley, of that ilk, in the county of Derby. He dying without children and his large estates being settled upon his widow, she took for her second husband Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had "a hopeful number of sons and daughters." Upon his death she accepted the offer of Sir William St. Loe, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, and possessor of fair lordships in Gloucestershire, which, in articles of marriage she took care should be settled upon her and her own heirs, and accordingly she lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding his daughter by a former marriage. In her third widowhood she captivated George, Earl of Shrewsbury, who agreed to a perfect fusion of the two families by giving his son Gilbert in marriage to Mary, her youngest daughter, and the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter, to Henry, her eldest son. On Nov. 18th, 1590, she was a fourth time left a widow, and so continued to her death. "A change of condition," says the story, "which perhaps never fell to any one woman to be four times a creditable and happy wife; to rise by every husband into greater wealth and higher honours: to have unanimous issue by one husband only, and all by her advice to be honourably disposed of in her lifetime; and, after all,

to live for seventeen years a widow in absolute power and plenty. She built three of the most elegant seats that ever were raised by one hand within one county, Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes ; the two former transmitted entire to the first Duke of Devonshire. At Hardwick, she left the ancient seat of her family standing, as if she had a mind to preserve her cradle and set by it her bed of state. She endowed a noble hospital at Derby, and, departing this life in the eighty-seventh year of her age, on the 13th February, 1607, was buried on the south side of All Hallows Church, in Derby, under a stately mural monument, which she took care to erect in her own life-time." Horace Walpole records a tradition that she was told by a fortune-teller that her death should not happen whilst she continued building ; and, accordingly, she employed a great deal of wealth that way ; yet she died in a hard frost whilst the workmen could not labour.

In the corners of one of the central recesses is the memorial of Hobbes, "of Malmsbury;" his bust, and a portrait taken in his 89th year. This portrait is most characteristic, and vividly conveys to the beholder the idea that it must be a truthful likeness of the great philosopher and founder of a distinct school of thought. Thomas Hobbes, who entered the Cavendish family at twenty years of age, as tutor, was constantly domesticated with them for seventy years. His was one of those master-minds which was considerably in advance of its time, and his great work, the *Leviathan*, which insists determinately on the natural and political equality of mankind, contains sentiments which are favourable to democracy, and it was censured by act of Parliament. He also translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the *History of Thucydides* ; wrote a Latin poem upon the *Wonders of the Peak*, a treatise called *Human Nature*,

which Addison thought his best work ; a history of the civil wars, called *Behemoth*, which was published posthumously, and other distinguished and learned works. He died Dec. 4th, 1679, in the 92nd year of his age, and was buried in the adjoining parish church of Ault Hucknall.

Here are portraits of gentle Arabella Stuart, whose life exemplified the sad truth of the old adage concerning the rough course often followed by true love. The elder D'Israeli, in the *Curiosities of Literature*, has given an interesting sketch of the "Loves of the Lady Arabella," who was treated by James I. and his advisers with something like the same tyranny which his mother had experienced from Queen Elizabeth. A full-length portrait of Col. Charles Cavendish, son of the second Earl of Devonshire, will recall the memory of a gallant and loyal man who was slain in the service of King Charles I., before Gainsborough, 1643, and buried at Newark. He is said to have been murdered in cold blood (after quarter given by Colonel Bury) by being stabbed whilst unable to defend himself owing to his horse sticking fast in a quagmire. Thirty years afterwards, upon the death of his mother, his bones were removed to the family vault at Derby. White Kennett says, "It was his mother's express will that his corpse should be taken up, and wait upon hers in another hearse to Derby. To both, passing through Leicester were due respects paid to their memories, the magistrates of the place attending in their formalities, the gentry of the county also meeting there and waiting on them out of town. The same honourable reception they had at Derby. In the one town her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Frampton (Chaplain to the Earl of Elgin), afterwards Bishop of Gloucester ; in the other, his funeral sermon by Mr. Naylor, Chaplain to the Countess."—*Memoir of the Family of Cavendish*, p. 98, 1708.

Memorials of this event still remain in the local names of places near Gainsborough, where one of the fields is still called "Red-coats' Field," another "Graves Field," and on the left hand (as you go north), between the river and the road, is a morass, still known as "Cavendish's Bog," where, doubtless, the colonel was killed.

It would be impossible in a work of this nature to give a detailed catalogue of the contents of the wonderful collection, of which the obliging housekeeper will give sufficient condensed information to enable her visitors to gain a very sufficient knowledge of them. We must not admit to attract attention to the various articles of *vertu* scattered around ; including some fine specimens of porcelain and bronze, and a quaint drinking glass of capacious dimensions, with a German inscription containing a challenge to toppers in general. At the end of the gallery is a splendid mirror, in Venetian glass, whose perfect metallic lustre has a curious effect in reflecting the figure of the advancing guest. The chimney-pieces are of black marble and alabaster, of great height and beauty of form. Over the centre of these are two well-carved figures, in alabaster ; one representing Pity, a lovely boy clasping her feet ; over the other is a representation of Justice. The workmanship of these is very good, and some of the figures are very graceful. They were probably the work of Stephens, a Flemish sculptor, and Valerio Vicentino, an Italian carver, who were both employed by the Cavendishes of that time.

By ascending a flight of steps from hence, the roof is reached. It is covered with lead, and commands a most lovely and varied view of the surrounding country. It is said by some that Lincoln Cathedral has been seen from a certain point, which is marked on a parapet, but this requires confirmation.

THE RUINS stand at the distance of about two hundred yards from the more modern mansion ; they have been despoiled, at various times, of their materials, much of which, both wood and carved stonework, went to enrich the palace of Chatsworth. The style of the architecture is more antique in some parts than in others, giving rise to the idea that successive improvements were made in the old mansion, until the energy of Bess of Hardwick caused her to project and carry out the building whose magnificence we have just vainly attempted to describe. Ruinous as is the principal remaining fragment of this once handsome and characteristic pile, enough of it remains to excite the interest of the observer, who will view the crumbling remains with sorrow and regret. There are the worm-eaten balustrades still standing upon the plaster-covered staircases ; the quaint stucco *alto-relievos* hang in mutilated oddity upon the remains of the fire-places ; the owls and bats build in the bed-rooms, and haunt the ivy which occupies the place of tapestry in these deserted chambers where once stepped nobility and beauty. Even the GIANT'S CHAMBER, that glorious apartment, which, White Kennett says, was of such just and beautiful proportions that it has been copied at Blenheim and Chatsworth, is now open to the airs of heaven, and its gigantic guardians gaze sadly upon its shattered roof and the ponderous beam which has fallen through the floor with irresistible force. The floors are garnished with gaping holes, and propped up with poles and supports of roughly hewn wood ; but the general look of the place will not inspire the visitor with confidence ; and parties of tourists are not now to be admitted within its precincts. The antiquarian tourist will note many peculiarities, especially upon the lower floors, which will remind him of Haddon Hall.

THE GARDENS AND PARK.—The once ill-kept shrubberies and grassplots are now converted into blooming lawns and parterres, where handsome trees and trim croquet-grounds suggest all the pleasures of a retired family residence. The park is a most noble domain, enclosing an area of about seven miles, and containing extensive fish-ponds and herds of red and fallow deer. Here are to be seen in all their glory the famous oaks of Hardwick, whose antlered heads and gnarled outlines proclaim their antique descent, and strike the spectator with a feeling akin to awe. Let utilitarians, who may feel inclined to ridicule this sentiment, think of the scenes which these hoary monarchs have witnessed, ages before this race of men commenced its busy struggle for existence, and let them reflect upon the fact that the trees will remain for long after we are gathered to those who are gone before,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

It is impossible to gaze upon scenes like those which this domain presents, without allowing a certain vein of sadness to invade one's meditations; viewed with the eye of an enthusiast the old walls are once more repeopled with visions of former times; the corridors and galleries echo to the tread of feet and the rustle of silks, brocades, and damasks, worn by beauties whose portraits are all that remain to tell their former state and grandeur. Fancy will ever be busy recalling into actual life the faces which peer upon us from the walls of that enticing gallery, and showing us the restless form of Elizabeth of Shrewsbury, planning fresh monuments of her building zeal, or the stern ascetic features of old Hobbes, craving nothing but “a hole through which he may creep out of the world.” We cannot refrain from picturing the Presence Chamber with its, now

worn and faded, grandeur, spick and span new, and occupied by the formal court of the Prince of Orange, and the more than princely state of the Great Duke of Devonshire, whose active partizanship wrested the sceptre at once, and for ever, from the house of Stuart, and gave a decisive check to the ambitious hopes of the Papacy with respect to England. It is almost a pity that the stern exigencies of truth will not admit the pale ghost of Marie Stuart into this visionary company; yet though she probably never inhabited the room which is, and always will be, invested with the interest of her name, we can scarcely help identifying the work of her patient fingers with herself, and ignoring the dictates of invincible chronology. Grand and beautiful as Chatsworth undoubtedly is, there is a charm about Hardwick which cannot be excelled by the luxuries and refinements which adorn the Palace of the Peak. No guide-book delineation of its romantic splendour can give an adequate description which will be satisfactory to the compiler, who, like ourselves, rises from his task with the conviction that, in attempting it, he has only produced a meagre word-picture, as far from conveying a true mental idea of the original as is a cold, hard photograph, when compared with a warmly tinted painting.

Fortunate, indeed, is it for lovers of such scenes that they are held by so liberal an owner as the present Duke of Devonshire. Thanks to his Grace's generous spirit of hospitality, and unselfish consideration for the pleasures of others, these treasures of ancient and modern art are accessible to all; the sylvan woods and greensward of his parks may echo the voices and resound with the feet of merry picnic parties; and the undisputed possessions of one large-hearted nobleman thus furnish joy and pleasure for many who are less favoured by Fortune.

CHESTERFIELD.



THE second corporate town of Derbyshire is situated on the confluence of the rivulets Hipper and Rother, and is built upon the south side of a hill, twenty-four miles from Derby. Since the re-division of the county for electoral purposes, in 1868, it has become the capital of the eastern, instead of the northern division of Derbyshire, which position, as chief town of the Scarsdale Hundred, it had heretofore occupied. It is the centre of an extensive mining district, producing coal, ironstone, clay, &c., in abundance; its manufactures are also very considerable, giving employment to a large labouring population. Its governing charters are those of 40 Elizabeth and 32 Charles II.

The old town is well-built, and has some excellent inns and shops; it will therefore be found by the Derbyshire tourist an excellent centre of operations for exploring the beauties and wonders of Chatsworth, Hardwick, Bolsover, Wingerworth, and the many other objects of interest which

abound in its neighbourhood. The most conspicuous feature in the landscape, as the traveller enters the Chesterfield Station, is the celebrated "Crooked Steeple," which, in its way, has attracted almost as much curiosity as the leaning Tower of Pisa. In order to inspect the Church, the tourist will upon leaving the station yard, turn up the hill to his left, at the top of which he will have the Church upon his right hand. In the churchyard he will find the house of the parish clerk, who will act as his guide through, and give him many interesting particulars of this handsome structure, which has recently undergone some considerable alterations and renovations. It is a very handsome Gothic edifice (the ground-plan of which is cruciform), dedicated to Saint Mary and the Holy Cross originally, but more recently to All Saints. At the intersection of the transepts with the nave and chancel are four clusters of fluted columns supporting four very beautiful arches, from whence arises a solid square tower, bearing at each angle an octagonal pinnacle. On this tower is placed the spire, which rises to the height of 250 feet, exclusive of the vane. It is built of timber, disposed in a perfect labyrinth of beams, amidst which the adventurous visitor may, if he please, clamber, by the aid of fixed ladders, until he arrives at the "Crowhole," whence an enchanting view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Its exterior is covered with massive sheets of lead, curiously laid on in a spiral manner, which, we think, largely contributes to the odd twist which the steeple presents to the eye. The interior of the building was remodelled in 1842-3, so as to afford additional accommodation to the parishioners. At that time the old clumsy, panelled galleries, as well as the pews on the floor of the nave, were removed, and the places of the former is now occupied by elegant galleries, with open fronts ornamented with tracery : and in

place of the comfortable but very ugly high pews (shown in an illustration to "Ford's History of Chesterfield, 1839,) there are open stalls with "poppy-head" finials. The present Gothic roof replaces a flat plaister ceiling, and at the ends of the ribs are twenty-four escutcheons, containing the armorial bearings of dignitaries connected with the edifice, thus :—

EAST.

Arms of the Sove- reigns in whose reigns the Church was built, en- larged or restor- ed.	Edwd. III.	William II.	Arms of the Sove- reigns in whose reigns the Church was built, en- larged or restor- ed,
	Henry III.	Edwd. II.	
	Henry VII.	Victoria.	
Sir H. Hunloke, Bart., High Sheriff in 1840, a contributor to the restoration.		His Grace the Duke of Devon- shire, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Lord of the Manor of Chesterfield, a contributor.	
W. Evans, Esq., M.P., a contri- butor.		Hon. G. H. Cavendish, M.P., a contributor.	
Godfrey Heathcote, Esq., donor of the great pipe of the organ and the chandeliers.		Godfrey Foljambe, Esq., founder of the Lectureship.	
Archdeaconry of Derby.	{ Butler, Hodgson, Shirley.	Moore, Manners-Sutton, Howley.	{ Archbishops.
Vicars.	{ Wood. Bossley, Hill.	Ryder, Butler, Bowstead.	{ Bishops.

In the east is a highly-decorated five-light window, erected by subscription as a tribute of respect to Archdeacon Hill, formerly Vicar of this Church. The centre of the uppermost light depicts the Ascension ; beneath which is a representation of the Trinity, between the "Alpha" and "Omega." Lower down are representations of the Annunciation and the Adoration of the Magi. Beneath these are figures of Our Saviour and the Evangelists, life size, and miniature figures of the Apostles, and the following inscription in

Lombardic, or Gothic letter:—"In Dei Gloriam observantia simul testanda gratia erga virum reverendum Thomam Hill, S.T.B., hujusce ecclesiæ vicarium, ecclesiæ Lichfieldensis prebendarium honorarium, qui, per annos viginti et amplius, pari fide ac fervore, huic parœsiæ in sacris feliciter præest, pictam hanc tabulam vitriam plurimis subsidia ferentibus honoris causa incolæ ornare, Anno Salutis 1843."*

In the centre of the nave is a handsome carved font, the gift of S. Johnson, Esq., of Somersall Hall.

There are some curious monuments, and monumental inscriptions in the interior of the Church; particularly the Foljambe monuments, near the communion table, for an account of which the reader is referred to Ford's "History of Chesterfield," and Glover's "History of Derbyshire." Here is also preserved a relic of the famous Dun Cow, slain by Guy Earl of Warwick; being a bone said to be the rib of that redoubtable animal, which fragment has been there from time immemorial: at all events there is no record of its first appearance, or of who Mr. "Fletcher" was, whose name is thus boldly cut into the end of it.

BRAMPTON, three miles W. of Chesterfield, is noted by Glover as the birth-place of Dr. Linacre, that famous physician and philologist who founded the College of Physicians, and, dying in the year 1524, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. Hutton, however, assigns to Derby the honour of giving birth to this distinguished man, and Lysons holds

* Thus Englished:—"From a desire for the Glory of God, and in grateful testimony of the labours of the Rev. Thomas Hill, B.D., Vicar of this Church and Honorary Prebendary of Lichfield, who for more than twenty years with equal faithfulness and fervour happily presided over the spiritual affairs of this parish, this painted glass was erected, by subscription of many of the inhabitants, to his honour, in the Year of our Salvation, 1843."

the same opinion; adding that he was of the family of Linacre, of Brampton. There is an ancient Church here, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose effigies are carved in rough grit-stone. In the nave is a singular monument of the thirteenth century, which was discovered, so tradition says, in digging a grave. It exhibits a curious instance of the practice of showing a part only of the effigy through a quatrefoil opening. An accurate description of it is given in Lysons' *Mag. Brit.*, vol. 5, p. ccxiv., where is also to be found an account of similar sepulchral monuments, *in situ*, in Kedleston Church. The Brampton monument is dedicated to the memory of Matilda de Caus, about whom the genealogists do not seem to have very clear ideas. However, there the stone is, exhibiting peculiarities of dress and lettering which will render it a desirable object of inspection to the antiquary.

A short walk from Chesterfield of little more than two miles northwards, will bring the tourist to WHITTINGTON, a village rendered famous in the annals of England by having been the scene of the meeting between the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Devonshire, and Mr. John D'Arcy,* in 1688, which led to the Great Revolution, resulting in the dethronement of James II. and the final overthrow of the House of Stuart. Tradition says that the three noble personages, above-mentioned, met privately one morning, A.D. 1688, upon Whittington Moor (as a middle place between Chatsworth, Kiveton, and Aston), to consult about the Revolution then in agitation, and that a shower of rain happening to fall, they removed to the village for shelter, and finished their conversation at a public-house there, the sign of which was "The Cock and Pynot."† At this humble dwelling, which has ever since been known as *Revolution*

* Son and heir of Conyers, Earl of Holderness.

† The Derbyshire name for magpie.

House, a great centenary commemoration was held on the 8th November, 1788. Divine Service was held in the village church, and a sermon preached by that learned antiquary, the Rev. Samuel Pegge, who had that morning entered into his 85th year. Then a visit was made to the *Plotting Parlour*, after which a procession to Chesterfield was organised, which extended, it is said, from Whittington Bridge to Stone Gravels. In this notable affair the Duke of Devonshire took a leading part, and his presence and munificence contributed to render the rejoicing one of the most imposing that has ever occurred in Chesterfield. The old house has been considerably altered, but the "Plotting Parlour," or, as it is now euphoniously called, the "Revolution Room," still remains, and the visitor may sit down in the very chair said to have been occupied by the Duke of Devonshire at the nocturnal meetings, which are represented as having originated chiefly with himself.

A pleasant walk onwards over Apperknowe Common leads to NORTON, the birth-place of Sir Francis Chantrey, of whose immortal work in Lichfield Cathedral we shall have further occasion to speak. Proceeding onwards, we cannot do better than quote Rhodes' description of the scenery of this charming part of North Derbyshire.

"In one direction the hills and woods of Beauchief and Eccleshall enrich the middle distance of the landscape, and the heathy moors of Derbyshire terminate the prospect. In another, Bannercross and the woods about Sheffield, extending from Wincobank to Grenoside, and from thence to Wentworth and Wharncliffe, are pleasing features in the extensive and beautifully-diversified landscapes which this walk in its progress presents." (*Peak Scenery*, 8vo., p. 270.)

To the left of Norton, and at a distance of about two miles, is BEAUCHIEF ABBEY (formerly De Bello Capite), said to have been founded by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of

Alfreton, about 1176. It is also said to have been founded in expiation for the murder of Thomas A'Becket, one of whose assassins Fitz-Ranulph is asserted to have been, and it is a curious confirmation of this tradition that the Foljambes have a carved stone altar-piece from the Abbey Church, which represents four knights killing the prelate. An account of this Abbey will be found in the *Reliquary* for April, 1867, from the pen of Henry Kirke, Esq., M.A., author of the interesting Derbyshire romance, *Thurstan Meverill* (Bemrose and Sons, 1868.) On the summit of the wood-crowned hill of Beauchief a mansion has been erected of the materials furnished by the demolition of the Abbey; it was built (in that broken style of architecture which was introduced in the reign of Elizabeth) by Sir Nicholas Strelley, of Strelley, Co. Notts., to whom the site and estate of Beauchief were granted in 1537, for the sum of £223.

The traveller is now upon the borders of Yorkshire, and within easy distance of Sheffield, where this excursion may properly terminate.



BEAUCHIEF ABBEY.

BOLSOVER CASTLE AND CHURCH.



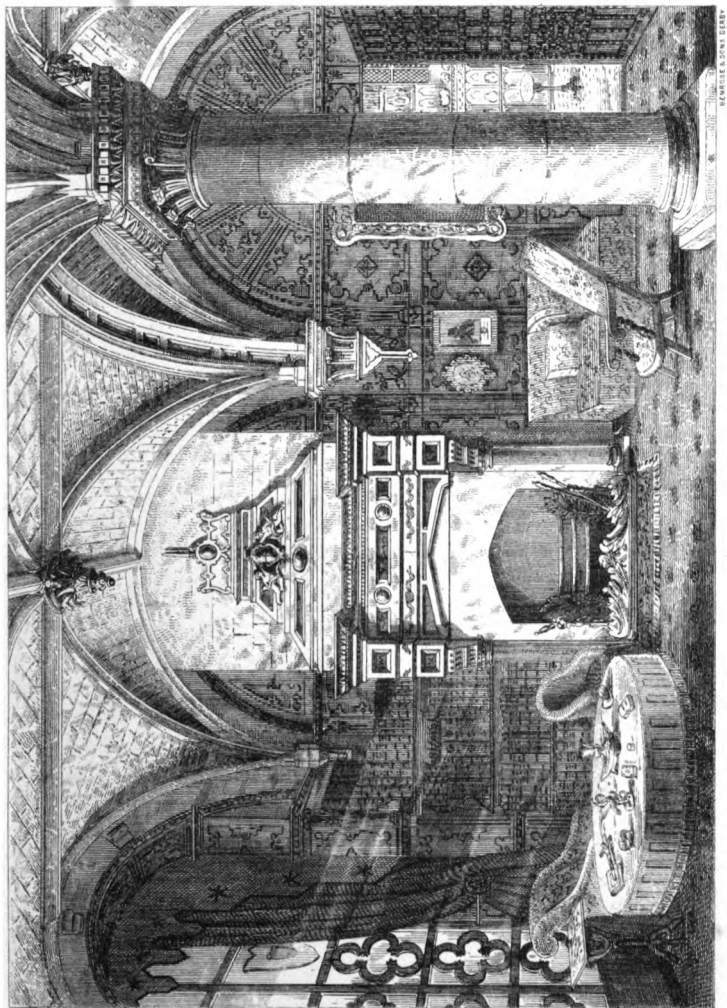
BOLSOVER CASTLE.

F almost equal interest with Hardwick Hall is BOLSOVER CASTLE, which forms a conspicuous feature, as we have already described, in the landscape surrounding the drive from Chesterfield to the famous mansion of the Countess of Shrewsbury; and the two places may readily be visited during one long summer-day's tour. Bolsover is described as a "decayed" market-

town, in the hundred of Scarsdale and the deanery of Chesterfield, from which town it is distant about six miles. The ancient Norman castle, which was built by the Peverils, fell into the hands of the Crown on the downfall of that celebrated and powerful family, and continued to be a strong government fortress during many ages; many noble and knightly personages having been appointed its castellans. At length it was granted to George, Earl of Shrewsbury; and on 20th August, 1613, a deed was enrolled in Chancery, by which Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, in consideration of a

certain sum of money, sold the manor to Sir Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the renowned "Bess of Hardwick," and founder of the ducal house of Newcastle. At that time the old castle was in ruins, and the countess seems to have originally commenced the rebuilding of the present castellated mansion on the foundations of the ancient Norman keep. This was completed by Sir Charles, who then commenced the palace which crowns the noble terrace, and, dying in 1617, left the work to be finished by his son, the first Duke of Newcastle. Here King Charles I. and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, were royally entertained; and on the terrace was performed Ben Jonson's masque, entitled *Love's Welcome*, which was composed in their honour. After long years of exile, the Duke of Newcastle spent a portion of his declining days in this favourite residence, building there the riding-house, so celebrated in his work on horsemanship, which was published in 1667. It matters not here to descant upon the many virtues of this learned and noble English gentleman, nor on the affectionate literary achievements of his spouse, who was, withal, somewhat of a blue-stocking; suffice it to say, that about a hundred years ago, the palace on the terrace was unroofed; but it has since been kept in good order as a picturesque ruin, by the Dukes of Portland, who represent, in the female line, the Dukes of Newcastle of the race of Cavendish. The Elizabethan reproduction of the Norman keep has always been in repair, and was occupied latterly, until his death, by the Rev. John Hamilton-Grey, Vicar of Bolsover, whose accomplished widow still resides there. By them the old fortress has been furnished in the Early English style, so that it may be said to be no bad specimen of an ancient mansion adapted to the requirements of modern society.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful and striking



THE DRAWING ROOM, BOLSOVER CASTLE,
DERBYSHIRE

view than that which is enjoyed from the rampart which surrounds the old garden. The line of fortifications which formerly encircled Bolsover may be plainly traced to the verge of the precipice upon which the castle stands. The terrace commences at the northern extremity of the castle, and extends along the whole front of the building; it boasts of four watch-towers, which, from their great elevation, serve as a landmark for the surrounding country.

The interior of Bolsover Castle well corresponds with its picturesque exterior, and the early Norman features have been preserved and modified according to Elizabethan taste. The Drawing-room and Dining-hall are supported upon central pillars, and have beautifully-carved and arched roofs; but the largest room is the STAR CHAMBER, so called from its stellated roof, constructed by the Duke of Newcastle after the too-celebrated apartment of that name. It is more than forty feet long, and is fitted up as a library and museum. Amongst the principal curiosities are the following:

I. Collection of about seventy Etruscan and Grecian vases and other vessels, of large size, great rarity, and beauty. They comprise, amongst others, Tazza, with Bacchanalian procession. Tazza, with funeral banquet. Large Amphora, with an heroic procession. Hydria, with Hercules and Nereus. Amphora, with Œdipus and the Sphinx. Hydria, with divinities in the archaic style. Hydria, with water-drawers. Amphora, with allegorical representation of the beginning and end of the Trojan war. Pseudo-Egyptian vase. Mystic funeral tray, filled with quaint vessels found at Chiusi.

II. Collection of 150 Etruscan Scarabœi, in onyx and cornelian. Large collection of Greek and Roman Intaglii, some of great beauty.

III. Collection of Roman coins, chiefly imperial, and

containing a nearly perfect series, from Augustus to the lower empire. A complete series of the Roman AS and its subdivisions, also of the reduced coin and its subdivisions.

IV. Collection of Stuart relics. Original portrait of the Cardinal Duke of York, from his palace at Frascati. Bronze medal of the Cardinal, which belonged to himself. Seal ring, engraved with portrait of Marie, Queen of Scots, formerly the Cardinal's. Mitre and Biretta of the Cardinal Duke of York. Massive silver-mounted pistols, which belonged to Prince Charles Edward (The Young Pretender). Original Miniature of the young Chevalier. The prince's map of his expedition and subsequent wanderings. Watch, in a case of filagree gold, made at Rouen, presented to Marie, Queen of Scots, by the Marchioness Hamilton; and many other rarities of value and interest.

The "Bailey wall" (as it is called) by which the castle is surrounded, is a fine specimen of restored Norman masonry, and beyond it stands the riding-house erected by the first Duke. Mr. Hamilton-Grey remarked of the general architectural character of the building he had so long occupied: "The castellated portion of Bolsover, which is still inhabited and in perfect repair, is reared exactly on the early Norman foundations; is of the precise extent and size of the Norman castle; and is built with the ancient Norman materials. Not only are the foundations Norman, the lowest portions of the castle are original; and if the lower walls were divested of their facings, we should find the Norman masonry." The castle is therefore of great archaeological importance, especially as many Norman features have been preserved in the Elizabethan restoration of the interior.

BOLSOVER CHURCH is unquestionably ancient, containing some pillars and piers which are certainly Norman; but the greater part of it is early English. Over the chancel door

is a sculpture of the Crucifixion, which is probably anterior to the Conquest. There is also an ancient sculpture, representing the Nativity, which once served as a step to the north entrance. The Cavendish family have a burying-place here, and the chapel contains several interesting monuments to the memory of various members of that noble race.

Enough has been said to convince the tourist that, taking Chesterfield as his starting-point, he will find, in the district we have been describing, very much which will amuse and interest him, even if he be a mere sight-seer only. If, however, he be a tourist of the right sort, one who treads reverently in the footsteps of his ancestors, seeking for information from the traces which remain to us of their life, their habits, and their customs, he will not fail to understand and appreciate the spirit in which we have written concerning the ancient landmarks of Derbyshire; for, truth to say, these hoary remnants of the past, Hardwick, Haddon, Wingfield, and Bolsover, inspire us with a more than passing interest, which is not satiated by a single visit, but rather

“Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.”

Of the noble owners of the palatial residences themselves, no more can be said than all the world knows. Learning, munificence, princely generosity, and high rectitude of purpose will ever be associated with the names of CAVENDISH and MANNERS, of which renowned families we may say, with Virgil,

*“Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.”*

DERBY TO MELBOURNE.



... **W**ITHIN the last year or two a branch line from Derby to the thriving town of Melbourne has been constructed by the Midland Railway Company, and communication between the two towns has thereby been greatly facilitated; the traveller to whom time is an object will probably select this mode of travelling in preference to the old coach road, but to the wandering tourist in search of the picturesque, we still recommend the latter route as offering more variety during a day's excursion.

Starting southwards from Derby, with the prospect of an eight miles' walk or drive before us, and passing the noisy iron works of Cotton Lane and Litchurch, whose smoke loads the air with a perpetual cloud, we arrive at OSMASTON, a small hamlet with a Hall, the seat of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., who is descended from a younger branch of the Wilmots of Chaddesden. The chapel is a quaint little building belonging to the Parish of St. Peter's, Derby, and

containing a few monuments to the memory of members of the Wilmot family. The Hall was erected in 1696, and is pleasantly situated in its own grounds. These are intersected with roads and footpaths, which, however convenient they may be for the strollers from Derby, can scarcely be considered advantages by the owner of the estate. There are a few pictures of considerable importance in the house (which is seldom open for the inspection of strangers); the principal of which are portraits of great value and historical interest, by Vandyck, and other eminent masters, including Wright, of Derby.

Two miles further brings us to CHELLASTON, where the eye is immediately attracted by the appearance of large furnaces for the manufacture of plaster, from gypsum, or alabaster, which is found here in abundance beneath a substratum of marl. The trade in this substance gives employment to a considerable population. The church, which formerly belonged to the priory of Dale, is dedicated to St. Peter; it contains several curious monuments (one of which bears date, 1405) and memorials to the Bancroft family which formerly flourished here and at the adjacent village of Swarkestone. In the South aisle is an alabaster tomb, under a canopy, with the effigy of an ecclesiastic in a cope, in the attitude of prayer, and a Latin inscription to the memory of one Bawdon (or "Barredon," as Bassano gives the name), minister of that church, who died in the year 1523.

Having traversed by this road a distance of about five and a half miles from Derby, the tourist will find himself upon the banks of the River Trent, at SWARKESTONE, where a good bridge has been erected in place of the old historical structure, which was found to be sadly too contracted for the requirements of modern times. Taking the footpath

through the field to the left hand, the remains of the old Hall may be examined. This fine mansion was the country-house of Richard Harpur, Esq., a Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Elizabeth. He married the last of the Finderns of Findern, and was the ancestor of the knightly family, whose head is Sir John Harpur Crewe, Bart., of Calke Abbey and elsewhere.

A sufficiency of the ancient structure remains to show that it was formerly a place of no small importance, and we learn that during the Civil Wars, Colonel Hastings fortified it on behalf of the King, and threw up some works at the bridge to secure the passage of the Trent. Sir John Gell, that indefatigable General of the Commonwealth, came with Sir George Gresley's troops and two pieces of artillery, and, upon his approach, the house was abandoned; whilst the garrison at the bridge, although they fought bravely against considerable odds, were at last driven from their works with loss. This battle took place, according to the Register of All Saint's Church, Derby, on January 5th, 1643. No wonder that the name of Sir John Harpur is found in the black list of the Commonwealth as having compounded for his estate in the handsome sum of £4,000, and £110. per annum for ever settled upon the Churches of Barrow, Ticknall, and Repton; which record remains in proof of the devotion of the family to the good old Constitutional cause—a feeling which seems at the present day to be truly hereditary. There is in existence a curious letter upon this subject, addressed by the inhabitants of the district, which is as follows:—

“To our loveing friends and neighbors, the worthy Mr. Major, the Aldermen, and other inhabitants of the Towne of Derby.

“Whereas, the County of Derby hath enjoyed the happi-

ness of peace ever since the beginning of these great distractions, and have not endured the miseries and calamities which follow the best governed armyes, so with greate blessing we retourne our most humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God. Yet we cannot but take notice of the forces lately raised by Sir John Gell, Baronet, who have theyre residence within the towne of Derby; and from thence issue into divers partes of this county to the greate suffering of manie, and to the terror and affrightment of others; as is in particular the greate prejudice donne to the Earle of Chesterfield at Bretby, to the value of many thousand pounds; and since taken from Mr. Sacheverell of Morley 3000l. in money, beside horses and other goodes; and from Mr. Gilbert of Lockoe to the value of 200l.; and from many of us, and our neighbors' horses comeing to the markett, which caused divers to throw off theyre sacks of corn upon the way and returne home; so that we dare not come to your markett to sell our commodities nor can we assure ourselves of safetie at home; wherefore, out of our neighborly affection we have sent these letters unto you to let you know our resolutions, which are to retourne our most humble thanks to his gracious and most excellent maiestie, for his princelie care of us and peace of this county of Derby, in sending Colonell Hastings with forces to protect us from the plundering and robbery of those souldiers within your toune, and to preserve us from those sufferings with which we are threatened, if wee yield not obedience to the unlawfull taxations, and greate oppressions, of Sir John Gell, whom we resolve to oppose with our uttmost strength and power, not doubting of the readie assistance of our neighbors of this county and Leicestershire who have also suffered by hym; though for the present we are but the inhabitants of some few townes hereunder written, yet we desire and expect your answer,

what course and care you will take for the disbanding and disarmeing those men, that have been so burthensome to us, which we doubt not of, and shall be ready to joyne with you in the preservation of the general peace of this county—

The inhabitants of Melbourne and Newton,
Ticknall and Stanton, Repton and Barrowe,
Swarkeston and Chellison, Thurlston and
Elvaston, Wildon and Shardlowe, Aston
and Weston.

Swarkeston, the 2d of January 1642."

Continuing on the footpath past the ruins of the Old Hall, the way lies by the church, which is dedicated to St. James; the living being a rectory, valued in the King's books at £5, and yearly tenths at 10 shillings. It contains several interesting monuments; that to the memory of Sir John Harpur having been selected by Mr. Fairholt as an illustrative specimen of the costume of the period (*Reliquary*, vol. 1., p. 187). The old grey walls of the churchyard, as well as the church itself, contain many memorials of deceased Derbyshire worthies; as, for instance, of members of the Bancroft family, one of whom, "the small poet," has earned himself posthumous fame in these days of verse-loving collectors. What says his muse on the subject of the death of "Old Sir John Harpur, of Swarston," in 1639?—

"As did cold *Hebrus* with deepe grones,
The Thracian Harper once lament
So art thou, with incessant mones
Bewayled by thy doleful Trent,
While the astonisht Bridge doth show
(Like an Arch-mourner) heaviest woe."

This brings us to the bridge—the principal feature of Swarkestone. It is truly a magnificent piece of engineering;

being nearly three-quarters of a mile long. The span over the river is, however, only 138 yards ; but the raised and arched causeway, which enables the way-farer to escape the dangers of old Trent's winter floods, makes up the rest of the distance. Within the last few years it has been greatly altered in character, and now presents but few of its original features. The roadway used to be, in our early days, a dangerous pass for carriages, which were obliged to elude each other in the angular recesses contrived for that purpose in the parapets. A glance at the Gothic arches of some portions of the structure will, however, give an idea of the great age of the foundations, which were probably laid about the middle of the twelfth century. Tradition assigns the original design to private enterprise, or rather beneficence. Mr. Briggs says:—"There is a singular tradition that a part of the bridge was erected by two maiden ladies, of the name of Bellamont, who resided at Swarkestone at that time, and who so impoverished themselves by this liberal undertaking that they were reduced to starvation. It has also been stated that both ladies were buried in one grave in the church of Prestwold, Leicestershire. We should not have considered this story worthy of record, but that there really do exist some grounds for supposing that a part of it is true. The Harpurs, who formerly resided at Swarkestone, married into the Bellamont family, and some members of the latter might reside in this neighborhood. Again they might build *a part* of the bridge—charge a slight toll for the outlay—and then those who passed over afterwards refuse to pay it, and by that means cut off the good ladies' income. And lastly, we find by writing to a Leicestershire antiquarian that there is even at the present day a very remarkable tomb upon which are the figures of two ladies, without *name, mark, or inscription* in Prestwold Church, which can-

not by any means be traced as having connection with any Leicestershire family. This we think may be the tomb of the ladies Bellamont."—(*Hist. Melbourne*, 2nd edit., p. 193.)

The advanced guard of the Scotch rebels took possession of Swarkestone Bridge in 1745, this being the limit of their excursion southwards. A medal was struck to commemorate the retreat, one of which was recently turned up by the spade, at Swarkestone.

The Trent here is a rapid stream abounding with coarse fish, and, more sparingly, provided with salmon, trout, and grayling. The Crewe and Harpur Arms will be found a very comfortable hostelry, and, provided the angling tourist can obtain permission for a week's fishing, we do not know a pleasanter place to sojourn at than this pretty village. Crossing the river, and turning off to the right by the water-side, is the way to Foremark, Knowle Hills, Ingleby, and other places of interest which we shall glance at on our return from Melbourne, whither we are now more directly bent. We, therefore, continue our course along the arched causeway, glancing on either side at the fertile meadows which receive old Trent's annual bounty, in the shape of fattening floods, and amply return the favour by supporting herds of splendid cattle upon his water-worn banks.

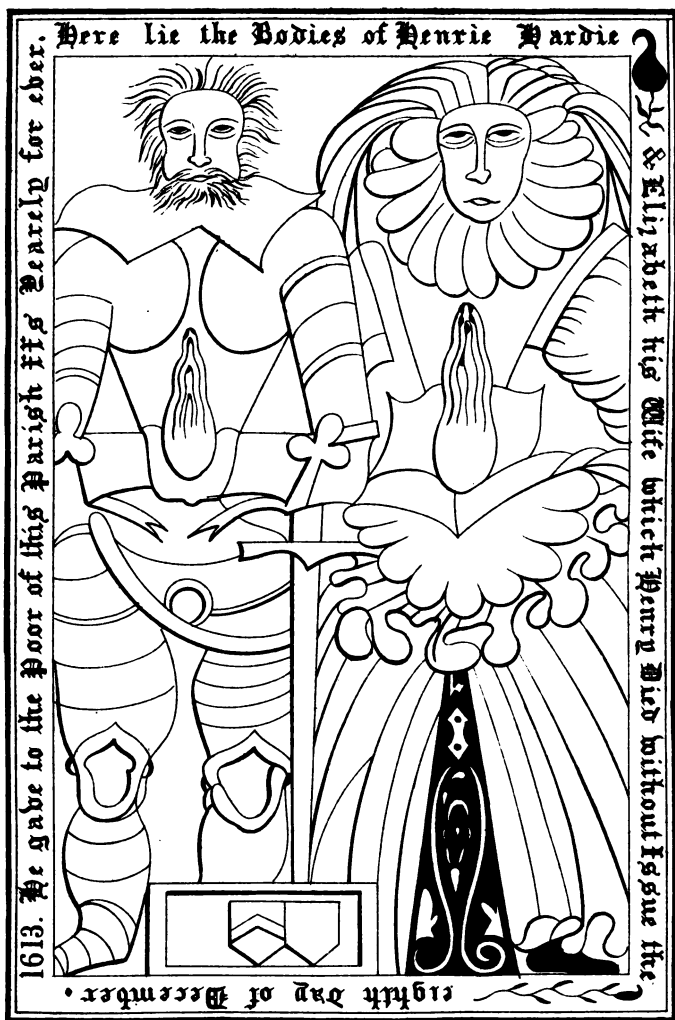
Leaving the bridge and turning up the hill to the left we come to STANTON-BY-BRIDGE, a very picturesque village, which abounds with bits of pretty scenery calculated to delight the soul of a wandering artist. The Parish Church is dedicated to St. Michael, and contains a few unimportant monuments. Bassano's volume of "Church Notes" describes the tomb of William Sacheverell, Esq., 1558. Among these notes is the copy of an inscription on the Chancel wall which states that, "having been through fanatical profaneness inhabited by owls and spiders, it was rebuilt for the use of

Christians, by Augustine Jackson, rector, in 1682 ;" it reminded the parishioners also of the obligation they were under, by the canon, of receiving the Sacrament thrice in the year, and stated that any minister who should willingly administer the Sacrament to any but such as should kneel, was liable to suspension. There are here some remains left of an antique hall, assigned by tradition as the residence of the ladies Bellamont, mentioned above by Mr. Briggs, in connection with Swarkestone.

A little more than a mile remains to be traversed, and Melbourne is noticed upon the right hand of the road, smiling with fertile gardens, and with busy manufactories giving employment to a large and industrious population. The handsome mill, with carved stone-work, on the right of the road leading into the town, as well as the general comfortable appearance of the houses in the neighbourhood, denote that we are in a thriving, "well-to-do" place of business. Many and great improvements have been made here in late years. The barren, sandy soil upon the hill-side has been transformed into highly cultivated gardens, where fruit and vegetables are grown in vast profusion, for the supply of the various markets of the Midland district. In fact, the name of Mr. Samuel Robinson, of Melbourne, is known far and wide in connection with those gigantic specimens of the Swede, mangold, and cabbage tribes, with which he astonishes the agriculturists at their annual exhibitions of farm produce. If the tourist desires to see what may be done by indomitable energy and industry out of very unpromising materials, let him call at Shaw House, and request the permission of the hospitable owner to inspect the gardens and nurseries. He will find that the motto: "He made the desert smile," may be as fitly applied here as at Alton Towers; the difference being that, whilst the latter wilder-

ness has been subdued to purposes of luxury and refinement, the stony and sandy wastes of Melbourne now minister to the wants of our increasing population, by supplying them with the necessaries of life at a reasonable cost. Nor are the tastes of the epicure forgotten, as vast plains of strawberry plants and fat asparagus beds amply testify; and, if the Derbyshire tourist be fortunate enough to arrive at Melbourne during the height of "the strawberry season," he will not readily forget the scene of busy activity everywhere presented to his eye.

The principal lions of the town are the Church, and the Hall gardens. By requesting permission at the vicarage on the south side of the church, the tourist may obtain access to one of the finest specimens of Saxon architecture now in existence, which has been recently restored under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Scott. Antiquarians have differed considerably respecting the precise era of its construction; but the most plausible supposition is that the foundation was due to Ethelred, King of Mercia, whose Queen, Osthrid, suffered a violent death in the 7th century, and to whose memory the original church was built. This was probably destroyed by the Danes: the present church was subsequently erected upon its site, after the 9th century, and a little before the Norman Conquest. It consists of a nave and side aisles separated by massy pillars, many of the capitals of which are ornamented with foliage, figures of animals, crosses, &c.; the arches are circular, with zig-zag mouldings; above these is the *Triforium*, sometimes called the "Nun's galleries." These *Triforia*, or upper ways round churches, are said, by Gervase of Canterbury, to have been used for the purpose of suspending tapestry and other ornaments on festivals. There may be some foundation for the popular name, as Du Cange mentions *women* sitting at

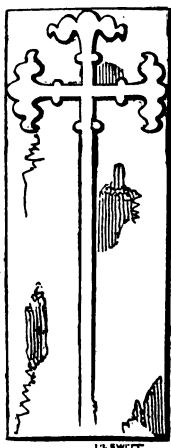


HARDINGE MONUMENT IN MELBOURNE CHURCH.

church in the upper *porticus*. The principal tower is situated over the intersection of the nave and the transepts, and contained originally (so says Mr. John J. Briggs, F.R.S.L.—*Hist. Melbourne*) a beautiful lantern intended to throw light upon the great altar. The upper part of the tower is certainly more modern than the lower, and it is probable that it was not originally intended to carry bells. Much difference of opinion exists relative to the towers of Saxon churches; one author tells us that the Saxon edifices were low and even, without towers; another says they were obliged to raise towers, when bells came into fashion, for the purpose of hanging them; a third (Mr. Briggs) finds a very different use for them. We confess that it is difficult to see how the small Saxon windows of this tower could throw much light upon the interior of the church; and it is probable that it was built at first, in common with the wes-

tern towers, for symmetry and ornament in different parts of the fabric, and that bells were an after consideration.

During the alterations, consequent upon the restoration of this fine old church, a monumental slab was brought to light, on which is carved a foliated cross of unusual form and remarkably good character; the lower part of the shaft is worn away. Some very curious wall-paintings were also uncovered; a particular account of which, from the facile pen of the Rev. J. Deans, vicar of the parish, will be found in the *Reliquary* (vol. 1, p. 31). We cannot do more than direct at-



MONUMENTAL SLAB IN
MELBOURNE CHURCH.

tention to the curious font, situated in the south-west corner of the *porticus* (semi-globular in form, and standing upon



CURIOUS WALL PAINTING IN MELBOURNE CHURCH.

four pillars); the monuments in the south transept to the memory of some of the Hardinge family; the curious effigy of a crusader, and other objects of interest which will occur to the visitor; but must pass on to the Hall, once the residence of a younger branch of the Cokes of Trusley, and now the property of the Viscountess Palmerston, as relict and heiress of Lord Melbourne, into whose family it passed by the marriage of the Coke heiress with Sir Mat-

thew Lamb. Here Richard Baxter composed his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and here Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre, once resided. Here it was that the late Lord Palmerston, upon occasion of one of his periodical visits to Lady Palmerston's estate, once made a memorable joke at the expense of the newspaper reporters. Europe at that time was in a state of ferment, and the actions of Government were eagerly scanned by all parties; consequently a very respectable army of reporters seized upon the occasion of an address being presented to his lordship, and occupied Melbourne in force. It oozed out, however, to their great disgust, that Lord Pam would merely receive the address as a matter of form, and that they had sharpened their wits and pencils for nothing. It was a hard case, and so it was represented to his lordship, who replied, "Tell the gentlemen of the press from me, that Cabinet Ministers are like fishes—they open their mouths very frequently, and they drink a good deal—but *they say very little*." We well remember his lordship receiving a deputation from the Derbyshire Agricultural Society in the Library here, asking him to accept the chair at a forthcoming meeting and dinner of the Society. It would have been a great catch to have secured as chairman the Prime Minister of England; and no less a person than the Mayor of Derby was employed to make the attempt. His worship was not altogether at his ease; his hat was rather in his way, and his words would not dovetail well together; but he contrived to make the request in his own peculiar style. "Pam" was by no means disposed to treat the deputation with solemn rigidity; he was in an excellent humour (as his racy speech at luncheon subsequently proved) and with his back to the fire and a coat tail under either arm, he waited for the Mayor's peroration. His face was quite steady, but there was a twinkle in the keen, grey

eye, as he replied—"I feel very much flattered by the request of so important a society, and nothing would have prevented my acceding to it, for my own pleasure, except—Her Most Gracious Majesty's commands. Office has its cares—as you, *Mr. Mayor*, have no doubt found out by this time—[a profound bow from the Mayor]—we who are only servants, Mr. Mayor, cannot always do *precisely as we would wish* [another bow]. I have received Her Majesty's commands to be at Osborne on the very day appointed for your dinner; and I am sure, Mr. Mayor, you will see the nature of my position, and convey my excuses to your Society."

The Hall, now in the occupation of the widow of the late Colonel Gooch, is a comparatively modern building, and the gardens are laid out in the Dutch style, once common



HOLY WELL, KING'S NEWTON.

in England, but now seldom to be met with. Reasonable access may be had to these grounds which are well worthy

of inspection. Mr. F. F. Fox (who has a species of hereditary claim to the post) is the local agent of Lady Palmerston; and of his courtesy, and civility to strangers in search of information, the writer cannot say too much in praise. Leaving Melbourne, and passing the Cemetery on our way, we shall arrive after a walk of a mile, at KING'S NEWTON, an interesting village which once contained the ancestral home of the Hardinges, destroyed by fire, April 17th, 1859. West of the village is a Holy Well, over the archway of which is the inscription :

FONS. SACER. HIC. STRUITER. ROBERTO. NOMINIS. HARDINGE.
1666.

The old cross, the steps of which yet remain in the village street, was thrown down long ago ; but the head was found some years since in a well in the neighbourhood. We give engravings of the four sides of this interesting relic, which bears an elegant figure of the Virgin and the Infant Christ ; the Crucifixion ; and two single figures, one of which may be intended to represent St. Michael or St. George.

In this neighbourhood an extensive Anglo-Saxon Cemetery was discovered in the autumn of 1866, by Dr. Massey and Mr. Alfred Wallis, M. Brit. Arch. Assoc. ; by whom, and by Mr. J. J. Briggs, F.R.S.L., accounts were transmitted to the *Reliquary*, *Illustrated London News*, and local prints, with illustrations of the urns. The first indications were given by the workmen engaged in cutting the railway, who dug out several urns, which were broken by them in search of treasure ; but finding they contained only bones and ashes, they took a specimen to Dr. Massey, of Melbourne. This circumstance led to a systematic investigation of the spot, and the interesting discovery of a small Roman Camp, outside the *vallum* of which, the remains were exhumed.

We briefly alluded to KNOWLE HILLS and ANCHOR CHURCH in the foregoing remarks, merely indicating the



HEAD OF THE OLD CROSS AT KING'S NEWTON.

route which is usually taken by pleasure-parties from Derby to this favourite locality for pic-nic parties ; we will therefore

suppose that the tourist, instead of continuing his course along the old bridge at Swarkestone, has simply crossed the river and turned to the right hand up the stream. A pleasant drive through the meadows, and along shady lanes, brings him to this strange, and, to us, remarkably weird neighbourhood. Lysons says Knowle Hills was a house built by a younger son of the first baronet (Burdett), and sold by him to the Hardinges. It was re-purchased by Sir Robert Burdett, who inhabited it whilst the Hall (Foremark) was re-building. This house was afterwards pulled down. The terraced walks yet remain to attest the former presence of luxury and refinement, and stately trees overshadow the relics of carved stone-work which once adorned the parterres and pleasure-grounds; but, of the house itself nothing remains except a little arbour-like room (now used as an accommodation for tea-parties) and the stables and a few out-buildings. In the vicinage are deep tangled woods, and a narrow walk leads to a pond surrounded by alders. From the terrace the dell opens to the north and north-east, and suffers the eye to survey the extensive meadows which skirt the Trent, in which Swarkestone bridge appears a conspicuous object. Beneath the terrace is a curious cave in the rock with pigeon-holes; called by most people, a cellar, but striking us as of far greater antiquity than the other relics of human handiwork which moulder around. In the summer time there are few excursions more satisfactory than this for a party of young people. Those who like may dance upon the turf terrace, others may wander to the banks of the Trent in search of the hermitage of ANCHOR CHURCH, which is merely a continuation of the high grounds of Foremark, but having been excavated and converted into a series of chambers in the rock, presents a singular appearance. The place may have been the residence of one of those

"idle people," concerning whom the old historian of Derby (Hutton) is so severe in his remarks; tradition, however, has failed to give us any clue to his identity, and all we know is that human bones are said to have been dug up, and the faint traces of some sepulchral figure were formerly discernible. Dr. Bigsby says:—"The Trent, which now flows at a short distance, formerly ran close to the rock, as is indicated by a dead pool of water situated near its foot, and communicating with the channel of the river. The whole range of rock has a singularly romantic aspect, being distinguished by bold and rugged prominences, and wild irregular fissures, partially mantled with ivy, and overgrown at intervals with brushwood and creeping plants, while oaks of patriarchal antiquity, and other trees, fantastically gnarled and confusedly grouped, impart a character of peculiar picturesqueness to the spot."

There are many places in this neighbourhood which may be conveniently glanced at during this day's excursion: FOREMARK HALL (to which place, from Knowle Hills, the road is a succession of dissolving views of the most romantic scenery) was once the residence of Sir Francis Burdett, the famous political baronet, and member of Parliament for Westminster. Dr. Bigsby thinks the crowning glory of Foremark is the long grove of majestic oaks extending from the north front; and he also makes pleasant allusion to the number of hollies which, he says, "were planted by the late Sir Robert Burdett who, whilst hunting in Needwood forest, was struck with the variety of singing birds that made musical the depths of the wintry wilds, while few were the notes that at the same season prevailed elsewhere. On expressing his surprise at the circumstance, he was informed that the cause was the great quantity of trees of this kind existing there, upon the berries of which the birds subsisted

in uninterrupted plenty, during that inclement season of the year ; whereupon he at once gave orders that a considerable number of these trees should be planted at Foremark, and would never allow one to be removed at any subsequent period."

Close at hand is the pleasant village of INGLEBY where it is worth while to spend a few moments in order to inspect the great elm tree ; concerning the age of which patriarchal piece of timber any of the villagers will descant "for aye and a day." If the tourist be on foot he will find a pleasant variety in his journey, by leaving Ingleby on his right hand and crossing the Trent at TWYFORD Ferry, returning to Derby by way of Findern or across Sinfin Moor.



REMAINS OF KING'S NEWTON HALL.

REPTON & MELBOURNE FROM DERBY.



OW that the railway has been opened to Melbourne, a very pleasant pedestrian excursion may be made from Derby, by taking the train as far as Willington, and thence proceeding, by way of Repton, Milton, and Ticknall, to Melbourne, where the train can again be employed in returning.

The village of WILLINGTON is pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Trent, at a distance of about seven miles S.W. from Derby, and is a noted resort of anglers during the season. Opposite the station is an "honest ale-house," where the brethren of the angle are wont to congregate for gossip and refreshment; and we can, from experience of host Clifford's abilities, promise the wandering Piscator the best of treatment at his hands. Our business, however, for the present, lies farther afield, and we will only stop to notice the Church, which is dedicated to St. Michael, and contains a few memorials of the Sale family. The living, which is a vicarage, in the gift of the governors

of Etwall hospital, is held by Rev. William Findlay. Sir Robert Burdett, Bart., is lord of the manor. Descending the steep flight of steps from the station, we shall turn to the left hand, beneath the railway arch, and with the graceful tapering spire of Repton Church for a conspicuous landmark, the remainder of the journey to REPTON seems short. On arriving at the river, further progress is arrested by the outworks of the bridge, which is strongly fortified against those who are unprovided with the means of propitiating the janitor. Black mail, to the extent of one penny per head, if on foot (a proportionably larger sum being exacted for carriages), having been duly paid, the gaol-like portals are unbarred, and, crossing the bridge (a very handsome stone structure), we have on the left a fine view of the Church and ancient hall of Repton, with the old channel of the river flowing sluggishly beneath their walls.

Our road now passes the school chapel and other rooms, which were erected in 1833, and enlarged in 1844; then turning sharply to the left, we continue our way past pretty cottages, with panelled doors quaintly carved, and find ourselves in the centre of what was once the capital of the kingdom of Mercia—the ancient Hreopandún of the Saxon period. The spire of the Church has been visible for some time in the landscape, and, as the visitor takes his stand before the body of the venerable fabric, and gradually becomes aware of the many interesting remains which lie around, the memories of the past will crowd upon him thick and fast, and he will find little difficulty in peopling Repton with the shades of glories long departed. Here is the old pointed arch leading to what was once the priory; there is the weather-beaten street, or market-cross, where sermons were preached, royal proclamations made, laws published,

and, perchance, marauders executed (for the lords of the hundred claimed to have pillory, tumbrel, and gallows for the punishment of offenders); upon those crumbling steps the bodies of departed villagers were set down, on their way to the Church, in order that pious and well-disposed wayfarers might offer a prayer for the soul's welfare.

Passing through the arch, and proceeding through the school-yard to the banks of the old Trent, a fine perpendicular brick tower will be discerned, which is ranked among the earliest, now remaining, built of such materials. It is probably of the age of King Henry VI., and was once the separate dwelling of the prior; for in one of the lower rooms are the badges of various priors, carved in oak; one of these being the rebus and initial letter of Overton, who was prior in the reign of Henry VI. All these, and other relics, attest the former ecclesiastical importance of Repton (or Rapedune, as it is designated in Domesday Book), and tradition is not backward in assisting the imagination to a contemplation of its regal magnificence. It is said that some labourers, employed in digging, once came upon a dormitory on the west side of the Church, which contained the skeleton of a man of gigantic stature, enclosed in a stone coffin, and, round it, one hundred other skeletons, the feet of which pointed to the central sarcophagus. An account of this discovery appears in Camden's "*Britannia*," and Mr. Haigh, in his "*Historic Notes*," asks—"Could this have been the sepulchre of the royal family of Mercia?" For an extended account of the antiquities of Repton, we must refer our readers to the remarkably comprehensive "*Historical and Topographical Description of Repton*" (Keene, Derby, 1854, 4to.) by Dr. Bigsby, and content ourselves with giving general information respecting the "lions" of the place, and the best method of viewing them. The

first care should be to hunt up the parish clerk, an intelligent young man, who resides at the end of the village on the way to Milton, and who will act as guide to the Church and crypt, as well as to other parts of Repton which the visitor may wish to see.

The Church, which is dedicated to St. Wystan, will probably engross the visitor's first attention. It is a Gothic structure, with a beautiful light spire, exhibiting architecture of various periods. The chancel is certainly the most ancient part of the building, and although its east window is early English, the irregular and massive character of the masonry, and certain structural details on the east and north walls point to a Saxon origin. Some of the windows are decorated, but the tower, with its elegant spire, is perpendicular. The interior is now in a complete state of modern "restoration," and presents but few objects of interest to the antiquary. We learn from Dr. Bigsby that many fine specimens of wood-carving formerly existed here, and it is certain that several monuments of importance have been withdrawn, allusion to which is made in Bassano's "*Church Notes*." In the south wall of the nave is placed in an upright position, the covering stone of the altar-tomb of Gilbert Thacker, who died in 1563; it is an incised slab, similar in character to the Hardinge memorials in Melbourne Church. This was probably the man whose name is branded as that of a sacrilegious and mercenary iconoclast by Fuller, in his "*Church History*." "I must not forget," says he, "one passage in Derbyshire . . . how one Thacker, being possessed of Repingdon Abbey, in Derbyshire, alarmed with the news that Queen Mary had set up the abbeys again, and fearing how large a reach such a precedent might have, upon a Sunday (belike the better day the better the deed) called together the carpenters and masons of the

county, and plucked down in one day (church-work is a cripple in going up, but rides post in coming down) a most beautiful church belonging thereunto, saying, 'he would destroy the nest, for fear the birds should build therein again.'"

By raising a board in the flooring of a pew in the north-east corner of the nave, access is gained to the famous SAXON CRYPT, which we consider to be a portion of the Conventual Church, destroyed by the Danes in A.D. 874. Descending an irregular and broken stone stair, the visitor finds himself in a narrow angular passage, upon arriving at the end of which he will be delighted with one of the most perfect specimens of Anglo-Saxon architecture now in existence. It is a square of seventeen feet; the roof being vaulted, with circular arches, supported by four spirally-wreathed columns and eight fluted responds, five feet six inches high, of a highly classic character. In fact, the similarity to Roman work cannot fail to strike the observer. Another passage not opened, leads from the south-west corner of this curious structure; and on the north side a comparatively modern door has been opened, in the external walls of which are the remains of a *piscina*, a most incongruous position, and suggestive of former spoliation; although it may have been used as a "stoup" for holy-water. A very good drawing of the interior is to be found in Lyson's "*Derbyshire*;" by reference to which it will be seen that the columns are of less massy proportions than those of the later Saxon architecture, the capitals are very plain and square, the bases, round, without any mouldings, and the shafts wreathed in different directions. The discovery of this relic of antiquity was involuntarily made in 1779, by the sexton of the period, who, whilst excavating, within the chancel, a grave for the remains of Dr. Prior,

felt the ground give way beneath him; the result being a speedy descent into an unknown void, which proved to be the crypt in question. As the convent plate and other treasure was *not* discovered at the same time, very little seems to have been thought of the affair; and when the sexton's plunge had become a nine days' wonder, "the vault" was no more named. A species of re-discovery, however, took place in 1802, since which time archæologists from all parts have visited Repton, and treated the world to their conjectures respecting its ecclesiastical remains. At this time (March, 1869) the crypt is in a woefully dirty state, being much exposed to the weather from the openings which have been made into it. In the west centre aisle is the recumbent figure of a warrior in plate armour, but devoid of any heraldic badge or device by which his lineage might be known. "They call him *King Askew*," said our guide, rather dubiously; it being observable that the local retailers of traditionary lore refer every mysterious event to, and connect every modern discovery with the times of, that mythical monarch.

On leaving the Church, turn to the left, under the old archway, and there, under the shade of some lofty elms, and at the east end of the church, is the old SCHOOL-ROOM, which is certainly of ancient date, and contains many a record of the past. Conspicuous upon its walls is a frame, enclosing specimens of mediæval tiles, taken from a kiln which was discovered November 6th, 1866, by the boys of the sixth form, whilst engaged in the practical study of surveying and levelling a piece of uneven grass land within the old abbey wall. A notice of this very important discovery, from the pen of Dr. Pears, Head Master of Repton School, will be found in the *Reliquary* (vol. viii., p. 129). The school, which is rapidly rising in importance (and promises,

under its present energetic management, to be second to none in the kingdom), was founded by Sir John Port, Kt., of Etwall, who, in the year 1556, devised certain estates in the counties of Derby and Lancaster, for the foundation of an hospital at Etwall, and a free grammar-school at Repton. This important charity was made the subject of parliamentary inquiry in 1867, at which time the rate-payers made a spirited stand in defence of their privileges, which appeared to be threatened, and succeeded in establishing their claims to the full benefit of the bequest. A small addition was made by Mr. Thos. Whitehead, first usher (by his will, dated 1654), of a field of four acres, at Repton; and in 1656 Mr. Philip Ward left a small estate at Ticknall, for the purchase of books for such poor scholars as have not other means to buy them. The entire superintendence of the school and hospital is hereditary in the noble families of Hastings and Chesterfield, and that of Gerard, Bart., the representatives of Sir John Port's three daughters; and by petition of the co-heirs in 1621, the governors were made a body corporate, by the style and title of "The Master of Etwall Hospital, the Schoolmaster of Repton, Ushers, Poor Men, and Poor Scholars." The common seal is the arms of the founder. We might multiply facts connected with the school and its associations, but our space is limited, and we have other places to note.

The old half-timbered house, known as the "Mitre Inn," which used to form so picturesque a background to the village, as seen from the church, has been destroyed, and a substantial brick building erected in its stead; the cross, with its modern column, seeming to have lost its ancient companion, and to look almost out of place before the bright red front of its new neighbour. There are several ancient dwellings still standing, some of which are worth

sketching. We now leave Repton, by rounding the old abbey wall in the direction of Milton, crossing the trout-stream, which rises in the Pistern hills, some six miles away, and leaving Askew hill with its tuft of trees on the left hand. If time permit, a climb to the summit of this eminence will well repay the tourist for his trouble: the blue hills of the Peak of Derbyshire terminate the northern prospect, which is enlivened by the villages of Willington, Findern, and Littleover. Towards the south and west, the view is that of well cultivated fertile uplands and dales, diversified with stately timber and country seats. The remains of Tutbury Castle are perceptible on the west; and towards the east the domain of Foremark and the woods round Ingleby close the prospect.

A pleasant mile's walk brings us to MILTON, a pretty hamlet, lying south-east of Repton, and included in the parish; and, bearing rather to the right hand (the guide-posts at the corners of cross roads giving ample information as to direction and distance), a further journey of about four miles leads us to TICKNALL, nine miles south from Derby. Here we encounter a bridge which spans the road, and connects portions of the pleasure grounds of CALKE ABBEY, the seat of Sir John Harpur Crewe, who is lord of the manor, patron of the living, and principal owner of Ticknall. The hall is a spacious and handsome mansion, inclosing a quadrangular court; but the situation is not well chosen, as the rising grounds, which almost surround it, exclude the view of the neighbouring country. A convent of regular canons of the order of St. Austin was founded at Calke before the year 1161, which afterwards became a cell to the Priory at Repton; and its possessions were granted to John Earl of Warwick in the first year of Edward I. The present baronet is descended from the ancient knightly.

family of Harpur, different branches of which resided at Rushall, in Staffordshire, and at Littleover, Breadsall, Swarkestone, Twyford, and Calke; but all the former becoming extinct, their estates devolved upon the branch now seated at Calke. The seventh baronet assumed the name of Crewe in addition to his patronymic, Harpur. The Hall contains some good pictures; but it is more noted for a remarkably fine collection of preserved British and other birds, said to be one of the most perfect in the kingdom.

The village of TICKNALL consists of a long straggling street of houses, which the inhabitants proudly assert to be two miles long; it is chiefly remarkable for lime-burning, and the production of a species of coarse brown earthenware, which is sometimes facetiously denominated "Ticknall china." The Church, which was rebuilt in 1843, is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, the incumbent is the Rev. Richardson Cox, M.A. The way from Ticknall to Melbourne is very picturesque; the elevated church of Breedon, in Leicestershire, forming a very striking feature in the view. Less than two miles will bring us to the high brick wall which encloses Mr. Hemsley's garden, and turning round it, down the hill, past Mr. S. Robinson's busy nurseries and residence, and finally taking the left hand on reaching the end of the lane, Melbourne lies straight before us. The Station is situated near King's Newton, nearly a mile away from the town; the traffic upon it is considerably more than was at first anticipated, and appears to be upon the increase. The line will probably be extended to Breedon before long. Excursion Trains are run from Derby to Melbourne on Saturday afternoons during the summer, at reduced fares; and special facilities are afforded to market people on Fridays. Altogether, the railway communi-

cation may be said to have been a mutual accommodation to the two towns, as well as to neighbouring districts, which are now enabled to profit by the industry of a most valuable branch of agriculture.

A very agreeable five miles excursion may be made from Melbourne to CASTLE DONNINGTON, by passing through the park, which contains many fine oaks, and some stately red deer. The present possessor of this fair domain is the Lady Edith Abney-Hastings, Countess of Loudoun, sister of the late Marquis of Hastings, at whose untimely death the male line became extinct. The rare and costly contents of Donnington Hall, including a well-selected library of rare and valuable books, and the splendid heirlooms of the Moira peerage, were dispersed in 1869, to the great regret of every connoisseur. The Church is well worth inspection, as it contains several monuments, including a fine altar-tomb, with magnificently engraved brass, and an elaborately carved memorial to one of the Haslerigge family, both of the late fourteenth, or early fifteenth, century. Upon this latter tomb is a deeply-cut inscription, purporting to be in remembrance of John Bradshaw. It would be worth a passing inquiry to see how far the opinion may be true, which connects this autographic relic with the famous Lord President of the so-called "High Court of Justice." In front of Mr. Towle's house is a very fine Cedar of Lebanon; and the remains of an ancient castle are traceable upon the hill, from whence a fine prospect is obtained.



DERBY AND ITS ENVIRONS.



DERBY, the county town of this interesting shire, cannot be said to present many objects of attraction to the eye of the tourist; however much its mills, iron-works, and other valuable commercial adjuncts, may endear it to men of business. The hand of alteration (mis-named "improvement," in many instances) has been busy in changing the aspect of a place which Defoe once styled "a town of gentry rather than trade;" and many an old mansion has been converted into shops, whilst

others, of historic interest, have been swept away before the utilitarian spirit of the times. Exeter House, the residence of the Marquis of Exeter, which, in 1745, was rendered famous by being made the head-quarters of "bonnie Prince Charlie," has been utterly demolished, in order to form a street which can hardly boast a single passenger; and a

noble house in the Wardwick, once a perfect specimen of the massive architecture of the late 16th century, has been shorn of its fair proportions for a similar purpose. At the same time, we must admit that many real improvements have recently been effected ; and, though antiquaries may sigh over departed relics, the advancing requirements of the present age cannot be allowed to give place to a sentimental affection for the picturesque discomfort of bygone days.

There are, however, several interesting spots over which we may linger for a short time. The noble tower of All Saints' Church—so conspicuous an object in the landscape from whichever way we enter Derby—must “give us pause.” It is, perhaps, one of the finest single towers in England, being of the late perpendicular style, and possessing a peculiar beauty of outline and detail. It is most richly decorated with carved work, and is said to have been built in the reign of Henry VIII., by the joint subscriptions of the maids and bachelors of the town. An inscription on one of the string-courses, “young men and maydens,” is supposed to favour this tradition, which is otherwise quite unsupported. The probabilities are that the inscription gave rise to the tradition, and that the former is but the commencement of the verse, “Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise ye the Lord.” Exclusive of the pinnacles, the tower is 174 feet high ; being of greater height than the celebrated towers of St. Mary at Taunton, Doncaster, Wrexham, and Magdalen College, Oxford ; it also exceeds the towers of Wells, Peterborough, Winchester, Exeter, Carlisle, Chester, and Bristol Cathedrals. The body of the Church is incongruous, being in Grecian style, by Gibbs ; but it contains some fine monuments, more especially those of the Cavendish family, in the Devonshire Chapel.

Few visitors leave the town without inspecting the Arboretum, a pleasure-garden presented to the people of Derby in 1840, by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt. It was laid out, in a very ingenious style, by the celebrated landscape gardener, Loudon, and presents a charming rural retirement, almost in the heart of a large manufacturing town. The expenses are supported by annual tickets of admission at fixed charges, and by fortuitous sixpenny entrance fees from visitors; but it is open to the public two days a week (one of them being Sunday) free of all charge. It is customary to hold an Anniversary Festival, at which attractive amusements are provided for a large concourse of visitors at one time; and great numbers of people from the adjoining counties avail themselves of the facilities afforded by cheap travelling, to make a pleasant excursion to this noted place of resort. Of late years it has been extensively enlarged, and a new suburb has arisen around it, called Rose Hill; so that the wisdom of leaving open so large a space in perpetuity will become every year more apparent. The antiquarian eye will rest with pleasure upon an old hewn stone, situated near the Grove Street Lodge, which is the identical stone described by Hutton under the name of "Headless Cross," at which, during the great plague, buyers and sellers transacted their business in Friar Gate. A brass plate upon the face of this relic commemorates the circumstance, and provides the spectator with the requisite information respecting it.

There are but few remains of any of the religious conventual and monastic houses which once were so plentiful in this town; the most noteworthy is the little ruined chapel of St. Mary, situated at the west end of St. Mary's Bridge over the Derwent, which was formerly part of the old Pack-Saddle Bridge, portions of whose arches still

remain visible. In Brick Street is a fragment of a priory of Benedictine nuns, founded in 1160, upon the west side of Nun's Green; and the fine house known as the Friary, perpetuates the name of a convent of Dominicans, or Black Friars, from which Friar Gate takes its name.

The Old Silk Mill is still in existence, and is always looked upon with interest as being the first erection of its class in England; it may be seen to advantage from the bridges, and access may be obtained to it from Silk Mill Lane, Full Street. The Porcelain Works are still carried on by Mr. Hancock, opposite to the Grammar School upon the Duffield Road, near to another famous Derby "lion," Hall's Spar and Marble Works, one of the most interesting sights a stranger can see here. The Iron Works of Messrs. Eastwood and Swinger, Mr. Parker, and other enterprising firms, are worthy of notice; and the various silk and other mills, especially those of the Messrs. Boden, should not be omitted. To anyone of a mechanical turn of mind, we think a visit of inspection to the Coach Manufactory of Messrs. H. and A. Holmes, on the London Road, will form one of the most enjoyable of treats; and we can, moreover, assure respectable strangers of a courteous reception from the obliging heads of the firm, and their numerous employes. The Lead Works of Messrs. Cox Brothers, and Co. are very extensive; the view from the summit of the Shot Tower in the Morledge will repay the trouble of an ascent.

The general appearance of the town is inviting and clean. Friar Gate is a spacious street, the north side of which has just (May, 1869) been planted with plane trees, by the subscription of the inhabitants, collected for that purpose by Mr. Davis, an ingenious optician of considerable repute. The noble Infirmary upon the London Road is

undergoing extensive alterations and enlargements, which will considerably extend its sphere of usefulness to the suffering poor; and within the last few years the churches of St. Andrew and St. James have been added to the previous list of ecclesiastical buildings; the places of worship for Nonconformists have also been proportionately increased. The various schools are well supported, foremost among them being the Grammar School, Rev. W. Clarke, Head Master; the Diocesan School, Mr. P. J. Hammond, Principal; the Training College for School-Mistresses, &c. Few towns can boast better hotel accommodation. The "Midland," near the Station, managed by Mr. and Mrs. Plock; the "Royal," in the centre of the town, kept by Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor; and the "Bell," in Sadler Gate, Mr. James F. King, Proprietor, are each first-class houses, where every accommodation will be met with by travellers. The old "King's Head" has been pulled down, and a Company is engaged in building an extensive hotel upon its site; the business of Mr. Huggins, the former landlord, being carried on in Albert Street.

Tourists may obtain every information respecting Railway matters, and horses and conveyances to take them to places not reached by Train, from Messrs. W. W. Wallis and Son, at their office in Sadler Gate, opposite to the Bell Hotel.

PLACES IN THE VICINITY.

KEDLESTON HALL, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, is situated about four miles N.W. of Derby, in an extensive and beautifully wooded park, watered by a lake, which was formed by enlarging and confining a small streamlet which runs through the domain. The house consists of a centre and two wings, connected by corridors of the Doric order; the length of

the whole being 360 feet. The Entrance Hall is a magnificent apartment, supported by alabaster columns, fluted, with capitals of the Corinthian order, in white marble. This hall is 67 feet by 42 feet, and 40 feet high. The Saloon, which is domed, is circular, 42 feet in diameter, and 55 feet high, and is said, with truth, both for shape, proportion, and decoration, to be the finest room of the kind in England. The whole mansion is enriched with gems of art; and we learn with some regret that visitors are no longer allowed to inspect its beauties (as was formerly the case) one day in each week. The sulphurous baths in the park are, however, at the disposal of the proprietor of the Inn, a comfortable family house, where good apartments may be had. Close at hand is QUARNDON, a pretty village, in which the wealthy middle-class tradesmen of Derby delight to dwell in the summer time; many of them having country residences there. Upon the hill side a rather powerful but neglected chalybeate spring bubbles forth. All around this pleasant district are charming walks over hill and dale; and there are few places so well adapted for convalescents, owing to the gravel stratum and the purity of the air.

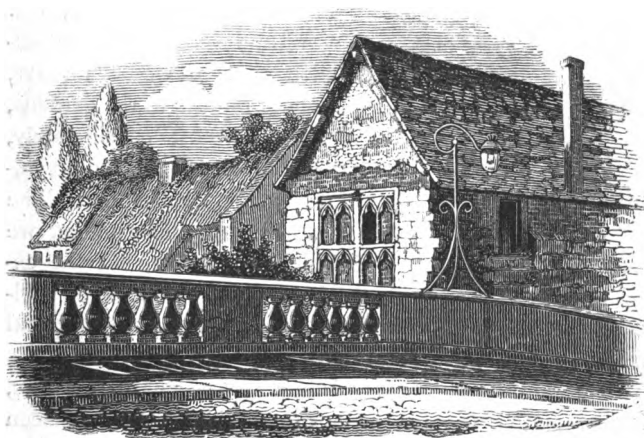
At a short distance lies ALLESTREE HALL—the seat of Mr. T. W. Evans, formerly, and for some years, M.P. for South Derbyshire—a commodious family mansion, containing many brilliant pictures, ancient and modern. Still farther, on the road to BELPER, and we come to DUFFIELD, whence a line of railway has recently been made as far as WIRKSWORTH (a town already noticed, p. 28), thus rendering an interesting district much more accessible than when the first sheets of this volume were written.

East of Derby, a pleasant excursion may be made through CHADDESSEN, the seat of Sir Henry S. Wilmot, Bart., whose

sons have distinguished themselves so highly in the naval and military services (the one having been slain at Kagosima; the other being the recipient of the Victoria Cross for gallant deeds in India; and now—his brilliant military career being over—no less conspicuous in civil life, as a Volunteer leader and a Conservative Member of Parliament); thence to SPONDON, where dwells that kind and genial-hearted squire, William Thomas Cox, whose long-horned cattle are the pride of the agriculturists of Derby, and who has himself filled all the important offices which could fall to the lot of a private gentleman, having been twice mayor of the borough, as well as M.P. for Derby, and high-sheriff of the county. From here, within easy distance, is that odd old-world village of Dale, with its solitary abbey window, which is all that remains of its former glories. Hard by is a hermitage; and any villager can tell you the legend of the Derby baker, who founded the abbey, and retired to the hermitage to end his days in all the odour of sanctity. Within this circuit is OCKBROOK, where the Moravian brethren have a settlement; STANTON and its iron-works; BORROWASH, upon the banks of the Derwent, whose waters turn the wheels of a thriving mill, which gives employment to the inhabitants of the adjacent villages; and if the tourist please, he may here cross the river, and take his way through green fields and shady lanes to ELVASTON CASTLE, the noble residence of the Earl of Harrington, the grounds of which are laid out so as to form a very triumph of landscape gardening; to which, however, access can only be gained by special permission from the owner; which, we believe, is only granted to persons regularly introduced to his lordship by letter.

The Derby County Lunatic Asylum is at MICKLEOVER, between three and four miles S.W. of Derby. Visitors, who

wish to inspect a perfect model institution of this nature, will receive every attention from Dr. Hitchman, the resident medical officer and superintendent, and from Mr. Langley, the active and obliging steward. A short distance further brings us to ETWALL, where is the hospital, founded by Sir John Port, to which reference has been made in our Repton notes, and from whence excursions may be made through the valley of the Dove.



REMAINS OF S. MARY'S CHAPEL, DERBY.

ALTON TOWERS.



HIS picturesque seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, is situated upon the Line of North Staffordshire Railway, within easy distance of Derby, Ashborne, Burton, &c. During the summer season excursion trains run on Saturdays, to convey tourists to the gardens, which are, most considerably, thrown open to the public, almost without restriction. The interior of the mansion is, we believe, not shown, but the exhibition of a tourist ticket suffices to admit the holder into the grounds at a nominal charge.

The site of these gardens is in a spot originally romantic, but presenting few natural advantages, in which has been produced a combination of garden building and garden scenery, which is characterized as one of the most extraordinary in Europe. The late Charles, Earl of Shrewsbury, began to ornament it with walks and buildings about 1814, and continued employing architects, labourers, &c., there, until his death in 1827. Near the head of the north side

of the valley is a pool with gothic bridge, and a huge imitation of Stonehenge beyond, backed by a mass of castellated stabling. To the left is a range of architectural conservatories, with seven elegant glass domes, richly gilt. Further on to the left, upon a lofty rock, is placed a gothic temple, consisting of tiers of balconies round a central staircase and rooms; the whole being resplendent with gilding. Near the base of this rock is a corkscrew fountain, supplied from an adjacent pool. Behind and above the range of conservatories are two lakes, and beyond them is another conservatory, curiously ornamented. Below the main range of conservatories are a paved terrace walk with a Grecian temple at one end, and a second terrace containing another range of conservatories. The remainder of the valley to the bottom, and on the opposite side, displays such a labyrinth of terraces, curious architectural walls, trellis-work arbours, vases, statues, stairs, pavements, grass and gravel walks, bridges, porticoes, temples, pagodas, gates, parterres, streams, ponds, fountains, waterfalls, rocks, cottages, moss-houses, &c., &c., that it is impossible to give any idea of the effect. There is one stair of 100 steps, a harper's cottage, Indian temples, covered with hieroglyphics, &c. The valley is upwards of a mile long. The Gothic temple, in the structure of which great taste has been displayed, contains a fine marble bust of Charles, Earl of Shrewsbury, from the chisel of Campbell. It is appropriately inscribed—" *He made the desert smile.*"

Description of the place is impossible. Those who have read the Arabian Nights, and have been blinded with the scenes in that popular romance, have only to imagine a series of gardens, grottoes, and temples, equal in magnificence, and the visionary picture may, perhaps, shadow forth a faint resemblance of the gardens at Alton.

LICHFIELD.



SHORT notice of the city of Lichfield and its celebrated Cathedral, cannot be out of place in a work of this nature; since few people, who find themselves within such easy distance of this city as a visit to Derby would imply, will fail to devote a single day to inspecting the great works of Chantrey, and the other notable works of art which the Cathedral contains.

Lichfield is also a field of such historical memories, that every nook and corner of the city has its story, and is worthy of a passing tribute of respect from the zealous antiquary. Here is the spot where the fanatic Colonel, Lord Brooke, praying heaven for a "sign," in order to discomfit the royalists, was shot to death by dumb Dyott, from the battlements of the central tower of the Cathedral, to the dismay of his followers. Here, in the Cathedral itself, the lawless tools of an arch-villain defaced the carved

work, and destroyed painted glass ; hunted cats through the aisles, whose fretted roofs resounded with the barking of dogs and the hallooes of human brutes ; baptized a calf in the font, and went through mockeries of a still more awful character at the altar ; ransacked every tomb for treasure, and shattered every effigy and tomb, " scattering the ashes of holy men about with barbarous indecency."

The Cathedral is a noble structure, of various dates of erection. The following description is abridged from Murray.

" The WEST FRONT of the Cathedral, with its spires and arcades, opens grandly as the Close is entered from that side. In grace of outline, and in the harmony of its general design, the west front of Lichfield is scarcely exceeded by that of any other English cathedral. These remain unaltered ; but the whole of the details, including the statues, are imperfect ' restorations,' in Roman cement, of the original work, made during a repair of this part of the cathedral between the years 1820 and 1822.

" The rich and graceful ancient iron-work, with which the modern doors are covered, deserves special notice. Through this portal we enter the NAVE. The view which opens from this point is, since the late restoration, one of extreme richness and beauty. The details of the nave itself are unusually graceful ; and beyond the light choir-screen, gilt and coloured, the eye ranges to the elaborate reredos of the altar (a mass of precious marbles and alabaster), and finally rests on the stained glass of the Lady-chapel, glowing with the splendour of Jewels between the dark lines of tracery. The apsidal form of this eastern end, and the superb glass with which its windows are filled, at once strike the visitor as the distinguishing features of the interior. It should here be remarked that the choir is not at right angles with the

nave, but inclines considerably northward. This difference in the orientation of the nave and choir is remarkable, and can hardly in this instance (since the whole choir inclines, and the Lady-chapel coincides in direction with it) typify the inclination of our Lord's head upon the cross, as is supposed to be the case with the chancels of many smaller churches, which bend northward.

"The nave (including the western front) is of eight bays, and is throughout early Decorated, with geometrical tracery and details.

"The NAVE-AISLES are of the same date as the nave itself, and of the same architectural character. They are unusually narrow (fifteen feet from pier to wall). The windows (with the exception of the westernmost window in each aisle) are pure geometrical. Each is of three lights, with three circles in the head of each, enclosing trefoils. The window-splays recede in two orders, with shafts and capitals of foliage at the angles. Slender shafts, with capitals, run up between the lights of the windows, the mouldings of which should be noticed.

"In the second bay of the north aisle (counting from the west) is placed the FONT, constructed of Caen stone and coloured marbles, from designs by *Slater*. The form is octagonal, with four larger and four lesser sides. On the larger sides are sculptured the ark, the passage through the Red Sea, the baptism of our Lord, and His resurrection. On the four smaller sides are figures of the Blessed Virgin, of a bishop, and of Faith and Hope. The whole work (sculptured in *Forsyth's* studio) is very clear and excellent. The font is raised on steps.

"In the south window of the aisle of the south transept are some portions of the Flemish glass from Herckenrode, which remained after the windows of the Lady-chapel were

filled. Against the east wall of the aisle is a tablet for Bishop SMALLBROOKE (died 1849); and at the south-west angle a monument for ANNA SEWARD (died March 25, 1809, aged 66), her father and mother. The harp hung on a willow, and the muse drooping over a sarcophagus, are special memorials of the 'Swan of Lichfield,' whose songs are now forgotten, but who filled no unimportant place in the literature of her time. The inscription on the monument is by Sir Walter Scott, who was Miss Seward's literary executor. She lived for many years in the episcopal palace, on the north side of the Close.

"The REREDOS, at the back of the altar, is formed by an arcade of five gabled compartments, of which that in the centre, higher than the others, is surmounted by a cross, much enriched, and supported by pinnacles on either side. In the central division below is the Crucifixion, with a group of angels in the gable above it; in the side compartments are the emblems of the Evangelists; and above are four angels under canopies, bearing the instruments of the Passion. On either side of the reredos proper is a screen of open arcades in alabaster, with figures of angels between each gable. Light metal-work is introduced below. These screens, as well as the central reredos, are raised on a dwarf wall built of uniform pieces of alabaster, each piece having a distinct border of inlaid marbles, with a carved patera in the centre. As far as possible, all the materials used in the construction of this superb work have been obtained within the limits of the diocese. The alabaster, of which all the solid portion is formed, is quarried in the neighbourhood of Tutbury. The whole of the marbles introduced in the inlaying are from Derbyshire, including the black and brown "bird's eye," and the beautiful "Duke's red," found on the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, and presented for this

especial purpose. Fluor spar, of almost every shade of colour—blue, yellow, cornelian, and pure white—is well known as a Derbyshire production, and is used in conjunction with the marbles; together with malachite, also to be found in Derbyshire, although in limited quantities.

“In the first bay of the south choir-aisle are two very striking modern monuments, for MAJOR HODSON, who received the submission of the King of Oude; and for his father, ARCHDEACON HODSON. The first monument (on the north side), ‘in memory of William S. R. Hodson, killed at Lucknow, 1858,’ is in the form of a raised sarcophagus with a cross laid on the top; and is composed of Caen stone and various coloured marbles. In the front panel is sculptured the submission of the King of Oude; in others are figures of ‘Temperantia,’ ‘Fortitudo,’ ‘Clemencia,’ and ‘Justicia.’ At the angles of the sarcophagus are very good figures of Indian soldiers. In the wall opposite, recessed in the arcade, is the monument of Archdeacon Hodson, a flat tomb of black marble, inlaid with enamels and a brass cross. At the back are two panels of sculptured alabaster, representing the Crucifixion and the Ascension, and below, the Burial and Resurrection of our Lord, with the inscription, ‘Whether we live or die we are the Lord’s.’ Both of these monuments deserve special attention. Both are from the designs of Mr. George Street.

“Under the east window of this aisle is CHANTREY’S well-known monument of the ‘Sleeping Children.’ They were the daughters of the Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, Prebendary of Lichfield, who died in 1812. It is unnecessary to point out the grace and beauty of the figures. The introduction of snowdrops in the hand of the elder child was suggested to the sculptor by Allan Cunninghame, his friend and assistant.

"The LADY-CHAPEL was commenced by Bishop Walter Langton (1296—1321), who left money to complete it after his death. The superb stained glass with which the windows are filled, was procured in 1802, by Sir Brooke Boothby, from the abbey of Herckenrode, in the bishopric of Liège, which had been dissolved after the occupation of Liège by the French. Herckenrode was founded for Cistercian nuns in the twelfth century, and was a house of great wealth and importance. The abbey church was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, and its windows were then filled with stained glass, some of which is now at Lichfield. Three hundred and forty pieces of glass, each about twenty-two inches square, besides a great number of fragments, were bought by Sir Brooke Boothby for £200; and the purchase was transferred to the Dean of this cathedral. The glass was imported during the Peace of Amiens. The total expense of purchasing, importing, arranging and repairing it, and of fitting the windows to receive it, was about £1000. Its actual value is at least ten times that sum. The dates on the glass itself are between the years 1530 and 1540, a period when the art of glass-staining had attained very high perfection.

"Of the three SPIRES, that above the central tower was rebuilt by Bishop Hacket, after the Restoration, but with details which at once show the lateness of the work. Those which crown the western towers are early Decorated (*circ.* 1272), of the same date as the western front itself, although they did not escape some 'restoration' at the hands of Wyatt. Within they are completely open from the base of the tower parapet, and contain no timber or cross-beams. The three spires of Lichfield group with extreme grace from whatever point they are visible. From the north-west angle of the Close they are seen in combination with the west

front ; and the dark colour of the stone is well contrasted with an avenue of lime-trees, which extends along the north side of the cathedral. They should be seen also across the 'Pool,' or lake, on the south side. At the head of this lake is the church of Stowe, or 'Chadstowe ;' the spot where, according to tradition, St. Chad built his oratory, and where he died."

Much more might be written concerning this beautiful structure, but space forbids.

Lichfield contains some very curious half-timbered houses, which are well worth inspection. The tourist will not fail to inquire for the house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, was born ; its situation is indicated by a colossal statue, which was erected to the memory of this great man by public subscription. The hotels of the city are good and comfortable ; the White Swan and the George being the principal hostelries.

In the neighbourhood of the city are many very pleasant walks and drives, which lead the traveller through much diversified scenery, and numberless charming landscapes.

CONCLUSION.

Having accompanied our friends through so many varieties of interesting scenery, and endeavoured to make the way pleasant and instructive, by pointing out objects most worthy of inspection, we bid them, for the present, farewell, hoping to be permitted at some future time to supplement our work with other tours and fresh pictures. With many thanks, therefore, for numberless favours and equally kind offers of assistance, we bid our readers

F A R E W E L L !

THE MINERALOGY OF THE COUNTY.



THAT Derbyshire is most rich in mineral wealth, is almost too trite a remark to make in an age which derives so much benefit from the coal, iron, lead, and marble which are extracted from its caverned recesses. Added to these staple sources of trade and wealth, are many other fossils of various kinds, which, when improved by art, are employed for the decoration of our homes, and for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes. Organic remains of a pre-historic age abound, and bring their assistance towards elucidating the contents of the great book of nature, of which so many pages are devoted to this interesting county. A catalogue of these would tire our readers too much, and increase too sensibly the bulk of our little volume; but a note of some of the more interesting specimens and their *habitat* cannot well be omitted.

In the limestone group, of which the surface of North Derbyshire chiefly consists, are found various fossil organic remains, such as Madreporites, Entrochites, Ammonites, Anomia, &c., and Saurians have been found in the black marble. There are subordinate beds of marbles, which take a high polish, and are extensively used for chimney-pieces, &c. These are chiefly worked at Ashford-in-the-water, and at Derby by Mr. Hall. The black, rosewood, coralloid, madreporite, entrochal, and red varieties are all very beautiful; the latter is only found at Hartington in a mine belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Brecciated marbles occur of every colour at Newhaven, &c., and the moss-jasper marble is semi-transparent and moss-like, of a reddish brown colour. In the veins of the limestone the following minerals occur:—

LEAD.

Sulphuret of Lead; Foliated Lead Ore; Grained Lead Ore; Slickenside, a Sulphuret of Lead, which from some unknown cause is explosive when struck by the miners' picks, occurs in the Odin mine (see Whitehurst's "*Theory of the Earth*"); White Lead Ore at Hubbadale mine and Crich; Phosphate of Lead, very rarely, at Bonsall Moor and Brassington.

ZINC.

Sulphuret of Zinc, or Mock Ore; Carbonate of Zinc, or Calamine, in Cumberland Cavern, &c.; Cupriferous Calamine, of a beautiful green, in Rutland Cavern; Oxide of Zinc (silicious) also occurs in the above two caverns, and elsewhere.

IRON

Occurs in various forms of Pyrites, Oxide, &c., in various parts of the county.

COPPER

In the form of a carbonate, has been sparingly found at Middleton and Hopton.

MANGANESE

Forms a thin seam in the clay measures.

FLUOR SPAR.

This very beautiful mineral is nowhere to be found workable except in Derbyshire. The finest variety is called "Blue John," which is worked by the artificers of the county into the most elegant Grecian, Etruscan, and Roman vase patterns. Sometimes it is crystallized in cubes enclosing iron pyrites, and is then a curious and handsome ornament. Carbonate of Lime; Dogtooth Spar (many varieties); Rhomboidal, or "Double Refracting" Spar, and Fibrous or Satin Spar also frequently occur.

STALACTITES, &c.

The water, charged with carbonate of lime, which percolates through the crevices of the caverns, and falls drop by drop for ages, gives birth

to a calcareous growth, which, when it occurs suspended in various fantastic forms from the roof, is called a Stalactite (or by the miners a "water-icle"); and when mamillated (as in Poole's Hole) or flat upon the floor, is denominated a Stalagmite. Perhaps the most beautiful variety, which is also the rarest, is the waved "baçon stone," from Wirksworth.

BARYTES

Occurs in various forms; the most noticeable being the "onyx stone," which takes a high polish, and is only found near Arbor Lowe.

QUARTZ

Is found in detached crystals, called "Buxton diamonds," which scratch glass, and are frequently of good colour and high reflecting quality.

In the millstone grit and shale, Quartz, Iron Pyrites, Bitumen, Petroleum, nodules of Ironstone, crystallized Barytes, and blue Lead ore sometimes exist. Here rest the great coal and ironstone fields; and here is found (at Castleton) very sparingly, that singular substance, Elastic Bitumen, or "Mineral India-rubber."

The third group consists of new Red Sandstone, Red Marl, Magnesian Limestone, and the Gypsum beds. The latter provides the "spar workers" with Derbyshire alabaster, of which pits are worked at Chellaston and Tutbury.

Visitors to Derbyshire will find no difficulty in making selection of the various mineral curiosities of the county at the various shops (or "museums" as they are provincially called) of Matlock-Bath, Buxton, Bakewell, Castleton, &c. We have called attention to the Derby marble works, which will well repay the time and trouble of a visit of inspection; and we may add that any one who can master the stumbling-block of our quaint Peak dialect will get much valuable mineralogical information from the miners; not the colliers, but the delvers in hill-sides and "grooves," for whose use that code of laws and separate jurisdiction has been drawn up time out of mind; and on which we lack space (rather than inclination) to descant now.

THE FERNS OF DERBYSHIRE

AND THEIR ALLIES,

BY REV. GERARD SMITH.

THE FERNS.



THE FERNS IN THEIR DERBYSHIRE HOMES. Let me introduce you to one of their old settlements in the Dale. Descend with me by the left hand path, trodden by the seldom foot of a child for the sake of a handful of cresses out of the pool at the cliff's base. The range of limestone rock down which the path leads is extremely rude. The porous character of the stone has exposed it to much decay; while the nobbed masses of flint project in strong relief: horizontal ledges and deep clefts and chasms, and square facings stained and encrusted by lichens, surround you. Lower down the cliff, the mosses begin to tuft the detached masses of rock, or edge them with a velvety fringe. The scene is wild and lovely indeed; not the less so for the lingering dew, which, catching the tint of the foliage in which it lodges, sparkles like a bouquet of chrysolites. Where the cliff meets the sky above you, the summit is crowned with pendant foliage, while towards the base, the talus has been leased out for life to grasses and the hardier and more stately ferns; and at the very foot is that pool of crystal water, margined with cresses, and mirroring the motley face of the cliff above it. Now along those ledges, and at the angles of the crevices, and even on the broad breast of the projecting crags, the ferns tuft and border the rock, some as evidently preferring the more roomy ledge, as others the narrow cranny and rifted face of the rock. You are struck by the evident fitness of each species

for its habitat. On your way over the hill-head, you may have noticed the Moonwort (*Botrychium Lunaria*) among short turf, or you may have met with it elsewhere, upon lower levels, upon boggy soil, where the Water Avens and Dropwort grow; and the Adder's tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) may have met you in the same places; but you find neither on the ledges or in the crannies of rocks. But how marked is the adaptation of the group which your eye falls upon beyond the pool, in that protected nook! There, amidst the huge plaited leaves of the coltsfoot, rises a plume of the Female Fern of the tenderest green, contrasted again with the giant stems, floating foliage, and radiant blossoms of the wild Angelica. No tropical cluster can surpass it; and its glory, that crown of fern fronds, is nowhere else to be seen. You are reminded as you gaze upon it, of the sweet lines so consistent with truth—

“Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the female fern grows strongest.”

How then, is it asked, did the several kinds choose their places? Can we believe in an elective power natural to the plant tribes, to choose and to refuse, so as ever to find the way, as they appear to do, to their proper home, and so to settle in, as to render that home as secure and peaceful as in the nature of things it can be? What is the key to this fact, that with ferns, beauty, vigour, and security should be one? Enlarge the observation to strengthen the statement. On the most exposed mountain head, ferns maintain their hold amidst tempest and torrent rains; some, such as the Green Spleenwort, and Prickly Mountain Fern, inhabit the high and exposed north-eastern faces of rocks; while *Asplenium Lanceolatum* looks out of its den-like nook in the cliff, upon the sea-coast, and *Asplenium Marinum* even ventures close upon high-water mark, and basks in those red rays of the setting sun which ferns in general so ill endure. Evidently each species has its proper home, but what is the principle of selection?

In reply to this natural inquiry, we observe that with ferns, *necessity*, beauty and safety ever companion together.

We are speaking of the ferns of the ledge and crevice, and of the ruinous wall and arch and tower. The spores (or seeds*) scattered everywhere

* For a brief account of the nature of the seeds of Ferns, see “Ferns of Derbyshire,” introduction, pp. iv—vii.

by the winds,* vegetate upon the moistened face of the earth, upon the bark of trees, and upon the rocks. The majority of seedlings, however, perish quickly, being withered by lack of moisture, or washed away by rains, or torn off by storms. Such also as have vegetated upon watery spots, perish, not one of our Derbyshire species, though generally repugnant to dryness, enduring a *floating home*. From these circumstances it follows, that only such plants as have rooted in situations at once protected and dewy, rather than wet, survive their infantile stage; and therefore we find them limited, for the most part, to the ledges and fissures and looser surfaces of rocks and walls, or the broken bark of aged and decaying timber. The sowing was broadcast, but the growing by *local accommodation* only. Just so is it with the barnacle of the rocks of the sea. Inexperienced observers exclaim with surprise when they behold that little shell limited to the recesses and protected faces of the rock; they admire the sagacity of the little creature in securing for itself such safe quarters: but in fact, only those which the waves could not sweep away have survived. In the early year, every rock, pebble, and shell, the clay and sand and seaweeds, everything, indeed, within high-water mark, may be seen covered, as though sanded over, by the nidus of this shell; but, before the next tide ebbs, millions have perished, and such only as from the first had settled upon firm and protected foundations, abide. With Ferns, a similar necessity has led to that distribution of the tribe which adds so attractive a charm to their native growth. The recesses of forests in tropical countries, and the vegetation of the ravine and cascade in all lands, illustrate this natural beauty of Ferns. No elegance of taste, no rules of fashion ever attired lovely woman so exquisitely, as these plants adorn the scenes of nature; and no other tribe is altogether equal to them in that respect.

No small aid to the charm of ferns in the wild state, is the irregularity of their position while the species remains the same. Fissures and ledges

*This fact was illustrated by the clustering of young ferns upon the stonework within the loop-holes at the summit of the smoke tower at Osmaston, 164 feet above the sea. The species were chiefly *Lastroea dilatata*, and *L. filix mas*, neither of which was at that time cultivated in the gardens around the tower. The spores had evidently alighted there, borne, as birds often are over the sea, upon the wings of the wind. The shafts of old wells and mines, and the arched entries of lodes, present the same spectacle. I have seen such a level-entry on a mountain side, fringed by a pendulous form of the bladder fern, diminishing in stature as the light from the entrance became more dim.

vary exceedingly, but the kind of Ferns which tenants them is usually definite. Thus the folding of the mantle cast over the scene is as irregular as the *pattern* is uniform. Compare with it a group of potted ferns, or the cleverest attempt to plant them after nature's design, how immeasurably superior is the wild fernery to the domestic one !

Sometimes the Fern has much to risk in its pursuit of a suitable soil. Now, to prepare such soil is the office both of mosses and lichens. When a tuft of either has reached sufficient size, the spore of a Fern roots in it, and slowly absorbs all its substance. The cuckoo is noted for laying its eggs in other birds' nests, but Ferns do this constantly ; and the early life of many a Polypody or Spleenwort is cradled in the lap of a clustering moss, which opens its arms to embrace its own destroyer. This fact reminds us of the Hindoos, who have a touching illustration of the duty of shewing kindness to an enemy. "The oak," say they, "does not refuse a handle to the axe that cuts it down."

The conditions of soil, situation, and aspect requisite to the life and well-being of Ferns, are well worthy the study of those who would cultivate them. Multitudes of plants of this tribe are, for want of such knowledge, annually wasted and lost. Exposed for sale in places frequented by tourists, the tenderest and choicest kinds are purchased in preference, and carried away. Being thenceforth consigned to the least suitable soil and situation, they perish in a few short weeks.

Osmunda regalis may be seen planted in vases by the doorways at Scarborough, with a fatal exposure to the blaze of mid-day ; while *Lastræa recurva*, and *Asplenium viride*, denied all shade of foliage and succour of fog and dew, put presently on the brown mourning habit of the Chinese, and are on that account, but by no fault of their own, despised and left to die. Plants of the male and female Fern, again, established in pans of no more capacity than a large saucer, are sold to strangers, and meet a certain and speedy doom, at the hands of ignorance and neglect !

It will be helpful to all our readers who desire to entertain with intelligent management this lovely group of plants in the rockery or greenhouse, to possess such a list of the local Ferns as we are now about to give, accompanied by an index to their favourite aspect, &c., and by remarks upon individual species.

Polypodium vulgari. (L.) Common Polypody. On walls, rocks, and stems of old trees, with a shaded aspect. The Rhizome, or prostrate stem of this species creeps among ivy and about the roots of trees, &c.,

more or less immersed in soil. In dry seasons this part preserves the plant, though the fronds should wither away. The remark applies to Ferns in general. In the female Fern, besides the caudex, or upright rhizome, the bases of old fronds become permanently helpful to the support of the plant. In the Hare's foot Fern (*Davallia Canariensis*, Sw.) independent tubers are found (as in other Ferns, especially in *Nephrolepis tuberosa*, Presl.) beneath the soil, and help in maintaining life in the plant when outward supplies of moisture fail.

P. Phlegopteris. (Linn.) Beach Fern. On banks, and mostly under shade of trees or rocks, with E. or N.E. exposure. Near Eyam and Baslow, &c.

P. Dryopteris. (Linn.) Oak Fern. Among broken shale, &c., with warm but shaded aspect. Rarely upon open and steep banks. "Chinley Hill and Pleasley Forges," (Bot. Guide.) &c.

P. Calcareum. (Smith.) Among broken limestone, or at the base of limestone walls, facing the N.S.E. and W. ; near Buxton, &c.

Lastrea oreopteris. (Presl.) Heath Fern. Boggy, oozy places, on higher or lower levels ; finest with a northern aspect, and protected from wind. Wherever this beautiful plant is found, it yields to the hand that Spring-like perfume which might have won for it the expressive name of *L. Verniolenis*—Spring-scented Fern.

Lastrea Filix mas. (Presl.) Male fern. Banks, woods, and rocks, with no choice of aspect, but flourishing most when screened from the south and western sun.

L. Filix mas. Var. *Pseudomas*, Wollaston. A more delicate and thin fronded plant ; this variety occurred *crested* near Ashborne. The beautiful *L. F. mas. cristata* of gardens, appears to be a variety of the firmer mountain form, if not of *L. Pumila* (Moore), enlarged by cultivation.*

Lastrea Spinulosa. (Presl.) Shady places, usually near water in boggy ground. A smaller and more delicate fern than the next, with rounded membrane-like scales, and lanceolate fronds, the veins *sunken* on the upper surface. It withers under frost, before

Lastrea Dilatata. (Presl.) The broad-leaved fern. Shady places, but with all aspects. In Wootton Hall Park, near Ashborne, this fern may be observed intermediate between *L. Recurva* and *Dilatata*. Indeed,

* See the figures 27, 28, and 30, of the crested form of this fern in Mr. Lowe's richly illustrated work "Our Native Ferns."

the three last cannot always be distinguished, though *L. Dilatata* greatly exceeds *L. Spinulosa* and *Recurva* in stature, when growing side by side with them.

Lastræa Recurva (Newman), *L. Fenesecii* (Watson), has not been detected, as far as I am aware, in Derbyshire. It approaches the boundary line from the Staffordshire side near Ashborne; and may be yet found, hiding under deep shade, upon some of the moist banks of the Millstone grit, to the north of the county.

Polystichum Aculeatum. (Roth.) Evergreen fern. This fern is found in the county in the form *P. Lobatum* chiefly, and in that form it often exhibits, as near Matlock Bath, a narrow frond; some of the young plants much resembling *P. Lonchitis*, and retaining their character in cultivation.

Polystichum Lonchitis. (Roth.) A fern considered peculiar to the higher mountains as in N. Wales, Durham, Aberdeenshire, Ireland, &c.; but occurring sparingly on the sides of rocks, with a N. Eastern aspect, in the neighbourhood of Buxton; the most southerly locality in England. Dr. Darwin, of "Fern," pointed out to me the Buxton locality of this species, and also the spot, not above a mile from it, where recently a quail with her brood had been seen by his keeper! in July, 1868.

Polystichum Angulare. (Newman.) Banks and woods, not common. Its feather-like fronds, if able to expand freely, present most elegant grouping, and are nearly as evergreen as the other species.

Cystopteris Fragilis. (Bernh.) Bladder fern. On sandstone and limestone, in all aspects, but flourishing only when shaded from the sun. Among broken stones its rootstems creep, flattened, or even bent at right angles. If the fronds look out of a crevice, the pinnules point to the extremity of the frond; if expanded in open air, they are at right angles, and variously contracted or attenuated, broader or narrower. The var. *Adiantoides* (Lowe), a firm and compact form, has been collected near Buxton.

Athyrium Filix Fœmina. (Roth.) Lady fern. Woods, and by brooks, bogs, and streams, in protected situations. Most variable in stature, and in the development of its pinnules. A plant was kindly sent to me by the Rev. J. Jones, from Rowsley, so attenuated and so much divided, and the sori so lodged in the axils of the segments, that, taken alone, it might have been considered a *Davallia*.

Asplenium Adiantum Nigrum. (Linn.) Black-stemmed spleenwort. Rocks and banks, with a warm exposure, under shade.

Asplenium Trichomanes. (Linn.) Common Spleenwort. This fern might well become the badge of the Arab of the Desert, for, like its foreign kinsman, *A. Petrarchæ*, it braves the face of the hardest rock on the sunniest side of it, if only allowed a crevice where dust and dew may lodge, and supply its scanty fare.

Asplenium Viride. (Hudson.) Green-stalked Spleenwort. Upon limestone rocks, &c., facing the East and N. E. *Polystichum Lonchitis* is often its associate.

Asplenium Ruta Muraria. (Linn.) Wall Rue. Rocks, and stone and brickwork, on their sunless sides in general.

Scolopendrium Vulgare. (Sym.) Hart's-tongue. Damp slopes in shaded places. Strange anomalies in growth mark this fern. Its fronds often exceed two feet in length; and not rarely may be gathered of a kidney-shape, one inch broad and two long!

Ceterach Officinare. (Willd.) Scaly Ceterach. Walls and rocks with a warm exposure; a lover of old mortar, and of ancient bridges and churches and ruinous abbey walls.

Blechnum Boreale. (Sw.) Hard fern. Woods and rocky places, preferring a friable or sandy soil. When growing in a very moist corner, as under a rock, the whole of the fronds become fruitful. No fern in the British Flora presents a more elegant group than the tall feather-like fertile fronds of this plant.

Pteris Aquilina. (Linn.) Brakes, Bracken. In woods and hedges, attaining the height of eight or nine feet in wooded places, or diminutive as a handbreadth on open hills. Cinders thrown upon the roots produced a plant in which the leafy part was almost lost, and only the stalks and stem appeared. A firm footing may be found, as Mr. Howe observes, where this fern grows, though in the midst of the loosest moss or sedge.

Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense. (Smith.) Tunbridge Filmy Fern. "On the hills from Macclesfield to Buxton, on mossy rocks."—*Botanist's Guide*.

Osmunda Regalis. (Linn.) Flowering Fern. This noble plant formerly grew in three or four places in the county, but conspicuous beauty proved its ruin! The right of property, or the wrongfulness of plunderers has carried off the royal plant into captivity, to adorn a fernery, or to enrich an herbarium, or pine away miserably in a garden pot upon a window sill!

Botrychium Lunaria. (Sw.) Moonwort. Upon warm hill sides,

among short dry turf, or in boggy meadows ; occasionally at the foot of *Pteris aquilina*.

Not so rare a plant as appearances would suggest ; the fern occurs in those meadows which are seldom mown, but usually fed off in the spring by sheep, &c., that select the succulent fronds as a favourite morsel. The plant varies in this county with fimbriated pinnules (this variety is excellently figured by Mr. Lowe, in his work, "Our Native Ferns," t. 76, B. B. Moorei. Lowe ; B. incisum, Milde), and with double heads of fruit. The narrow segments of the pinnæ are often tipped with a sorus, and occasionally the summit of the fertile part is leafy.

Ophioglossum Vulgatum. (Linn.) Adder's Tongue. Moist pastures ; occasionally in copses. Like *Botrychium*, the spike of fruit is sometimes branched, or twisted spirally.

LYCOPODIACÆ.—CLUB MOSSES.

Lycopodium Clavatum. (Linn.) Common club moss. Abney Moor, &c. ; on turfy slopes with a northern aspect.

Lycopodium Alpinum. (Linn.) Alpine club moss. "Near Eyam ; near Sheffield."—Mr. Pinder.

Lycopodium Selaginoides. (Linn.) Prickly club moss. "On Kinder Scout." Mr. O. Sims, in *Botanist's Guide*.

Equisetum. (Linn.) Equisetaceæ—Horsetails. Of six species, more or less general, one only, *E. hyemale* Linn, Dutch Rush, is not recorded as a Derbyshire plant. In the wood at Whaley Bridge, *E. sylvaticum* Linn. is abundant, and of great size and height, attaining three feet. In Bretton Clough, Mr. W. Elliott noticed a similarly giant form.

In closing our brief notice of Ferns, one remark upon the cultivation of them in the greenhouse and garden will be permitted. We have enumerated the species which this county yields ; but the list must undergo a sure, though slow, diminution, through the constant depopulation of the plants in supplying cultivators of the tribe. Now, how many species thrive in captivity ? How many are really ornamental to the garden ? A few only prosper in the domestic state ; so that in two or three years many of the loveliest and rarest will be seen no more, either wild or cultivated. Take *Asplenium viride*, for an example. Deepdale and Axe-edge already reply to the search after it—

On the high brow of yonder beetling crag,
Or in some nook the green side of the vale,
She spread her fronds, and shed her spores in peace :

But now the exterminating strife for gain,
 And would-be science, shallow and self-eyed,
 Each lone recess have stripped, and borne away
 The beauty of our home ; and she, condemned
 In bowl or box to endure the public gaze,
 Pines for the upland fog and early dew,
 And envies the poor rush that was not born a *Fern* !

Who has seen the green spleenwort *flourishing* in a garden? And such is the case with other species. If we must cultivate the tribe, let our gardens be supplied by the ferns of the Continent : while our own wild homes are left adorned with their native species ; the absence of which deprives them of a charm as graceful as a necklace, a brooch, or a bracelet, when tastefully combined with maiden attire.*

MOSSES.



THE Moss tribe perform important duties in the kingdom of Plants, as partners with Lichens and Fungi in the process of pounding rocks and making soil for herbs and trees. So diligent and persevering are they in this their allotted work, that, in some places, by hot salt and water only, applied annually, can the "lords of creation" warn them off their walls ! Wherever shade and moisture lodge, there lodge the mosses, numbering above 300 species, as natives of our country. It is impracticable for us to give in this work a catalogue of Derbyshire Mosses ; but, by recording the names of a few of the more interesting species, we hope to encourage the lovers of this tribe to enter upon the rich field which the county affords.

Andræa Rupestris. Rock Andræa. Axe Edge.

Phascum Patens. On the mud of lakes and ponds, when exposed to the atmosphere.

Dicranum Glaucum. White-leaved Fork-moss. In Shirley Park, detached lense-shaped masses are found, green and leafy all over.

Trichostomum lexicaulæ. Wavy-stemmed T. Limestone. W. Wilson.

Tortula Ruralis. Trees and walls. Via Gellia.

„ *Muralis*. Rocks, &c. Between Cromford and Carsington.

Encalypta Streptocarpa. Spiral Extinguisher Moss. Dovedale.

„ *Vulgaris*. Common E. M. Bonsall, &c.

* For further information see "Ferns of Derbyshire," Illustrated from nature, Coloured Plates, Explanatory Diagram, &c. 3/6. Bemrose & Sons, London and Derby.

Orthotrichum Anomalum. Anomalous Bristle Moss. Rocks, Dove-dale, &c.

„ *Lyellii*. Lyell's B. M. Stanton Park, near Matlock. W. Wilson.

Funaria Muhlenbergii. M.'s Cord Moss. Dovedale, near Load-mill, &c.

Bartramia Arcuata. Curved Apple Moss. Dovedale, on wet rocks.

„ *Ederi*. Aeder's Apple Moss. Near Buxton.

„ *Fontana*. Fountain A. M. Near Ashbourne, &c.

„ *Pomiformis*. Common A. M. Near Ashbourne.

Fissidens Rupestris Decipiens. Rock Flat Fork Moss. Dovedale.

Hypnum Crassinervium. Thick-nerved Feather Moss. Shady rocks. Near Matlock. W. Wilson.

„ *Tesdalii*. T.'s Feather Moss. Via Gellia. J. Bohler.

„ *Proliferum*. (Linn.) Var. *Delicatulum Pumilum*. Delicate F. M. Romantic Rocks, Matlock-Bath, 1828.

„ *Splendens*. Glittering F. M. Walls between Cromford and Whatstandwell.

„ *Undulatum*. Waved F. M. Very fine, in many places in woods.

Fontinalis Autipyretica. Greater Water Moss. In rivers and streams.

Neckera Pumila. Dwarf Neckera. Trees and rocks. W. Wilson.

Several plants, arranged under Hepaticales, especially *Jungermannias*, or Scale Mosses, adorn moist banks and rocks, and tree stems; *Jungermannia Pubescens* of Hooker, E. B. S. n. 2751, has been recorded by Mr. Wilson. Mr. Bohler gives *J. Furcata*, *Complanata* and *Asplenoides*, as natives of our dales; and *J. Bidentata* and *Tribolata* as observed by him in glens by the Dove and Wye.

LICHENS.



THE varied elevation and mineral composition of the rocks and soils of the county, and the extended surface of its open and shaded, dry and wet banks, &c., not yet subdued to the plough or spade, greatly favour this tribe. No group of plants is less plant-like; and no one presents such contrasts in form.

The spots upon foliage, the lines upon straw, the crimson stains upon snow in Arctic regions, and even on the earth in this county, belong to the tribe. Cups, antlers, gray hair, mantles, fringes, honeycombs, shields, crusts, and powders compose the Protean group; while the colours are as varied—blue, yellow, red, purple, green, white, jet black, ash and brown, orange, and every shade of gray. No less do the Lichens present the most picturesque varieties of structure. You observe upon elevated rocks grotesque imitations of a map, or of the human brain; you see the growth of the plants to be radiated, or in concentric lines—their powers of offence and defence are a match for the hardest granite, or flintiest limestone; defying frosts, storms, and every agent, except smoke, that is ordinarily fatal to vegetation: servants are they of the higher castes of plants which benefit by their labours, but share not in their hardships; adding much also to the pleasures of man, for what would rocks, trees, and banks be without their native adornings? They are useful to us for food, dyes, and medicine, and to animals for fodder; affording pasture even to the snail and slug, when they form but a stain upon the rock or pavement! It was a lichen, indeed, that, added to the bones which the polar bear had gnawed, afforded at a pinch of dearth, a soup, chemically akin to *mother's milk*, for the sustenance of our Arctic Navigators! But the subject is before every eye, as are the almost universal stem rusts, and leafspots, all parasites, many of which belong, indeed, rather to the Fungi than to this tribe, but in form have the *look* of Lichens. Of the latter we have space only for the names of a few selected from the copious list of our aged friend, the indefatigable observer of this tribe, Mr. J. Bohler.

Opegrapha Saxatilis. Limestone, Ashford.

Lecanora Tartarea. Cuckoo Rocks, Buxton.

L. Parella. Black Rock, Cromford.

Parmelia Fahlunensis. Alderwasley.

P. Stellaris. Trees about Hopton.

Solorina Saccata. Buxton, Dovedale, Castleton.

Verrucaria Rupestris. (Schrader.) Upon exposed limestone rocks, much resembling the configuration of the surface of the brain. When this plant decays, the rock face decays with it. Just so *Verrucaria Nigrescens*, so frequent on exposed chalk-flints; when the plant peels off, the flint shows an etching as broad as the space it occupied.

FUNGII.



NUMEROUS tribe in Derbyshire, although less so perhaps than in more wooded districts. Many of the species are unjustly suspected by the English of bad qualities. *Agaricus Vernus* and *A. Orcades*, by many reckoned poisonous, are a wholesome and delicious luxury. *Agaricus Georgii* (*Psalliota Arvensis*) a near neighbour of the true mushroom, but distinguishable by its far more numerous, and paler gills, as well as by its larger size, may prove sometimes unwholesome; but if well salted before cooking, is innocent; at any rate it will make excellent and wholesome ketchup. The curious *Hydnum Repandum*, with its quill-like gills, occurs on the wooded side of Axe Edge.

Morchella Esculenta, in structure curious, and delicious as food, is often met with in Dovedale, and *M. Semilibera* occurs at Matlock Bath.

Cynophallus Caninus (Fries), more attractive to flies than its kindred *Phallus Impudicus*, is occasionally met with in woods.

Phallus Iosmos, a rare species, occurs occasionally. *P. Impudicus*, the joy of flies but the disgust of man, is too common in damp woods and hedges after summer rains.

Polyporus Squamosus is sliced for razor strops by cottagers; and *Coprinus Comatus* has been proved by the writer capable of forming excellent ink of a permanent black colour.

Peiza Coccinea (Jacq.), with its beautiful carmine cups, is not rare, if sought for in early spring, in sheltered corners of woods, growing out of rotten sticks. This plant when placed in a room, and sufficiently free from moisture, will, upon the irritation of the upper surface by a puff of air, or by the feather of a pen, presently discharge its spores in a smoke-like purple cloud.

Several species of *Geoglossum*, or Earthtongue, occur among grass, and upon old and rotting wood, in autumn, sometimes forming sections of fairy rings. The rare *Cordiceps Militaris* was observed by Mr. Bohler growing out of a caterpillar in Bradley Wood, resembling those which are found in the mountains of Thibet, and of which the court physic of the Chinese Emperor consists, under the name of "Hia tsao tong tchong"—"Summer plant winter worm."

The tendency of the spawn of fungi to extend among turf in rings is largely shown in this county. *Agarics* mostly form such rings; but nine

genera of fungi have been recorded as doing so. Puff-balls, Earth-tongues, and even Jews'-ears (*Peziza Aurantia*—Fries) have been seen upon such circles, which severe frosts may for awhile obliterate; but in due time the rings, with their fungi, re-appear.

Batrachospermum Moniliforme (Hass.) occurs in quietly-flowing streams and troughs, as in the brook at Osmaston; and in autumn, after rains, the curious *Volvox Globator*, with its numberless dancing seed-like spheres, bearing the young in their bosoms, may be seen in pools. Mounted on a slide for the microscope, and kept in water, the parent spheres slowly vanished, and their liberated children came forth, bearing their young in turn!

ALGÆ.



NE species of seaweed may be collected in so inland a county as Derby!—the tubular, green, *Enteromorpha Intestinalis* (Greville) floats on the Derwent through the town of Derby, a native of the muddy shores of the Humber, &c.

If more detailed information upon the Mosses, Lichens, Fungi, &c., of the county, is needed, the reader will find many localities of Derbyshire species, both of rarer and more common occurrence, in the admirable work of Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Brown, "The Natural History of Tutbury," which contains exact catalogues of the Flora of this region in general. The books also of our enterprising neighbours, the self-taught naturalists of Manchester, Mr. John Hobson's "Mosses of Manchester," &c.; Mr. Buxton's Guide, and Mr. Grindon's works, as well as the volumes of "English Botany," and its Supplement, will afford valuable aid to those who possess time and patience with the taste for investigations of such interest.

"Lovelier far than vernal flowers,
Mushrooms wait the call of rain,
And, underneath their shield-like bowers,
Countless offspring safely train.
While every flower compares with loss,
When never wearied science throws
Her microscope upon the moss,
And bids it all its grace disclose."

The Christian, in his study of these humbler groups of the vegetable world, gratefully allows

"Some moment in the Eternal plan,
For every life of every span ;
And while the Throne's high Lord he proves,
The carpet of His footstool loves."

Holbein loved to paint with the light falling on his work from above. He said, "A light from above places objects in their proper effects, and shows their just proportions." Surely there is much truth in Holbein's remark ; and how much will it add to the delight and benefit of scientific study, if applied in the highest sense.



A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WILD FLOWERS

FOUND IN DERBYSHIRE,

With their English Names and Time of Flowering.



- Aceras anthropophora*. See *Ophrys anthropophora*.
Achillea millefolium, Yarrow. July and August.
Actea spicata, Baneberry. June.
Adoxa moschatellina, Tuberous Moschatel. April.
Egopodium podagraria, Gout Weed. May and June.
Agraphis nutans, Bluebell. May.
Agrimonia eupatoria, Agrimony. June and July.
Agrostemma githago, Corn Cockle. June and July.
Ajuga reptans, Bugle. June to September.
Alchemilla vulgaris, Ladies' Mantle. June to October.
 „ *alpina*, Alpine Ladies' Mantle. May.
 „ *arvensis*, Field Ladies' Mantle. June to October.
Alisma plantago, Water Plantain.
Allium ursinum, Broad-leaved Garlick. May and June.
 „ *vineale*, Crow Garlick. July.
Anagallis arvensis, Scarlet Pimpernel. June and July.
Andromeda polifolia, Wild Rosemary. June.
Anemone nemorosa, Wood Anemone. April and May.
Angelica sylvestris, Wild Angelica. July.
Anthyllis vulneraria, Kidney Vetch. June to August.
Antirrhinum majus, Great Snapdragon. July.
Apargia hispida, Rough Hawk-bit. June and July.
 „ *autumnalis*, Autumn Hawk-bit. August and September.

- Aquilegia vulgaris*, Columbine. July.
Arabis thaliana, Wall Cress. April.
 „ *hirsuta*, Hairy Wall Cress. May.
Arenaria verna, Vernal Sandwort. May to August.
Arum maculatum, Wake Robin. May.
Asperula odorata, Sweet Woodruff. May.

Bartsia odontites, Red Bartsia. July.
Betonica officinalis, Wood Betony. July and August.
Bryonia dioica, Red-berried Bryony. June to September.
Bunium flexuosum, Earth Nut. May and June.
Butomus umbellatus, Flowering Rush. June to July.

Callitriche verna, Water Starwort. April.
Calluna vulgaris, Ling. August.
Caltha palustris, Marsh Marigold. April to June.
Campanula rotundifolia, Round-leaved Bell-flower. August and Sept.
 „ *latifolia*, Giant Bell-flower. August.
 „ *trachelium*, Nettle-leaved Bell-flower. July and August.
 „ *glomerata*, Clustered Bell-flower. August.
 „ *patula*, Spreading Bell-flower. July.
Cardamine impatiens, Narrow-leaved Cardamine. May and June.
 „ *pratensis*, Cuckoo-flower, or Ladies' Smock. April and May.
Carduus nutans, Musk Thistle. July and August.
 „ *acanthoides*, Watted Thistle. June and July.
 „ *tenuiflorus*, Slender-flowered Thistle. June.
 „ *marianus*, Milk Thistle. July.
Carlina vulgaris, Carlina Thistle. June.
Centaurea jacea, Brown-rayed Knapweed. June.
 „ *nigra*, Black Knapweed. June to August.
 „ *scabiosa*, Greater Knapweed. July.
Chelidonium majus, Greater Celandine. May.
Cherophyllum sylvestre, Wild Chervil, or Cow Parsley. April and May.
Chrysanthemum leucanthemum, Ox-eye Daisy. June and July.
Chrysosplenium alternifolium, Alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage. March to May.
 „ *oppositifolium*, Opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage. March to May.
Cistus helianthemum, Rock Rose. July and August.

- Clematis vitalba*, Travellers' Joy. May and June.
Cnicus palustris, Marsh Plume Thistle. July.
 „ *lanceolatus*, Spear Plume Thistle. July and August.
 „ *heterophyllus*, Melancholy Plume Thistle. July and August.
 „ *eriophorus*, Woolly-headed Thistle. August.
Convallaria majalis, Lily of the Valley. May.
Convolvulus sepium, Great Bindweed. August.
 „ *arvensis*, Corn Bindweed. June.
Cornus sanguinea, Wild Cornel Tree. June.
Corydalis lutea, Yellow Corydalis or Fumitory. May.
Corylus avellana, Hazel. April.
Cynoglossum officinale, Hound's Tongue. June.

Digitalis purpurea, Purple Foxglove. June and July.
Dipsacus silvestris, Wild Teasel. July.
 „ *fullonum*, Fullers' Teasel. July.
 „ *pilosus*, Small Teasel. August.
Draba verna, Whitlow Grass. March and April.
 „ *muralis*, Speedwell-leaved Whitlow Grass. May and June.
 „ *incana*, Twisted-podded Whitlow Grass. May and June.

Empetrum nigrum, Black Crow, or Crake-berry. May.
Enonymus europæus, Spindle-wood.
Epilobium angustifolium, Rose-bay Willow Herb. July.
 „ *hirsutum*, Great Hairy Willow Herb. July.
 „ *montanum*, Smooth-leaved Willow Herb. July.
 „ *palustre*, Marsh Willow Herb. July.
 „ *parviflorum*, Small-flowered Willow Herb. July.
 „ *roseum*, Pale Smooth-leaved Willow Herb. July.
 „ *tetragonum*, Square-stalked Willow Herb. July.
Epipactis latifolia, Broad-leaved Helliborine. July.
Erica ciliata, Ciliated Heath. June to August.
 „ *cinerea*, Fine-leaved Heath. July and August.
 „ *tetralix*, Cross-leaved Heath. July and August.
Erodium cicutarium, Hemlock-leaved Storks' Bill. July.
 „ *moschatum*, Musk Crane's Bill. June.
Erysimum alliaria, Hedge Mustard. May.
Eupatorium cannabinum, Hemp Agrimony. July and August.
Euphrasia officinalis, Eye-bright. July to September.

Fedia olitoria, Lamb's Lettuce. April to June.

Ficaria verna. See *Ranunculus ficaria*.

Fragaria vesca, Wood Strawberry. May and June.

Galanthus nivalis, Snowdrop. February to March.

Galeobdolon luteum, Yellow Weasel's Snout. May.

Galium verum, Yellow Bedstraw. July and August.

„ *aparine*, Goose-grass Bedstraw. May to August.

„ *cruciatum*, Cross-wort Bedstraw. May.

„ *saxatile*, Smooth Bedstraw. July and August.

„ *pusillum*, Least Mountain Bedstraw. July and August.

Gentiana campestris, Field Gentian. October.

„ *amarella*, Autumnal Gentian. September.

Geranium lucidum, Shining Cranesbill. May to August.

„ *molle*, Dove's-foot Cranesbill. April to August.

„ *sanguineum*, Bloody Cranesbill. July to September.

„ *robertianum*, Herb-Robert Cranesbill. May to October.

„ *pratense*, Meadow Cranesbill. June and July.

Geum urbanum, Avens. May to August.

„ *rivale*, Water Avens. June and July.

Glechoma hederacea, Ground Ivy. April and May.

Gymnadenia conopsea. See *Orchis conopsea*.

Habenaria bifolia. See *Orchis bifolia*.

„ *viridis*, Green Habenaria. May to June.

Helianthemum vulgare. See *Cistus Helianthemum*.

Helleborus viridis, Green Hellebore. April.

„ *fetidus*, Stinking Hellebore. March and April.

Heracleum sphondylium, Cow Parsnep. July.

Herminium monorchis, Musk Orchis. May to June.

Hesperis matronalis, Dames' Violet. May and June.

Hieracium umbellatum, Narrow-leaved Hawkweed. August and Sept.

„ *pilosella*, Mouse-ear Hawkweed. May to July.

„ *murorum*, Wall Hawkweed. July.

Hippocrepis comosa, Horseshoe Vetch. May to August.

Hutchinsea petraea, Rock Hutchinsea. March and April.

Hypericum hirsutum, Hairy St. John's Wort. June and July.

„ *montanum*, Mountain St. John's Wort. July.

„ *dubium*, Imperforated St. John's Wort. July and August.

- Hypericum perforatum*, Perforated St. John's Wort. July and August.
 „ *elodes*, Marsh Wort. July.
- Lactuca virosa*, Strong-scented Lettuce. June.
Lapsana communis, Nipple Wort. June and July.
Lamium purpureum, Red Dead Nettle. May.
Lathræa squamaria, Greater Toothwort. April to May.
Lathyrus pratensis, Meadow Vetchling. June.
Linaria cymbalaria, Ivy-leaved Toad Flax. April.
 „ *vulgaris*, Yellow Toad Flax. August.
Linum catharticum, Purging Flax. June to August.
Listera ovata. See *Ophrys ovata*.
 „ *nidus avis*, Common Bird's Nest. June.
Lithospermum officinale, Common Gromwell. May to June.
Lonicera periclymenum, Common Honeysuckle. June.
Lotus corniculatus, Birdsfoot Trefoil. July and August.
 „ *major*, Greater Birdsfoot Trefoil. June to August.
Lychnis vespertina, White Campion. May to June.
 „ *flos-cuculi*, Meadow Lychnis. June.
 „ *dioica*, Red Campion. June to August.
Lysimachia nemorum, Wood Loosestrife, or Yellow Pimpernel. May to September.
 „ *nummularia*, Money Wort, or Creeping Loosestrife. June and July.
- Malva rotundifolia*, Dwarf Mallow. June.
 „ *moschata*, Musk „ May to August.
Mercurialis perennis, Perennial Mercury. April and May.
Mimulus luteus, Monkey Flower. June and July.
Myosotis palustris, Water Scorpion Grass. May to July.
 „ *sylvatica*, Wood Scorpion Grass. June and July.
 „ *palustris*, Marsh Forget-me-not. May.
 „ *alpestris*, Rock Forget-me-not. May.
 „ *sylvaticus*, Wood Forget-me-not. May.
Myrrhis odorata, Sweet Cicely. June.
- Narcissus biflorus*, Two-flowered or Pale Narcissus. April and May.
 „ *pseudo-narcissus*, Daffodil. April.
Nasturtium officinale, Water Cress. June.
Nepeta glechoma, See *Glechoma hederacea*.

- Ceanothe crocata*, Water Dropwort. June.
Ononis arvensis, Rest-harrow. June to August.
Ophrys ovata, Common Tway-blade. June.
 „ *anthropophora*, Green Man Orchis. June.
 „ *apifera*, Bee Orchis. July.
 „ *muscifera*, Fly Orchis. June to July.
Orchis morio, Meadow Orchis. May to June.
 „ *ustulata*, Dwarf Orchis. May to June.
 „ *militaris*, Military Orchis. May.
 „ *bifolia*, Butterfly Orchis. June.
 „ *conopsea*, Aromatic Palmate Orchis. June.
 „ *maculata*, Spotted Palmate Orchis. June and July.
 „ *mascula*, Early Purple Orchis. April and May.
 „ *pyramidalis*, Pyramidal Orchis. July.
 „ *viridis*, Frog Orchis. June and July.
Origanum vulgare, Sweet Marjoram. July and August.
Orobis tuberosus, Bitter Vetch. June and July.
Orobanche major, Greater Broom Rape. June.
Oxalis acetosella, Wood Sorrel, or Shamrock. April and May.

Parietaria officinalis, Wall Pellitory. June to September.
Paris Quadrifolia, Herb Paris, or True Love. May and June.
Parnassia palustris, Grass of Parnassus. July to October.
Pedicularis sylvatica, Pasture Lousewort. June.
Petasites vulgaris, Butter Bur. April and May.
Picris hieracioides, Hawkweed Ox-tongue. July and August.
Pimpinella magna, Great Burnet Saxifrage. July and August.
Pinguicula vulgaris, Butter Wort. June.
Plantago major, Greater Plantain. May to September.
 „ *media*, Hoary Plantain. May and June.
Polemonium caeruleum, Greek Valerian. June.
Polegala vulgaris, Milk Wort. June and July.
Polygonum bistorta, Bistort, or Snake Weed. June.
 „ *persicaria*, Spotted Persicaria. July and August.
 „ *aviculare*, Knot Grass. August to September.
Potentilla anserina, Silver Weed. June and July.
 „ *verna*, Spring Cinquefoil. April and May.
 „ *reptans*, Creeping Cinquefoil. June to September.
 „ *fragariastrum*, Barren Strawberry. March and April.

- Poterium sanguisorba*, Burnet. July.
Prenanthes muralis, Ivy-leaved Wall Lettuce. July.
Primula veris, Cowslip. April.
 „ *vulgaris*, Primrose. April.
 „ *elatior*, Oxlip. May.
Prunella vulgaris, Self-heal. July and August.
Prunus padus, Bird Cherry. May.
 „ *spinosa*, Sloe Blackthorn. March and April.
Pyrus aucuparia, Mountain Ash, or Rowan Tree. May and June.
 „ *aria*, White Beam Tree. May.
- Ranunculus aquatilis*, Water Crowfoot. May and June.
 „ *acris*, Upright Meadow Crowfoot. June and July.
 „ *ficaria*, Pile Wort Crowfoot. April.
 „ *bulbosus*, Bulbous-rooted Crowfoot. May.
 „ *repens*, Creeping Crowfoot. June to August.
 „ *flammula*, Spearwort Crowfoot. June to September.
 „ *auricomus*, Wood Crowfoot. May.
 „ *arvensis*, Corn Crowfoot. June.
- Reseda lutiola*, Wild Mignonette. June to July.
 „ *lutea*, Dyer's Rocket. June to July.
- Rhamnus catharticus*, Purging Buckthorn. May and June.
Rhinanthus cristagalli, Yellow Rattle. June.
- Ribes grossularia*, Gooseberry. April.
 „ *rubrum*, Common Currant. May.
 „ *alpinum*, Mountain Currant. May.
 „ *nigrum*, Black Currant. May.
- Rosa canina*, Dog Rose. May.
 „ *arvensis*, White Trailing Dog Rose. June.
 „ *spinosissima*, Burnet Rose. July.
 „ *cinnamomea*, Cinnamon Rose. June to August.
 „ *villosa*, Soft-leaved Rose. July.
 „ *inodora*, Slightly-scented Rose. June.
- Rubus idæus*, Raspberry. May and June.
 „ *cæsius*, Dewberry. June and July.
 „ *chamæmoris*, Cloudberry. June.
 „ *fruticosus*, Common Bramble. July and August.
 „ *corylifolius*, Hazel-leaved Bramble. July.
 „ *saxatilis*, Stone Bramble. June.

- Rumex sanguineus*, Bloody-veined Dock. July.
 „ *acetosella*, Sheep's Sorrel. June and July.
 „ *acetosa*, Common Sorrel. June.
- Sagina procumbens*, Procumbent Pearlwort. May and June.
 „ *apetalla*, Small-flowered Pearlwort. May and June.
- Salix pentrandia*, Sweet Bay-leaved Willow. May and June.
 „ *caprea*, Great Round-leaved Willow. April.
 „ *alba*, White Willow. April and May.
- Sanguisorba officinalis*, Great Burnet. June.
Sanicula europæa, Wood Sanicle. June.
- Sarothammus scoparius*, Common Broom. May.
- Saxifraga granulata*, Meadow Saxifrage. May and June.
 „ *tridactylites*, Rue-leaved Saxifrage. May.
 „ *cæspitosa*, Tufted Alpine Saxifrage. June.
 „ *hypnoides*, Mossy Saxifrage. May.
 „ *umbrosa*, London Pride. June.
- Scabiosa succisa*, Devil's Bit Scabious. August to October.
 „ *columbaria*, Small Scabious. June and July.
 „ *arvensis*, Field Scabious. July.
- Scrophularia nodosa*, Knotted-rooted Figwort. July.
 „ *aquatica*, Water Figwort. July.
- Sedum telephium*, Orphine, or Live-long. August.
 „ *acre*, Wall Pepper, or Biting Stonecrop. June.
- Sempervivum tectorum*, House Leek. July.
- Senecio jacobæa*, Common Ragwort. July and August.
 „ *tenuifolius*, Hoary Ragwort. July and August.
- Serratula tinctoria*, Saw-wort. July and August.
- Silene inflata*, Bladder Campion. July.
 „ *nutans*, Nottingham Catchfly. June and July.
- Solidago virgaurea*, Golden Rod. July to September.
- Solanum dulcamara*, Woody Nightshade. June.
- Spergula nodosa*, Knotted Spurrey. July and August.
- Spiræa ulmaria*, Meadow Sweet. July.
 „ *filipendula*, Drop Wort. July.
- Stachys sylvatica*, Hedge Woundwort. June.
- Stellaria holostea*, Greater Stitchwort. May.
- Symphytum officinale*, Comfrey. May and June.

- Tamus communis*, Black Bryony. June.
Teucrium scorodonia, Wood Germander. June.
Thlaspi bursa-pastoris, Shepherd's Purse. March to September.
 „ *viride*, Green Stalked Penny Cress. April.
Thymus serpyllum, Wild Thyme. July and August.
 „ *acinos*, Basil Thyme. July and August.
Tragopogon pratensis, Yellow Goat's Beard. June.
Trifolium minus, Lesser Yellow Trefoil. June and July.
Trollius europæus, Globe Flower. June.
Tussilago farfara, Colt's Foot. March.
 „ *petasites*. See *Petasites vulgaris*.

Vaccinium myrtillus, Bilberry. May.
 „ *vitis-idaea*, Red Wortleberry. June.
 „ *oxycoccus*, Cranberry. June.
Valeriana dioica, Small Marsh Valerian. June.
 „ *officinalis*, Great Wild Valerian. June.
Verbascum nigrum, Black Mullein. July and August.
Verbena officinalis, Common Vervain. June.
Veronica anagallis, Water Speedwell. July.
 „ *alpina*, Alpine Speedwell. July.
 „ *agrestis*, Procumbent Field Speedwell. April and September.
 „ *arvensis*, Wall Speedwell. May.
 „ *becabunga*, Brooklime Speedwell. July.
 „ *hederifolia*, Ivy-leaved Speedwell. April and September.
 „ *chamædrys*, Germander Speedwell. May.
 „ *serpyllifolia*, Thyme-leaved Speedwell. May and June.
 „ *verna*, Spring Speedwell. May.
 „ *montana*, Mountain Speedwell. May.
 „ *officinalis*, Common Speedwell. May.
Viburnum opulus, Guelder Rose. June.
Vicia sylvatica, Wood Vetch. July and August.
 „ *cracca*, Tufted Vetch. July and August.
Vinca major, Great Perriwinkle. April.
 „ *minor*, Small Perriwinkle. April.
Viola canina, Dog's Violet. April to June.
 „ *lutea*, Mountain Violet. May to September.
 „ *hirta*, Hairy Violet. April.
 „ *tricolor*, Tricoloured Violet. May.
 „ *odorata*, Sweet Violet. March.

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TO PLACES OF INTEREST, SUITABLE FOR WALKS AND DRIVES.

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	MILES		MILES
Alfreton to Belper	6	Bolsover to Chesterfield	7
Ambergate to Wingfield Manor	5	„ to Hardwick	7
Ashborne to Alton Towers ..	9	Bonsall to Matlock-Bath	3
„ to Derby	13	Buxton to Alton Towers	23
„ to Tissington	4½	„ to Arbor Low	11
Ashford to Bakewell	2	„ to Ashborne	20
„ to Hassop Station ..	3½	„ to Axe Edge	3
„ to Longstone	3	„ to Bakewell	12
		„ to Blackwell Dale ..	3½
Bakewell to Ashford	2	„ to Castleton	12
„ to Buxton	12	„ to Cat and Fiddle Inn	5
„ to Chatsworth	4	„ to Cottage of Content	½
„ to Dovedale	16	„ to Chatsworth	14
„ to Haddon	2	„ to Chee Tor	7
„ to Rowsley	3½	„ to Dovedale	17
„ to Youlgreave	4	„ to Eldon Hole	5
Baslow to Bakewell	5	„ to Eyam	12
„ to Chesterfield	6	„ to Haddon Hall	14
„ to Eyam	4	„ to Lover's Leap	½
„ to Hathersage	6½	„ to Miller's Dale	6
„ to Stoney Middleton..	3	„ to Monsall Dale	9
Belper to Alfreton	6	„ to Stoney Middleton	3

	MILES		MILES
Buxton to Poole's Hole	1	Derby to Borrowash	4½
„ to Tideswell	6½	„ to Brailsford	7
Castleton to Buxton	12	„ to Calke Abbey	9½
„ to Chapel-en-le-Frith	7	„ to Castle Donnington ..	9
„ to Edale	2½	„ to Chaddesden	2½
„ to Hathersage	2	„ to Chellaston	3½
„ to Hope	2	„ to Dale Abbey	6
„ to Kinderscout		„ to Dove Dale	17
(Snake Inn)	14	„ to Duffield	4
„ to Stoney Middleton	10	„ to Elvaston	5
Castleton to Tideswell	7	„ to Etwall	6
Chatsworth to Bakewell	4	„ to Kedleston Inn	4
„ to Hassop	3	„ to Knowle Hills	7
„ to Matlock-Bath	10	„ to Langley	4
„ to Rowsley	3½	„ to Mackworth	3
Chesterfield to Bolsover	7	„ to Matlock-Bath	17
„ to Brampton	3	„ to Melbourne	8
„ to Hardwick	7	„ to Mickleover	4
„ to Whittington	2	„ to Ockbrook	5½
Crich to Matlock	5	„ to Osmaston	1½
Cromford to Black Rocks	1½	„ to Quarndon	4
„ to entrance of Via Gellia ..	1	„ to Radborne	4
„ to Wirksworth	3	„ to Repton and Anchor Ch. ..	8
Darley Station to Rowter		„ to Spondon	3½
Rocks, Robin Hood's		„ to Stanton	6
Stride, Cratcliff Rocks,		„ to Stanton-by-Bridge ..	6½
the Hermitage, &c. ..	5	„ to Swarkestone	5½
„ to Dovedale	16	„ to Ticknall	9
„ to Winster	4	„ to Tutbury	10
„ to Alton Towers	23	„ to Willington	7
Derby to Allestree	2½	„ to Wirksworth	13
„ to Ashborne	13	Edale to Castleton	2½
„ to Belper	8	Eyam to Baslow	4
		„ to Buxton	12

	MILES		MILES
Eyam to Castleton.....	9	Matlock-Bath to Dove-Dale ..	15½
„ to Great Longstone ..	4	„ to Haddon ..	8
„ to Hassop	3	„ to Lea Hurst ..	13½
„ to Miller's Dale	4	„ to Matlock-Bridge 1½	
„ to Tideswell.....	5	„ to Via Gellia by Bonsall footroad 1½	
Great Longstone to Eyam ..	4	„ to Via Gellia <i>via</i> Cromford ..	2
Haddon Hall to Bakewell ..	2	„ to Wirksworth ..	3
„ to Rowsley ..	1½	Matlock-Bridge to Tansley ..	1
Hardwick to Bolsover (<i>via</i> Duckmanton) ..	7	Melbourne to Castle Donington ..	5
Hardwick to Bolsover (<i>via</i> Sutton).....	7	„ to King's Newton ..	1
Hassop to Chatsworth	3	Miller's Dale to Chee Tor ..	1
„ to Eyam	3	„ to Eyam	4
„ to Hathersage	7	„ to Tideswell ..	2½
„ to Stoney Middleton ..	3		
Hathersage to Castleton	6	Repton to Milton	1
		„ to Ticknall	5
Kinderscout (Snake Inn) to Castleton	14	Rowsley to Bakewell	3½
Lathkil Dale to Rowsley	3	„ to Buxton.....	15
Lea Hurst to Matlock-Bath ..	3½	„ to Chatsworth	3½
Longstone to Ashford	3	„ to Chesterfield	13
„ to Eyam	4	„ to Darley Dale	2
Matlock-Bath to Ashborne ..	14	„ to Derby	23
„ to Bonsall.....	3	„ to Haddon Hall	1½
„ to Castleton ..	24	„ to Lathkil Dale.....	3
„ to Chatsworth ..	10	„ to Matlock-Bath.....	7
„ to Crich	5	„ to Middleton-by- Youlgreave ..	4
„ to Cromford ..	1	„ to Rowter Rocks, Robin Hood's Stride, Cratcliff Rocks, the Hermitage, &c. ..	4
„ to Derby	17	„ to Stanton	2½
		„ to Sheffield	4

	MILES		MILES
Rowsley to Winster	4	Whatstandwell to Matlock, <i>via</i>	
„ to Youlgreave	3½	Lea Hurst ..	5
		„ Wirksworth ..	4
Stanton to Rowsley	2½	Wingfield Station to Wingfield	
„ to Youlgreave	2½	Manor	4
Stoney Middleton to Buxton	13	Wingfield to Matlock-Bath, <i>via</i>	
„ to Hassop	3	Lea Hurst	8
		Winster to Darley	4
Tideswell to Castleton	5	„ to Rowsley	4
„ to Eyam	5	Wirksworth to Black Rocks ..	1½
„ to Miller's Dale ..	2½	„ to Cromford	3
Tissington to Ashborne	4½	„ to Matlock-Bath,	
		<i>per</i> Via Gellia	
Via Gellia to Cromford	1	and Bonsall ..	4
„ to Matlock-Bath			
footroad	1½	Youlgreave to Stanton	2½
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¶ *Then likewise he shall say,*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.*Priest.* O God, make speed to save us.*Answer.* O Lord, make haste to help us.¶ *Here all standing up, the Priest shall say,*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son :
and to the Holy Ghost ;*Answer.* As it was in the beginning, is
now, and ever shall be : world without end.
Amen.*Priest.* Praise ye the Lord.*Answer.* The Lord's Name be praised.¶ *Then shall be said or sung this Psalm following: except
on Easter-Day, upon which another Anthem is appointed ;
[Printed before the Proper Psalms on Easter-Day, Page
136,] and on the Nineteenth day of every Month it is not
to be read here, but in the ordinary Course of the Psalms.**Venite, exultemus Domino. Psalm 95.*COME, let us sing unto the Lord :
let us heartily rejoice in the strength
of our salvation.Let us come before his presence with
thanksgiving : and shew ourselves glad in
him with Psalms.For the Lord is a great God : and a great
King above all gods.In his hand are all the corners of the earth :
and the strength of the hills is his also.The sea is his, and he made it : and his
hands prepared the dry land.

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GOOD-FRIDAY. THE PSALMS.

143

19 But mine enemies live, and are mighty : and they that hate me wrongfully are many in number.

20 They also that reward evil for good are against me : because I follow the thing that good is.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God : be not thou far from me.

22 Haste thee to help me : O Lord God of my salvation.

For Continuation of the Service, see Page 152.

Good-Friday.

PSALM 22. *Deus, Deus meus.*

MY God, my God, look upon me ; why hast thou forsaken me : and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint ?

2 O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not : and in the night-season also I take no rest.

3 And thou continuest holy : O thou worship of Israel.

4 Our fathers hoped in thee : they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

5 They called upon thee, and were holpen : they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

6 But as for me, I am a worm, and no man : a very scorn of men, and the out-cast of the people.

7 All they that see me laugh me to scorn : they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

8 He trusted in God, that he would deliver him : let him deliver him, if he will have him.

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